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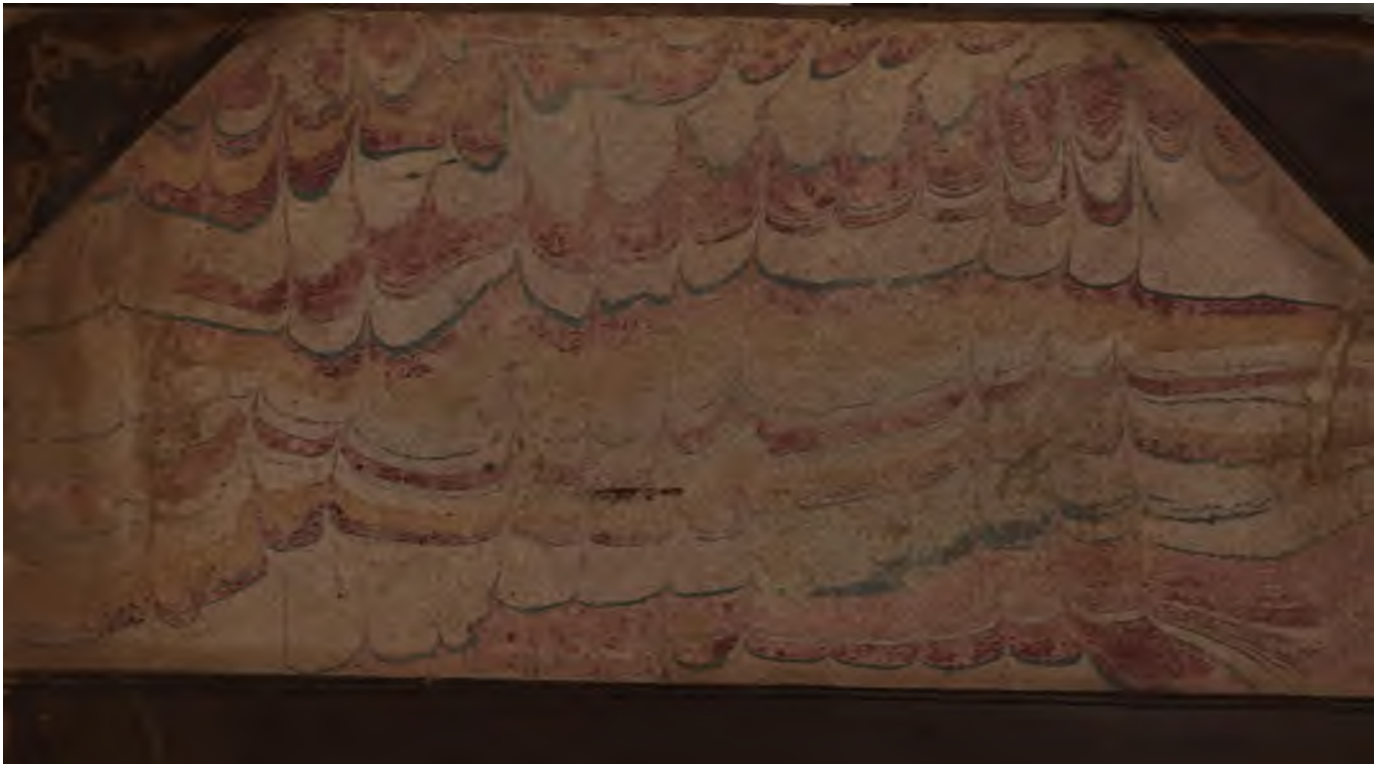

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Poetry.

SELECTED BY THE

REV.D THOS WILLCOCKS

(and the)

REV.D **THO.S** HORTON

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MORAL AND SACRED

POETRY.

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BY THE

REV. T. WILLCOCKS,

AND THE

REV. T. HORTON.

Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into Poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,
And every Muse attend her on her way.

COWPER.

DEVONPORT:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITORS, BY W. BYERS.

MDCCCXXIX.

266.

PREFACE.

In presenting ourselves to Public notice, we wish to offer a few remarks on British Poetry in general, and to point out the distinguishing features of the following work.

If the legitimate design of Poetry is to combine instruction with pleasure, and profit with delight; to subordinate the labours of imagination and the play of fancy to the promotion of Virtue and Religion in the world, we fear that most of our Bards deserve a greater meed of censure than applause. From CHAUCER to COWPER how few Masters of Song, by making poetry the handmaid of piety, have decked themselves with an unfading wreath. Silly and affected love-ditties, praises of nature, with little reference to nature's God, absurd flattery, or malignant satire, fairy pictures of human life and happiness, or misanthropic effusions, abound in their works, and exhibit a desecration of genius, deeply, and ever to be deplored. SURRY and SACKVILLE, CAREW and SUCKLING, are mere amatory Rhymers, and pander to all the vapid sentiments of their tribe. SPENSER was a genuine Poet; but in his great work, "The Faery Queene," indulged an excess of imagination which enervates the mind; while in some of his smaller pieces he descended to adorn and circulate sentiments unworthy of his Muse. We wish, however, to tread lightly upon his ashes, as he repented of his folly, and bequeathed to posterity, a few sacred compositions of great beauty and excellence. BISHOP HALL is better known as a Theologian than as a Poet, though his satires do not merit the epithet "toothless," which Milton has conferred upon them, and are free from the malice and impurity, common to works of that class. Omitting DAVIES, (who has furnished us with a few lines,) DONNE, DRAYTON, and others, who on account either of their tediousness, or quaintness, are little known and less read, we find much in the FLETCHERS to admire and commend. Their genius, truly Spenserian, was adorned with piety, and sacred to virtue. Though now generally neglected, they were highly lauded in their day, nor did even Milton disdain to borrow from one of them. We hope that the extracts we have given from them will be acceptable to our readers, and induce them to peruse the whole of their works. SHAKSPEARE adorned every thing he wrote with peculiar felicity of genius, but the general tendency of his poetry can not be approved by enlightened and virtuous minds, BEN JONSON was a mere trifler in verse. His religious poems are not destitute of merit, but being found almost upon the same page with his indelicate effusions, they lose all their charm. The poetry of CRASHAW is chiefly devoted to pious subjects, and yet it is in general so extravagant as to deserve little notice. His paraphrase, however, of the twenty-third Psalm, (page 165) though a little quaint, is touching, and impressive. COWLEY is no favourite with us. Like other metaphysical Poets, he sometimes loses himself in the clouds, and has attempted sacred poetry with little success.

PREFACE.

The times of the Commonwealth produced more Heroes than Poets; but we ought not to forget that, in strictness, MILTON belongs to them; though his immortal work was not published until after their close. In daring sublimity of thought, unsullied purity of sentiment, and sustained dignity of expression, he stands unrivalled. We have given his description of the Creation, which, though lengthy, is peculiarly happy, and the most appropriate which our language has produced. We wish to see an inexpensive edition of his works, which, by means of notes, should explain his numerous classical allusions, as from want of this, he is more praised than read, and more read than understood. BUTLER, that inimitable droll, wickedly endeavoured to identify Puritanism with cant, and to hold up to contempt, men whose morals were in general a libel upon his own. DRYDEN, though he excelled in command of numbers and vigour of expression, debased his Muse by employing it in defence of a corrupt system both of civil polity and Religion. The Poets connected with the court of Charles II. were like their Monarch, witty and profligate, and their writings deserved to have been committed to the flames, rather than to the press.

In what is commonly called the Augustan age of our literature, a constellation of Poets appeared. Then came ADDISON, with "attic taste" and "in holiday trim:"—POPE with his exact harmony, and "galaxy of poetical felicities": and ARBUTHNOT and SWIFT with their humorous and satirical vein. Though these were men of genius above their fellows, we regret that we cannot unite in all the praise which the excellent COWPER has bestowed upon them in his "Table Talk."* ADDISON, we think, seldom, if ever, attained sublimity, and though his poetry may "polish or delight," it is not adapted to "furnish the mind." His Rosamond is worse than trifling, and in his Cato, by advocating, he promoted suicide*. We however not merely except from censure, but highly commend his few religious poems, and sincerely lament that he did not live to enlarge their number. We admire the Rosicrucian machinery of POPE'S "Rape of the Lock," the tender pathos of his "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," as well as the taste and tact displayed in some of his other pieces; yet we fear it cannot be truly said that he gave "Virtue and Morality a grace." He is not free from improper allusions, and his satire is malignant and reckless. His religious ideas, derived from the School of Bolingbroke, are worthy of that Arch-Infidel, and, as we understand from credible authority, are peculiarly adapted to Brahminical taste. His Messiah, as might be expected from its merit, has found a place in our pages. *O si sic omnia!* The wit of SWIFT is so low and degraded, that his works ought never to be submitted to indiscriminate perusal. "PRIOR'S ease" is no atonement for PRIOR'S folly and impurity. PARNELL is among the least exceptionable of the Poets of his age, and, could we have found room, we should have derived pleasure from inserting his "Hermit," as alike beautiful and instructive. The "Night Thoughts" of YOUNG are a poetical book of Ecclesiastes, with the truths of the gospel superadded. With one hand, he lays bare the vanity of the world, and the disappointment attendant on human pursuits; with the other, he points to "enduring substance," and presents the healing balm of the Cross. His descriptions of the glories of Redemption have been rarely surpassed. Whatever may be the imperfections of his work, arising from the morbid character of some of its passages, we know of few that are so well adapted to impress mankind with just views of the value of time, the grandeur and immortality of the soul, and the necessity of preparation for the Eternal World. We admire THOMSON as the Painter of Nature, and the Advocate of Liberty; yet, in his "Seasons" he is not uniformly pure, and in his finest poetical work, "The Castle of Indolence," suffers his imagination to luxuriate

* The case of Eustace Budgell is here referred to.

into descriptions which may entertain, but neither strengthen nor elevate the mind. GRAY, fastidious in taste, and jealous of reputation, has left few productions of his Muse, but they are exquisite in their kind. His well-known Elegy, will be read while there is a human mind capable either of feeling or of taste; yet must we lament its entire destitution of those truths, which by bringing "life and immortality to light" have robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its terrors. This deficiency has been supplied by an anonymous American poet, whose interesting lines will be found on the 253rd page. COWPER is the most useful and interesting of Christian Poets. Greatly inferior to MILTON in creative genius, he excels him in moral effect, by coming home to the business and bosoms of men. If he does not, like our Epic Bard, enable us to range through ideal worlds, he shows us as in a lucid and faithful mirror the scenery and interests of our own. If he does not, like him, invest the facts of Revelation with high imaginings, he inculcates its special verities with unsparing fidelity and poetic charm. Even his satire is kindly severe, wounding to heal; while in his humorous pieces, it is the moral which adorns the tale. Contemporary with Cowper, though a Poet of very different order, was the unhappy BURNS. We admire his Hogarth-like humour, his thrilling pathos, his native grace and fire, but we lament his abuse of the extraordinary talents with which "the Father of lights" had endued him. His "Cotter's Saturday-Night" will transmit to distant ages a faithful picture of Scottish piety in humble life. Its length alone prevented its insertion. Of the same nation with Burns, was the meek, tender, and pious GRAHAME. The several pieces introduced from his works carry with them their own recommendation.

Having arrived at our own time, BYRON, its brightest poetical ornament, claims our first attention. We are not insensible either to the might or the charm of his Lordship's genius, but we confess that his productions remind us of poison presented in a golden chalice, or of the serpent which fascinates to deceive, and lures to destroy. Even his descriptions of Nature are interwoven with sentiments which no believer in the truth of Scripture, or friend to human happiness can approve. We have, though not without difficulty, furnished a few unexceptionable extracts from his works.

We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of "The Course of Time." It is a Poem which will live when some of its more flashy compeers shall have been forgotten. It may have been over-praised; it is occasionally harsh and prosaic; but withal, it is a work of extraordinary merit and promise;—promise alas,—never to be realized in the present world! Its highly-gifted Author can no more be soothed by flattery, nor grieved by censure. His earthly Harp lies broken and silent in death, but he has taken up the "Harp of Eternity" and is singing the "new song" in rapt and undying strains—

> "In the blest kingdom meek of joy and love,
> Where entertain him all the saints above,
> In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
> That sing, and singing in their glory move,
> And wipe the tear forever from his eyes."

POLLOK, by his premature removal to a better world, reminds us of the lamented KIRK WHITE, whose memory Southey and Byron have united to embalm. His Poetry is now identified with the affecting history of his life, and

> "Each gives each a double charm."

His early death is among those hidden mysteries of Providence, which we wait the light of Eternity to reveal.

PREFACE.

Our notice of living Poets, must be very brief. WORDSWORTH abounds in musings, which are exceedingly beautiful, though occasionally obscure. CRABBE is the poetic Morland of the day. His graphic sketches of life cannot fail to interest and please, though we wish they were less morbid, and not deformed by occasional caricatures of Evangelical Truth. CAMPBELL, who has written no second work worthy of his superior genius, seems determined to leave us to "The Pleasures of Hope." We find in SIR W. SCOTT several faithful pictures of Nature and well-told tales of olden time, but it is not by his poetry chiefly that he will be known to posterity; indeed its reputation seems to be already on the decline. SOUTHEY has exchanged his Aonian flights for the more profitable walks of prose, and as his principles have greatly improved in his maturer years, we wish that he would favour us with more frequent effusions of his Muse; of a different class, however, from his "Vision of Judgment." COLERIDGE, if he had written nothing but his "Chamouny," included in this Selection, would deserve to rank with Poets of a superior order. MONTGOMERY, more than any other living Poet, resembles the amiable COWPER, and is entitled to the rare praise of having written

"No line which dying he need wish to blot."

The Poetry of Mrs. HEMANS reminds us of her first name, as few excel her in correctness of sentiment, or *Felicity* of diction. She is worthy of being associated with a BARBAULD, a H. MORE, and a J. TAYLOR. BOWRING has not only transfused the beauties of Foreign Poets into his own language, but is himself a Poet of no ordinary merit.

In this brief notice of many of the Poets of our Country, we have omitted several names, dear both to genius and to piety, and from whose works we have enriched our Selection.

In compiling our volume, we have endeavoured to confine ourselves to Poetry of a superior order, except in instances in which the pith and unction of the sentiment more than compensate the defects of the Muse. Rigid attention has been paid to the principles of the Work, so that we hope it contains nothing offensive to the purest Morals, or inconsistent with Revealed Truth.

The Arrangement will we hope be found convenient, and supply a deficiency which must have been often remarked in works of a similar kind.

We beg to acknowledge our obligations to various living Authors; particularly to Messrs. MONTGOMERY, BOWRING, EDMESTON, and CONDER; also to our gifted, but too-much-neglected Townsman, CARRINGTON.

We are much indebted to our Subscribers, and beg them to accept the Vignette, as an expression of our gratitude for their kind Patronage of the volume, which we now commend to their judgment—to public inspection—and to the blessing of God.

T. WILLCOCKS.
T. HORTON.

Devonport, 1829.

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ERRATA.

Page 94—"Treasures of the Deep," first line,—*dele* and.
121—second column, thirty-first line,—*for* your, *read* their.

GOD.

THE BEING OF GOD.

SMART.

I SING of God the mighty source
Of all things,—that stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprize,
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secresy remains in bliss;
And wisdom hides her skill.

"Tell them I am," Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth shook with dread;
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied,—"O Lord! *Thou art.*

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

DARWIN.

DULL Atheist! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmonis'd a world?

Why do not Arabe's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?

Presumptuous wretch, thyself survey,
That lesser fabric scan;
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,
The god—the reptile man?

Where wast thou when this teeming earth
From chaos burst its way?
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speck of life,
The miniature of man,
Nurs'd in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began:—

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof?
Or mould the sentient brain?
Thy finger stretch the living nerve?
Or fill the purple vein?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
Its endless toil begin?
Or clothe in flesh the hard'ning bone?
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe to catch the breeze,
Expand its panting breast;
And with impatient hands, untaught,
The milky rill arrest?

Or who, with unextinguish'd love,
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life
To bear it in her arms?

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts
A God! the heav'ns reply;

He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man!—With beauty clad,
And health in ev'ry vein;
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wand'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys!
Admires the earth, the skies, himself!
And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales, ye meads and woods,
Bright sun, and glitt'ring stars,
Fair creatures, tell me, if you can,
From whence, and what I am?

What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast unknown.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ASSELIN.

GREAT God! whose essence pure, divine,
Doth comprehend immensity!
Past, present, future, all combine,
To form Thy vast eternity!
Thy works, magnificent and grand,
Bear the bright impress of thy hand:
The earth, in all its rich attire;
The heavens, with all their globes of fire;
All things that live, and breathe, and move,
Declare Thy wisdom, power, and love.

Nature, with one consenting tongue,
Bursts into harmony and song;
To thee her cheerful pæans rise,
Great Former of the earth and skies!
But impious men refuse to hear,
To feel, to love, tho' Thou art near—
Madly reject the evidence,
Of thine eternal providence;
And strive to hurl the Almighty one,
From off His high and holy throne.

What dost thou, Infidel, propose?
What is thy aim? dost thou suppose
Thy captious reasonings can destroy
The truth that fills my heart with joy?
Vain sophist: see what forms arise
Enrob'd in light before thine eyes;
Mark how the vivid planets roll,
In order fix'd from pole to pole;
Led by the moon, whose silver beam,
Trembles in beauty o'er the stream.

The sun, refulgent orb of day,
His golden glories does display,
When he reveals the fields, the wood,
Or flames across the ocean flood;
But when he sinks behind the hills,
And chaos-gloom creation fills,
Whose voice shall bid the monarch rise,
And rule again these azure skies?
His that awakes the ruddy morn,
Unveils the light, and worlds are born.

Great Source of light, and life, and love,
For me Thou bid'st the seasons move;
For me the trees and flowers unfold
Their rainbow-tints, and fruits of gold;
The bearded corn adorns the field,
The streams their limpid waters yield;
The morning light, the evening shade,
For me alternate rise and fade:
Thou didst my soul o'erflow with joy;—
O let thy praise my lips employ.

My spirit would thy wonders trace
Thro' yonder ether-realms of space;
Would fly on some bright cherub's wings
Beyond these transitory things.
Earth is too limited a sphere
For the immortal mind's career:
I pant, I long to soar away,
To vaster worlds, to brighter day!
O let me burst this frail abode,
And see thy face, Creator, God!

All things in nature's wide domain,
The crystal vault—the verdant plain—
The sea—the storm's tempestuous rage,
My wond'ring, raptur'd soul engage:
But chiefly man—majestic man!
Her noblest work! her master-plan!
Who gave him birth? who fram'd his soul?
What does the universe control?
Fate? chance? caprice?—away with these,
And give the Omnipotent the praise!

REFLECTIONS ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

YOUNG.

Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repress;—
Lock up thy senses; let no passions stir;
Wake all to reason:—let her reign alone:
Then in my soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire—
What am I? and from whence? I nothing know
But that I am; and since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.—
But what eternal? Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?
That's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal, still these orbs
Would want some other father;—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes,
Design implies intelligence and art;
They can't be from themselves—or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allowed than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? has it thought?
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learned
In mathematics? has it fram'd such laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that which greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns,—
And, if a God there is,—that God how great!

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

HEYWOOD.

I sought Thee round about, O thou my God!
In thine abode.

I said unto the Earth, " Speake, art thou He?
She answered me,
" I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In generall,
Contain'd therein;—they with one voice proclaim,
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I ask't the seas, and all the deeps below,
My God to know.
I ask't the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abysse;
Even from the shrimpe to the leviathan,
Inquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for, was not to be found.

I ask't the aire, if that were He? but, lo!
It told me NO.
I from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,
If any feather'd fowle 'mongst them were such?
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full quire,
Answer'd,—" to finde thy God thou must look higher."

I ask't the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they
Said, " We obey
The God thou seek'st."—I ask't what eye or eare
Could see or heare;
What in the world I might descry or know
Above, below:
With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
" We are not God, but we by him were made."

I ask't the world's great universall masse,
If that God was?
Which with a mighty and strong voice reply'd,
As stupify'd,
" I am not He, O man! for know, that I
By him on high,
Was fashion'd first of nothing, thus instated,
And sway'd by Him, by whom I was created."

A scrutiny within myself I, then,
Even thus began:—
" O man, what art thou?"—What more could I say,
Than dust and clay?
Fraile, mortal, fading, a mere puffe, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urne;
Form'd from that earth to which I must returne.

I ask't myself, what this great God might be
That fashion'd me?
I answer'd—the all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternall,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
To all that live,
Both breath and being: He is the Creator
Both of the water,
Earth, aire, and fire. Of all things that subsist,
He hath the list;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claimes,
He keeps the scrole, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discovered be,)
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,—
To human sight,
Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest;
In which to our weake senses Thou comest nearest.

O make us apt to seeke, and quicke to finde,
Thou God, most kinde!
Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God, most just!
Remit all our offences, we intreat;
Most Good, most Great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy guest
May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS CELEBRATED.

BOWRING.

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchang'd through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call GOD—and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation;—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wast, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspir'd with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise,

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am *I* then? Nought!
Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity:
I am O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity:
Still I am something, fashion'd by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity,

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore:
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

MRS. ROWE.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.

Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night
The streams of life appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd:—

Before the bright, harmonious spheres,
Their glorious rounds begun;
Before the shining roads of heaven
Were measur'd by the sun:—

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of Life!
And glory were the same.

And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin, break;
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck:—

When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
When all the trembling starry lamps,
Their ancient course forsake;—

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd, in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

MAJESTY AND IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

MRS. BARBAULD.

JEHOVAH reigns: let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding,
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

He rules with wide and absolute command,
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land;
Jehovah reigns, unbounded, and alone;
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light,
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night;
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light,
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night;
Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dew drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flow'rs he drest,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours,
The circling waters round her winding shores;
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride;

Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good:
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds opprest,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall, broke and useless, lie
Amidst the common ruins of the sky!
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is still the same.
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise:
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control,
Revere him in the stillness of the soul;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

THE OMNIPOTENT GOD.

HUNT, altered.

ALMIGHTY King, who sit'st above,
Enthron'd with majesty and love,
And clad in robes of matchless state,
The God, the sovereign Lord of all;
On thee our prostrate spirits call,
Thou, thou, alone art truly great.

Princes, the shadows of thy nod,
Live but to shew how low to God,
Is all the gaudy pride of earth:
Thy Kingdom comprehends all space;
Thy crown, enrich'd with pearls of grace,
Is glorious as the morning's birth.

If earth's an atom in thy sight,
The working of thy fingers' might,
How low am I that on it dwell!
Thy brightness not the sun can show;
Thy voice, not all the winds that blow,
Nor all the rolling thunders tell.

The earthquake, and the tempest both
Are but the bubbles of thy wrath,
The hidings of thine awful frown;
But smiling mercy's heavenly form,
Sits, like an angel, 'midst the storm,
And wreathes for man a blood-bought crown;—

Perish the earth beneath thy hand,
Let heav'n be nought at thy command,
Thou, only thou, art still the same;
The void immense itself shall cry,
"Glory to thee, O God most high,"
And ever "hallowed be thy name!"

THE POWER OF GOD.

H. K. WHITE.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heav'nly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend, in rev'rence bend,
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God.

POWER AND OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

H. K. WHITE.

The Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I hear him in the wind!

If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns, in ev'ry land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

He smiles, we live,—he frowns, we die—
We hang upon his word:
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bears his sword.

He bids his blast the fields deform—
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits like the ruler of the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

BLACKLOCK.

Me, O my God! thy piercing eye,
In motion, or at rest, surveys;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
Or travel through frequented ways;
Where'er I move, thy boundless reign,
Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
Whose view pervades my inmost heart!
The latent, kindling, young desire,
The word, ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms display,
And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
Or forward bend my wand'ring sight,
Whatever objects round me rise,
Through the wide fields of air and light;
With thee impress'd each various frame,
The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

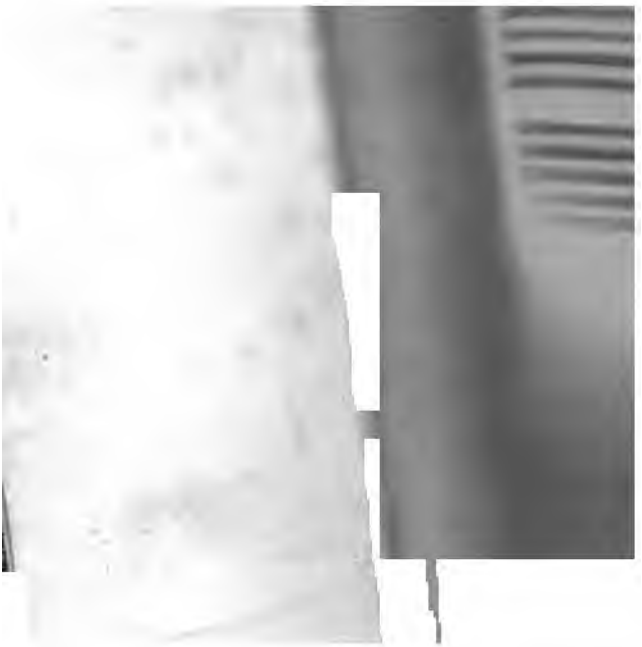
Father of all, Omniscient mind,
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?
That wisdom, which, ere things began,
Saw full exprest th' all-comprehending plan.

What cavern deep, what hill sublime
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy distant view?
Where from thy spirit shall I fly,
Diffusive, vital, felt through earth and sky?

If up to heav'ns ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendor there, intensely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise:
There beaming from their source divine,
In full meridian light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,
I call on night's impervious shade
To spread essential blackness round;
Conspicuous to thy wide survey,
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

If through the fields of ether borne,
The living winds my flight sustain,
If on the rosy wings of morn,
I seek the distant western main;
There, O my God! thou still art found,
Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms surround.



Thy essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry conscious part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart;
Unfelt along my veins it glides
And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

Thee, mighty God, my wondering soul,
Thee, all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore:
Alike illum'd by nature's light,
Amid the sun's full blaze or gloom of night.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

HOGG.

Dweller in heaven, and ruler below!
Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know!
How can a mortal deem how it may be,
That being cannot be, but present with thee?
Is it true that thou saw'st me ere I saw the morn?
Is it true that thou knew'st me before I was born?
That nature must live in the light of thine eye?
This knowledge for me is too great and too high!

That fly I to noon-day, or fly I to night,
To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,
The light and the darkness to thee are the same,
And still in thy presence of wonder I am!
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,
Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air;
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild brink,
From the eye of Omnipotence still I must shrink.

Or mount I on wings of the morning away
To caves of the ocean unseen by the day,
And hide in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in thee?
Nay, scale I the cloud in the heavens to dwell;
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell;
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still thou art present, and all are the same.

Yes! present for ever! Almighty—alone,
Great Spirit of Nature, unbounded, unknown!
What mind can embody thy presence divine?
I know not my own being! how can I thine?
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend;
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in thee!

GOD VISIBLE IN HIS WORKS.

T. MOORE.

Thou art, O God, the life and light,
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam delays,
Among th' op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flow'r the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

ANON.

Above—below—where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean wave to foam;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself,—for thou art every where.

I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks its splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car:
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipp'd the mountain tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold;
That ray of glory bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight, eve—the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn;
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here!"

THE BENEVOLENCE OF GOD.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

My God, all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day;
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning rich in lustre breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And, when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong!
Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.
In every scene thy hands have dress'd,
In every form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth or echoing grove,—
A voice is heard of praise and love.
As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul.

Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune their wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise.

ANON.

WHENE'ER we climb the mountain's head,
To greet the harbinger of day;
Or view him sink in ocean's bed,
Thy love, O God, paints every ray.

In the fresh balmy ev'ning breeze,
Where flowers of gold and verdure shine,
Rich with the perfumes of the trees,
We hear the voice of love divine.

Love decks the finely varied flowers,
The fragrant progeny of spring;
And round the prison'd senses pours
Their soft delicious offering.

'Tis love that paints the insect quires,
With all their gay and gorgeous dyes;
'Tis love the simple birds inspires,
And charms in all their melodies.

Nay, ev'ry sight that wins the eye,
And ev'ry sound that woos the ear,
And ev'ry gale that passes by,
Proclaims the hand of love is there.

REV. H. MOORE.

MY God! thy boundless love we praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Thro' heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale:
'Tis Love that loads the plenteous plain,
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.

But, in thy gospel, it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast;
There, Love immortal leaves the sky
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

There smiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiv'n;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day
And opens all her heav'n.

Then, in redeeming love rejoice,
My soul!—and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies:
Above life's empty scenes aspire—
Its sordid cares and mean desire—
And seize th' eternal prize.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

SMART.

IMMENSE Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good,
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
And just thanksgiving? The thought kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky east, and blithesome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew.
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;

Lost were the peacock's plumage; to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee,
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th' immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The eastern monarchs' garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribe of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of him, who, ere he formed their lord,
Their voices tuned to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird, and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
He feeds his sweet musicians:—nor neglects
The invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks, and praise
To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order, and in beauty: rise, attend,
Arrest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To him who made the mite! Tho' Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach and bring from Araby the blest,
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with rev'rence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair India, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends,
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise; come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou Europa, seat of Grace
And Christian excellence, his goodness own.
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
Clad in the armour of the living God,
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:
" O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of goodness, and of glory, hear!
" Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
" Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
" Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
" Thou who resign'd humility upheld'st
" Even as the florist props the drooping rose,

" But quell'st tyrannic pride with peerless
power,
" Even as the tempest rives the stubborn
oak:
" O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of goodness, and of glory hear!
" Bless all mankind; and bring them in the
end
" To Heav'n, to Immortality, and Thee."

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

WORDSWORTH.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom ev'ning, in the west,
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trusts the stars above,
They can be treach'rous too.

The umbrageous bark, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promis'd to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was giv'n—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstacy.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

BARBAULD.

God of my life! and Author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest seraphs can no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different
sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works, thro' all their parts
proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside:
Impetuous passion stops the headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my
eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But He, our gracious Master, kind, as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers we are dust:
His spirit ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd,
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous
aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live;
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring
scene,
Oh teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart re-
joice.

If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on the illumin'd sky:
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy, crowded cities talk,
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With sacred triumph, and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

BOWRING.

Great All in All! I bend in dust before Thee,
Even so veil'd cherubs bend;—
In calm and still devotion I adore Thee,
All-wise, all-present Friend!
Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast given,
Or curtained it in snow:
And the bright sun, and the soft moon in heaven,
Before Thy presence bow.

Thy power and wisdom spread the map of nature,
That map so fair and bright:
Rear'd the vast arch of heaven—on every creature
Pouring its streams of light.
Thine influence feeds the early spring-rose glowing,
Quickens the teeming sea;
Thine is the storm thro' the dark forest blowing,
Thine, heaven's soft harmony.

Thine is the beam on ocean's bosom glancing,
Thine is the thunder-cloud:
Thine are the lamps that light our steps, advancing
To the tomb's solitude.
Thou speakest—and all nature's pregnant bosom
Heaves with Thy mighty breath:
Thou frownest—man, even like a frost-nipp'd blossom,
Drops in the lap of death.

The grove's untutor'd harmony—
All speak,—and loudly speak of Thee.

Thy name, Thy glories, they rehearse,
Great Spirit of the universe!
Sense of all sense, and Soul of soul,
Nought is too vast for thy control;
The meanest and the mightiest share
Alike Thy kindness, and Thy care.

Beneath Thy all-directing nod,
Both worlds and worms are equal, God!
Thy hand the comets' orbits drew,
And lighted yonder glow-worm too;
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
And form'dst yon snow-drop's silver cup.

And nature with its countless throng,
And sun and moon and planets' song,
And every flower that light receives,
And every dew that tips its leaves,
And every murmur of the sea—
Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

And we, creation's princes, we
The children of the Deity,
The wise—the strong—whose thoughts can soar
Heaven's brightest, highest, concave o'er;
And hold, above created things,
Communion with the King of kings—

Shall we not praise and worship Thee,
Thou infinite Divinity?
Thank Thee for what we know—and own
Thou hidest what is best unknown;
And kindly, wisely, hast conceal'd
The future, from our vision veil'd?

Shall *we* disturb the harmony
Which all creation tunes to Thee;
Those sweet concordant notes, that sound
The arched hall of nature round;
That fill the earth, the sea, the air,
And reach Thy throne—accepted there?

No: rather our according voice
Shall in the general praise rejoice,
And join the ever-during hymn
With cherubim and seraphim—
With all to whom a tongue is given,
To worship Thee, the Lord of heaven.

ANON.

ANGELS, assist to sing
The honours of your God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad:
Pour the trembling notes along;
Swell the grand, immortal song.

And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise;
Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Creator praise:
Let your loud hosannas rise,
Shake the earth, and pierce the skies!

Let the day and dusky night,
In solemn order, join
His praises to recite,
And speak his power divine:
Ev'ry hill, and ev'ry vale,
Echo with the sacred tale.

Ye winds and raging seas,
With wild, tempestuous roar,
Resound, in mightier lays,
His name from shore to shore:
Thunders, spread his name abroad;
Lightnings, flash before your God.

Let every creature sing
The honours of our God;—
Touch ev'ry tuneful string,
And spread his praise abroad:
Pour the trembling notes along;
Swell the universal song.

POLLOK.

HARP of Eternity! begin the song,
Redeemed, and angel-harps! begin to God,

Begin the anthem ever sweet and new,
While I extol him, holy, just, and good.
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love
Eternal, uncreated, infinite!
Unsearchable Jehovah! God of truth,
Maker, upholder, governor of all!
Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld!
Omnipotent, unchangeable, Great God!
Exhaustless fulness! giving unimpaired!
Bounding immensity, unspread, unbound!
Highest and best! beginning, middle, end!
All-seeing eye! all-seeing, and unseen!
Hearing, unheard! all-knowing, and unknown!
Above all praise! above all height of thought!
Proprietor of immortality!
Glory ineffable! bliss underiv'd!
Of old thou built'st thy throne on righteousness,
Before the morning stars their song began,
Or silence heard the voice of praise. Thou laid'st
Eternity's foundation-stone, and saw'st
Life and existence out of Thee begin,
Mysterious more, the more displayed, where still
Upon thy glorious Throne thou sit'st alone,
Hast sat alone, and shalt for ever sit.
Alone, Invisible, Immortal one!
Behind essential brightness unbeheld,
Incomprehensible! what weight shall weigh,
What measure, measure Thee! What know we more
Of Thee, what need to know, than thou hast taught,
And bid'st us still repeat, at morn and even?
God! Everlasting Father! Holy One!
Our God, our Father, our eternal All!
Source whence we came, and whither we return;
Who made our spirits, who our bodies made,
Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land,
Who made all made, who orders, governs all,
Who walks upon the wind, who holds the wave
In hollow of thy hand, whom thunders wait,
Whom tempests serve, whom flaming fires obey,
Who guides the circuit of the endless years,
And sit'st on high, and mak'st creation's top
Thy footstool, and behold'st, below Thee, all—
All nought, all less than nought, and vanity.
Like transient dust that hovers on the scale,
Ten thousand worlds are scatter'd in thy breath.
Thou sit'st on high, and measur'st destinies,
And days, and months and wide revolving years;
And dost according to thy holy will;
And none can stay thy hand, and none withhold
Thy glory; for in judgment, Thou, as well
As mercy, art exalted, day and night.
Past, present, future, magnify thy name.

Thy works all praise Thee, all thy angels praise,
Thy saints adore, and on thy altars burn
The fragrant incense of perpetual love.
They praise Thee now, their hearts, their voices praise,
And swell the rapture of the glorious song!
Harp! lift thy voice on high, shout, angels, shout!
And loudest ye redeemed! glory to God
And to the Lamb who bought us with his blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient Time! sing loud, and wave
Your palms of triumph! sing, Where is thy sting,
O Death! where is thy victory, O Grave!
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Harp! lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! glory to God,
And to the Lamb, all glory and all praise
All glory and all praise at morn and even
That come and go eternally, and find
Us happy still, and Thee for ever blest!
Glory to God and to the Lamb. Amen.
For ever, and for evermore. Amen.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

ITATION TO PRAISE THE CREATOR.

MILTON.

with a gladsome mind
ıe Lord, for he is kind,
mercies shall endure,
thful, ever sure.

lase his name abroad,
ods, he is the God:
his wisdom did create
ited Heavens so full of state.

l the solid Earth ordain
ibove the wat'ry plain:
his all-commanding might,
ihe new-made world with light.

ed the golden-tressed sun
lay long his course to run:
ied moon to shine by night,
: her spangled sisters bright.

g creatures he doth feed,
h full hand supplies their need;
ierefore warble forth,
ity majesty and worth:—

mansion hath so high
ıe reach of mortal eye;
mercies shall endure,
thful, ever sure.

CREATION.

MILTON.

THE SON

On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brasen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous; for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord; Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou
Deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word; your discord end!
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice; him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things;
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth.

Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native East
To journey through the aëry gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun
Was not, she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while; God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when Orient light
Exhaling first from darkness, they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb that fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works: Creator, him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he named the Firmament; so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd; but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
Be gather'd now, ye waters under Heav'n,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep with torrent rapture, if through plain
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or underground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle

Of congregated waters, he call'd Seas;
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet; and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms; with high woods the hills were crown'd
With tufts the vallies, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: tho' God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' Earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n
To give light on the Earth; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n,
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,
Tho' of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude thro' Heaven's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon
But opposite in levell'd West was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign

With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of Heav'n.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' Earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldly, enormous in their gait
Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclos'd
The callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build;
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aëry caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; th' air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said,
Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' Earth,
Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and straight

Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown; out of the ground uprose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he dwells
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness: fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those waved their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in small room large heart enclosed,
Pattern of just equality, perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonality: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their nature know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheeled their course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endow'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven;
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:—

Let us make now man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becamest a living soul.
Male he created thee; but thy consort
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,

Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the Earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest;
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite; lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode;
Thence to behold this new created world,
The addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heards't,)
The heavens and all the constellations ring;
The planets in their station listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates! they sung,
Open, ye Heavens! your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.

THE WORKS OF GOD PRAISING HIM.

BOWRING.

SING thy Creator's praise, and own
Him greatest—wisest—God alone.
He wraps himself in robes of light,
And, clothed in garments pure and bright
Of honor and of majesty,
He makes the skies His canopy.

The pillars of His temple are
Built on the ocean; and his car,
The clouds of heaven. Th' Eternal Mind
Rides on the pinions of the wind:
A thousand spirits wait His will,
And, touch'd with fire, his word fulfil.

Thou rear'st the universe sublime
On arches of unshaken time—
And wrap'dst this vast terraqueous globe
With the deep waters as a robe—
And bad'st the eternal hills sustain
The o'erhanging pregnant clouds of rain.

At Thy decree the waters fall—
They hasten at Thy thunder's call;
Down from the rocky height they gush,
And thro' the thirsty valleys rush
On to the vast receptacle,
Where Thou hast bid the waters dwell.

There hast Thou girt them with a shore,
That they may flood the earth no more:
While thousand and ten thousand rills,
Wand'ring among the mazy hills,
Fresh from their sparkling fountain burst,
Where the wild asses quench their thirst.

'Tis there, along the streamlet's side,
The winged fowls of heaven abide;
Among the waving boughs they sing,
That overhang the crystal spring:

The hills are water'd from above,
And earth reflects a heaven of love.

He bids the emerald verdure grow,
He makes the smiling flow'rets blow;
He plants the roots, He sows the grain,
A common feast for beasts and men:
To each He gives his portion'd food—
He, ever active, wise and good!

He bids the loaded vine produce
For man its generous, joyous juice;
And oil that makes his face to shine,
And bread to nourish—all is Thine,
Thou great, life-giving Deity!
Yes! all we have we owe to Thee.

The life-sap at thy bidding flows
Thro' the young trees—the cedar grows
Tow'ring above the mountain's crest,
Where the wood songster builds her nest;
While 'mid the solitary pines,
The careful stork her home enshrines.

To the rude rocks the conies fly;
The wild goats seek the mountains high;
While o'er them the benignant moon
Shines mildly—and the night, the noon,
In their appointed courses fall:
Govern'd by Him who governs all.

'Tis night—Thou spread'st the darkness deep;
The wild beasts from their hidings creep,
And the young lions seek their prey
From their Creator—till the ray
Of morning calmly dawns, and then
They slumber in their lairs again.

Man to his daily labour goes,
Until the evening brings repose.
O Lord! how great, how manifold
Thy works, how glorious and untold!
Their ever-during songs proclaim
The vast perfections of Thy name.

The mighty, the unbounded sea,
(Image of Thine immensity!)
Fill'd with ten thousand creatures—all
Sharing Thy care, the great, the small;
The whale's gigantic mass—the swarms
Of unseen myriads' insect-forms.

The ships the busy billows crowd;
And 'midst the waters rushing loud,
(He owns not the control of man)
The huge, the dread leviathan,
Sits on his ever-shifting throne,
And claims that kingdom for his own.

On Thee they wait, on Thee depend—
While Thou, their ever present friend,
Provid'st their food;—Thy plenteous hand,
Outstretch'd, fills all the sea, the land,
With good—which they, delighted, gather
From thy great store—Thou gracious Father!

Thy face is hidden—darkness clouds
The trembling earth;—Thy frowning shrouds
Existence with its gloom;—Thy ray
Is hidden from them—they decay:
Thou dost withdraw Thy breath,—they die
And in the clayey valley lie.

Thy Spirit is sent forth again,
And life resumes its joyous reign;
Again is nature's face renew'd,
And love, and bliss, and gratitude,
Clad all the face of earth with light,
And hope, and bliss, and promise bright.

His glory shall endure for ever—
His praise shall perish never, never!
Rejoicing in His work, and pleas'd
With the proud fabric He hath rais'd,
Blest 'midst the blessings he hath given—
In heaven directing all to heaven!

A thousand worlds His presence greet;
The mountains smoke beneath His feet;
The earth His presence fears;—but I
Will sing His praises joyfully,
While I have life or breath to sing,
In His existence triumphing.

How sweet to meditate, O Lord!
On Thy great name, Thy glorious word,
In Thy blest presence to rejoice,
To Thy blest praise attune my voice,
And from Thy cup to drink the stream
Of gladness and of joy supreme!

If daring worldly ones contemn
That Power, whose glance might scatter them—

I, in my stedfast purpose, still
Will own Thy hand and do Thy will;
Blest, blest unutterably, to be
Devoted, Lord! to truth and Thee.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE HEAVENS.

MARVELL.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho', in solemn silence, all,
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;—

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

BOWRING.

Ours is a lovely world! How fair
Thy beauties, ev'n on earth appear!
The seasons in their courses fall,
And bring successive joys: the sea,
The earth, the sky, are full of thee,
Benignant, glorious Lord of All.

There's beauty in the break of day;
There's glory in the noontide ray;
There's sweetness in the twilight shades;—
Magnificence in night: thy love
Arch'd the grand heav'n of blue above,
And all our smiling earth pervades.

And if thy glories here be found
Streaming with radiance all around,
What must the fount of glory be?
In Thee we'll hope,—in Thee confide,
Thou, mercy's never-ebbing tide!
Thou, love's unfathomable sea!

CHAMOUNY, THE HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE.

COLERIDGE.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O Chamouny!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly, but thou dread mountain-form
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the sky and black—an ebon mass!

——— Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge; but when I look again
It seems thy own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from Eternity!
O dread and silent form! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranc'd in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.
Yet thou mean time wert working on my soul,
E'en like some deep enchanting melody,
So sweet we know not we are list'ning to it.
But I awake, and with a busier mind
And active will self-conscious offer now,
Not as before involuntary prayer,
And passive adoration! Hand and voice
Awake, awake, and thou my heart awake!
Awake ye rocks, ye forest pines awake!
Green fields and icy cliffs all join my hymn!
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
O blacker than the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual beams?
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From darkness set you loose, and icy dens
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded and the silence came,
"Here shall the billows stiffen and have rest?"
Ye icy falls, ye that from dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope,
Torrents methinks that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge:
Motionless torrents, silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gate of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flowers
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
God! God! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter. The ice-plain bursts and answers, God!
God! sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,
And pine-groves with their soft and soul-like sound.
The silent snow-mass loosening, thunders, God!

Ye dreadless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost,
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest,
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-blast,
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds,
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth GOD, and fill the hills with praise!
And thou! O silent form, alone and bare,
Whom as I lift again my head bow'd low
In adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly by dim eyes suffused by tears,
Awake thou mountain-form: rise like a cloud,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth;
Thou kingly spirit thron'd among the hills!
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heav'n,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices calls on God.

A NIGHT ON THE ALPS.

MONTGOMERY.

COME golden evening! In the west
Enthrone the storm dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops,—'Tis done;
The tempest ceases; bold and bright
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;
——— Mont Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark, how calmly overhead
The stars, like saints in glory, meet;
——— While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of time
Step thro' the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible; the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt: but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight sceptre of the moon:
In half eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme,
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense*,
——— They seem so exquisitely frail,—
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far, beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face.
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
When heaven itself brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

* It is said that the breath of a Traveller, passing over these mountains, will sometimes occasion the falling of an Avalanche.

on thy banks again I stray
trance of poesy is o'er,
I am here at dawn of day,
ng on mountains as before;
re all the strange mutations wrought
e magic feats of my own mind;
in that fairy land of thought,
ate'er I seek, I find.

O ye everlasting hills!
ples of God, not made with hands,
ose word performs whate'er He wills,
ose word, though ye shall perish stands!
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Yet, in such works, no Maker view,—
Nor lose the works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all, that e'er I knew, forgot;
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold
Transform'd to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my shape be seen,
That all my ask, though none reply,
What my offence hath been!

MORNING HYMN.

MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable; who sit'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars! last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet; praise him in the sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou, sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st:
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st;
And ye five other wandering fires! that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air! and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of nature—oh, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise,
Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,

Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise:
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling, tune his praise!
Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good: and if our minds
Have gather'd aught of error or of vice,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

ADDISON.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart,
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redress'd;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou,
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a grateful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

COWPER.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;
God is his own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

SPENSER.

All in the power of their great Maker lie;
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine:
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subjects to their power obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away;
For all we have is his; what he list doe he may.

Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band;
In vaine therefore dost thou now take in hand

To call to count, or weigh his works anew,
Whose counsels' depth thou canst not understand,
Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise,
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall;
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least things of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

THE KINDNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

HEBER.

Oh hand of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, oh Lord, to Thee;
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all thy gifts, and only thine!

The stream thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at thy mandate stood;
How well they knew thy voice divine,
Whose works they were, and only thine!

Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to thy word and will
We seek thy daily mercy still;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And thine we are, and only thine!

UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE.

CUNNINGHAM.

The insect that, with puny wing,
Just shoots along one summer ray;
The flow'ret which the breath of spring
Wakes into life for half a day;
The smallest mote, the tend'rest hair—
All feel our Heav'nly Father's care.

Ev'n from the glories of his throne
He bends to view this earthly ball;
Sees all, as if that all were one—
Loves one, as if that one were all;
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

MONTGOMERY.

God, in the high and holy place
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found.

DEPENDENCE ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

THOMSON.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrines did impart,
And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair,—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song:
Yet your kind, Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the distressful call;
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet, see how warm they blush, how bright they glow
What regal vestments can with them compare,
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds;
If, o'er the fields, such lucid robes he spreads:
Will he not care for you, ye faithless say?
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

RURAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

SEASONS.

THE SEASONS.

SPENSER.

So forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare:
First lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded, and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours:
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed beene
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the boare,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plentious store.
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;
Upon his head a wreath that was earold
With eares of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripen'd fruits, the which the earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he able was to weld.

HUNT.

SPRING.

smiling wakes the verdant year,
ayed in velvet green!
glad the circling fields appear
t bound the blooming scene!

walks from heav'n the beaming
Spring,
m as the dew she sheds;
'er the Winter's matt'ring king,
: veil of roses spreads.

ty serene, the waking flowers,
river's loosen'd wave,
/ the kind and tepid hours,
h all the charms they gave.

ark! From yon melodious grove
feathered warblers break;
nto notes of joy and love,
solitude awake!

hail the first beloved of heaven,
e, listen as they sing;
man, to whom the lyre is given,
wake one grateful string?

me join th' aspiring lay,
t gives my Maker praise;
but in louder notes than they,
a all their praises raise!

, from whose all-gracious eye
sun of splendor beams;
glories every ray supply,
gilds the trembling streams;—

O'er nature's green and teeming fields,
Bid flowery graces rise;
And every sweet, creation yields,
Salute the morning skies.

Where yonder moves the plough of toil,
Along the stubborn land;
O kindly lift the yielding soil,
And soothe the lab'ring hand.

Then bid gay fruitfulness around,
Her blooming reign extend;
And where thy richest gifts are found,
Tell who the heav'nly friend.

SUMMER.

BRIGHT Summer beams along the sky,
And paints the glowing year;
Where'er we turn the raptured eye,
Her splendid tints appear!

Then, when so fit to lift the song
To gratitude and heav'n,
To whom her purple charms belong,
From whom those charms are given?

Thee, thee, Almighty King of kings,
Man worships not alone;
Each budding flower its incense brings,
And wafts it to thy throne.

The fields with verdant mantle gay,
The grove's sequester'd walks,
All, all around, thy praise display,
And dumb creation talks.

When morn with rosy fingers fair,
Her golden journey takes;

When fresh'ning Zephyrs fan the air,
And animation wakes;—

Man starts from emblematic death,
And bends the grateful knee,
To welcome with transported breath,
New light, new life, and thee!

When Noon averts his radiant face,
And shuts his piercing eye;
And Eve, with modest, measur'd pace,
Steps up the western sky.—

Reposed beneath thy guardian wings
The pious mortal rests;
Nor knows one watchful care that springs
Within unholy breasts.

What then if pealing thunders roll,
If lightnings flash afar!
Undaunted hears his tranquil soul,
The elemental war.

'Tis but to him a parent's voice,
That blesses while it blames;
That bids unburden'd air rejoice,
And life and health proclaims.

Night's deepest gloom is but a calm,
That soothes the wearied mind;
The labour'd day's restoring balm,
The comfort of mankind.

AUTUMN.

Fair Autumn spreads her fields of gold,
And waves her amber wand;
See earth its yellow charms unfold
Beneath her magic hand!

Unrivall'd beauty decks our vales,
Bright fruitfulness our plains;
Gay earth with cheerfulness prevails,
And smiling glory reigns.

To thee, great lib'ral source of all,
We strike our earthly lyre;
Till thou our rising souls shalt call,
And angels form the quire.

The splendor that enchants our eyes,
Reminds us of thy fame;
The blessings that from earth arise,
Thy gen'rous hand proclaim.

The plenty round our meadows seen,
Is emblem of thy love;
And harmony that binds the scene,
The peace that reigns above.

Beneath the sickle, smiling round,
And in destruction fair,
The golden harvest strews the ground,
And shuts the labour'd year.

Man drops into refreshing rest,
And smooths his wearied brow;
With rural peace the herds are blest,
And nature smiles below!

O let thy hand, parental King,
Be opened to our pray'rs!
Unlock sweet plenty's lib'ral spring,
And show'r untainted airs.

WINTER.

Hark! 'twas dark Winter's sullen voice
That told the glooms that reign'd;
That bade the plains no more rejoice,
And all the waves be chain'd.

See yellow Autumn dies away;
The pallid sire is come!
The plains his shiv'ring rules obey,
And every wave is dumb!

Yet still with cheerful heart I pace
The whiten'd vale below;
And smile at every printed trace,
I leave upon the snow.

Thus (soft I whisper to my breast,)
Man treads life's weary waste;
Each step that leads to better rest
Forgot as soon as past!

For what is life and all its bliss?
The splendor of a fly;
The breathing of a morning's kiss;
A summer's flushing sky.

Dismantled lies the gaudy fly;
Morn droops at evening's frown;

ıer, tho' so gay her eye,
ious terrors crown!

; but shoots no gladd'ning day
s nocturnal scene?
one gem of lively ray
urksome wave unseen?

the evergreen beguiles
n of yonder snow!
:ligion cheers with smiles,
ıtry waste of wo.

SPRING.

DAVIES.

r is green, and heaven is blue,
ıg which makes all new,
spring doth enter;
g sun-beams do subdue
aged Winter.

ıild, and seas are calm,
low flows with balm,
ı wears all her riches;
birds sing such a psalm,
i heart bewitches.

ANON.

' reviv'd, reviving Spring,
heaven's eternal year;
e's works thy praises sing,
le salutes thee here.
y swell the solemn song;
ıe bounding notes along;
below, to quires above,
c the solemn lay;
praise unbounded love,
ɔunty's holy-day.

CHORUS.

niversal King,
ery grateful quire;
In endless hymns all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire.

All lost beneath stern Winter's reign,
Creation's genial powers appear'd;
Spring call'd them into life again,—
See! budding verdure shows they heard;
Bless bless, O man, the kind design;
Whose nobler counterpart is thine!
Thy powers a gloomier winter froze,
Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,
Prolific of fair truth, arose,
And shed the blaze of mental day,

CHORUS.

All spotless as the truth he taught,
Free as the mercy he display'd;
He show'd what human duty ought,
He did what heavenly goodness bade;
Enforc'd each just command he gave;
Nor liv'd nor died, in vain, to save.
His realms on high, his worlds below,
All witness'd his unwearied care,—
The Victim here of general wo,
The Captain of Salvation there.

COMMENCEMENT OF SPRING.

WARTON.

MINDFUL of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid spring.
Scarce a bee with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound;
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps.
O'er the field of waving broom,
Slowly shoots the golden bloom;
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand;

The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades;
Fringing the forest's devious edge
Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge,
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should chance to lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin-descending hail;
She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreathe their capacious nests anew.
O'er the broad down, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow:
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

THE LATE SPRING.

CONDER.

The sleepy Spring was still in bed,
And to rise was slowly preparing,
When she heard the soft fall of the nephyr's tread,
Who came to give her an airing.

She rose in haste, not dressed in blue,
But clad in her wintry mourning;—
Just stuck in her bosom a snow drop or two,
Her brow a faint smile adorning.

Then away over meadow, and garden, and wood,
Her light winged courser bore her;
But in her fair eyes the tear-drop stood,
To see the drear scene before her.

So long had the tyrant of northern birth,
His iron reign extended,
The genial commerce of sky and earth
Had well-nigh been suspended.

The young birds had met on St. Valentine's feast,
All eager to get married;
But the sullen saint refused to be priest:
For another *red* day they tarried.

The crocus had put forth its feelers green,
But drew in its head in affright,
On hearing the peas as soon as seen,
Had been all cut off in a night.

The lilac gay, that loves to be first,
Stood shivering still and pouting;
And many a bud was longing to burst,
But its orders, yet, was doubting.

The fields were as bald as though they'd been shorn,
As brown as if summer had burned them:
The hedges were naked as when they were born,
For their buds, you could scarce have discerned them.

vers ran low through the failure of snow,
their banks it seemed never stood firmer;
ley longed for the rains which the spring should bestow,
again they might babble and murmur.

And the Queen of the Season, so ill did she feel,
She again took to bed in pure sorrow:
But the sun has been called in, her sickness to heal,
And we hope she'll be better to-morrow.

ADDRESS TO SPRING.

WILSON.

Oh! gracious power! for thy beloved approach
The expecting earth lay wrapt in kindling smiles,
Struggling with tears, and often overcome.
A blessing sent before thee from the heavens,
A balmy spirit breathing tenderness,
Prepared thy way, and all created things
Felt that the angel of delight was near.
Thou cam'st at last, and such a heavenly smile
Shone round thee, as beseemed the eldest-born
Of nature's guardian spirits. The great sun
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn
Was by the low winds chaunted in the sky;
And when thy feet descended on the earth,
Scarce could they move among the clustering flowers,
By nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blest deliverer! Ye fair trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?
There are, 'tis said, birds that pursue the spring,
Where'er she flies, or else in death-like sleep
Abide her annual reign, when forth they come
With freshen'd plumage, and enraptur'd song
As ye do now, unwearied choristers,
Till the land ring with joy. Yet are ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, [redacted] the valley-side
Send a soft bleat[redacted]
Half happy, half
At sight of this
The stormer the
Into a mood/a

The strife of working intellect, the stir
Of hopes ambitious; the disturbing sound
Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
Fly like disparting clouds, and leave the soul
Pure, and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

ANON.

Oh! how delightful to the soul of man,
How like a renovating spirit, comes,
Fanning his cheek, the breath of infant Spring!
Morning awakens in the orient sky
With purpler light beneath a canopy
Of lovely clouds, their edges tipp'd with gold;
And from his palace, like a deity,
Darting his lustrous eyes from pole to pole,
The glorious Sun comes forth the vernal sky
To walk rejoicing. To the bitter North
Retire wild Winter's forces,—cruel winds,—
And griping frosts,—and magazines of snow,
And deluging tempests. O'er the moistened fields
A *tender green* is spread; the bladed grass
Shoots forth exuberant; th' awakening *trees*,
Thawed by the delicate atmosphere, put forth
Expanding buds; while with mellifluous throat,
The warm ebullience of internal joy,
The *birds* put forth a song of gratitude
To Him who sheltered, when the storms were deep,
And fed them through the winter's cheerless gloom.

Beside the garden path, the *crocus* now
Puts forth its head to woo the genial breeze,
And finds the snow-drop, hardier visitant,
Already basking in the solar ray.
Upon the brook the *water cresses* float
More greenly, and the bordering reeds exalt
Higher their speary summits. Joyously
From stone to stone, the *ouzel* flits along,
Startling the *linnet* from the hawthorn bough;
While on the elm-tree, overshadowing deep
The low-roofed cottage white, the blackbird sits,
Cheerfully hymning the awakened year.

Turn to the Ocean, how the scene is changed!
Behold the small waves melt upon the shore
With chastened murmur! Buoyantly on high,
The *sea-gulls* ride, weaving a sportive dance,
And turning to the sun their snowy plumes.
With shrilly pipe, from headland or from cape,
Emerge the line of *plovers*, o'er the sands
Fast sweeping; while to inland marsh the *hern*
With undulating wing scarce visible,
Far up the azure concave journies on!
Upon the sapphire deep, its sails unfurled,
Tardily glides along the fisher's boat,
Its shadow moving o'er the moveless tide,
The bright wave flashes from the rower's oar
Glittering in the sun, at measured intervals:
And, casually borne, the fisher's voice
Floats solemnly along the watery waste;
The shepherd boy, enveloped in his plaid,
On the green bank, with blooming furze o'er-topped,
Listens and answers with responsive note.

A SPRING THOUGHT.

BARTON.

The glad birds are singing,
The gay flow'rets springing
O'er meadow, and mountain, and down in the vale,

reen leaves are bursting;
pirit is thirsting
: in the sun-beams, and breathe the
resh gale.

t season appealing
ncy and feeling;
advent the emblem of all I would
rave,
ht more than vernal,
ly-spring eternal
shall dawn on the dark wintry-night
f the grave.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

LEYDEN.

oftly now the vernal gales
he blossoms on the trees;
ight the glistening vapour sails,
ats, and wantons on the breeze!

Spring, in vest of emerald hue,
lily-buds embroider'd fair,
e-gray skylark to renew
rning carols, high in air.

she treads the dewy vale,
ns oft in silence deep,
her favourite primrose pale
ing from her winter sleep.

ering gale, the genial skies,
uid frame to health restore;
ery sun appears to rise
right than e'er it rose before.

the world! thy cheering rays
full heart with transport burn!
n Nature's charms I gaze,
ith's delightful days return.

e that bids thy radiance glance
erous orbs that round thee wheel,
each secret, slumbering sense,
venly breath of Spring to feel.

hazill's rough-notched leaves,
rning wide and wider spread;

While every sigh that Zephyr heaves,
Sprinkles the dew-drops round my head.

The yellow moss in scaly rings,
Creeps round the hawthorn's prickly bough:
The speckled linnet pecks and sings,
While snowy blossoms round her blow.

The gales sing softly through the trees,
Whose boughs in green waves heave and
swell;
The azure violet scents the breeze
Which shakes the yellow crow-foot's bell.

The morning-sun's soft trembling beams,
Shoot brighter o'er the blue expanse,
And red the cottage window gleams,
As o'er the crystal panes they glance.

But you, dear scenes! that far away
Expand beyond these mountains blue,
Where fancy sheds a purer day,
And robes the fields in richer hue;—

A softer voice in every gale,
I 'mid your woodlands wild should hear;
And death's unbreathing shades would fail
To sigh their murmurs in mine ear.

Ah! when shall I by Teviot's stream,
The haunts of youth again explore,
And muse in melancholy dream
On days that shall return no more?

Dun heathy slopes, and valleys green,
Which I so long have lov'd to view,
As o'er my soul each lovely scene
Unfolds, I bid a fond adieu!

Yet, while we mark with pitying eye,
The varied scenes of earthly wo,
Why should we grieve to see them fly,
Or fondly linger as they go?

Yes, friendship sweet, and tender love,
The fond reluctant soul detain;
Or all the whispers of the grove,
With Spring's soft gales would woo in vain.

For bliss so sweet, tho' swift its flight,
Again we hail thee holy sun,—

Thy yellow treases glitter bright,
Fair maid, thy life is just begun.

To tell thee of the lonely tomb,
Is morning's radiant face to cloud;
To wrap thy soul in sable gloom,
Is veiling roses with the shroud.

GRAY.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring;
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tend'rest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet,
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstacy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous quire among;
Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song:
Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by;
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries,
With forward, and reverted eyes.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

SUMMER.

THOMSON.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent *Summer* comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While from his ardent look, the turning *Spring*
Averts her blushful face, and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

ANON.

'Tis summer, 'tis summer, the wild birds are singing,
The woods and the glens with their sweet notes are ringing;

The skies are all glowing with crimson and gold,
And the trees their bright blossoms begin to unfold.
The cushat is breathing his murmurs of love
The stars are adorning the blue skies above,
While the moon in her beauty is shining on high,
And soothing the heart, while she pleases the eye.

'Tis summer, 'tis summer,—and winter no more
Is heard in the winds, or the ocean's wild roar;
But so calm are the waves over all the great deep,
That their murmurs might lull a young infant to sleep.
The streamlets are gliding all lovely and calm—
And the zephyrs come laden with fragrance and balm;
Then, oh! let us bow to the merciful Power,
Who lives in the sunbeam, the tree, and the flower,
Who stills the wild tempest, and bids the vast sea
Unruffled and calm as a placid lake be—
Let us bow to that God, who gave Summer its birth,
And who scatters his treasures all over the earth.

AUTUMN.

KARAMSIN.

The dry leaves are falling;
The cold breeze above
Has stript of its glories
The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping
The field is a waste,
The songs of the forest
Are silent and past.

And the songsters are vanish'd;
In armies they fly
To a clime more benignant,
A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling
The valley in white:
With the smoke of the village
They blend in their flight.

And lo! on the mountain
The wanderer stands,
And sees the pale autumn
Pervading the lands.

Then sorrowful wanderer,
Sigh not, nor weep;
For nature, tho' shrouded,
Will wake from her sleep.

The spring, proudly smiling,
Shall all things revive;
And gay bridal garments
Of splendor shall give.

ANON.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Emblem of transitory man,
Whose wearisome and wild career,
Like them, is bounded to a span;
It seems but as a little day
Since nature smiled upon thy birth,
And spring came forth in fair array,
To dance upon the joyous earth.

Sad alteration!—Now how lone,
How verdureless is nature's breast;
Where ruin makes his empire known,
In autumn's yellow vesture drest:

The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet
Broke on the breath of early day—
The summer-flowers she loved to greet—
The bird—the flowers—oh, where are they?

Thou desolate and dying year!
Yet lovely in thy lifelessness,
As beauty stretched upon the bier
In death's clay-cold and dark caress;
There's loveliness in thy decay,
Which breathes, which lingers round thee still,
Like memory's mild and cheering ray
Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet—yet the radiance is not gone
Which sheds a richness o'er the scene,
Which smiles upon the golden dawn,
When skies were brilliant and serene—
Oh! still a melancholy smile
Gleams upon nature's aspect fair,
To charm the eye a little while,
Ere ruin spreads his mantle there!

MONTGOMERY.

Sweet Sabbath of the year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies,
Their glories melt in shade;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As, on Consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.

Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead.

Of all that now may seem,
To memory's tearful eye,
The vanish'd beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

AUTUMN MORALIZED.

BISHOP HORNE.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound;—

"Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading:
Mark the awful truth we tell:—

"Youth on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

"What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace!
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

DESCRIPTION OF WINTER.

CHATTERTON.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;

His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead,
His robe, a tinge of bright etherеal blue;—
His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

COWPER.

O WINTER, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning know.

SONNET TO WINTER.

BARTON.

THOU hast thy beauties: sterner ones I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty,
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too, although
Thou art austere; thy studded mantle gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's;—and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature; till her features seem
Like pale, like lovely ones, seen when we dream.

WINTER WAKES SPRING.

ANON.

MANTLED in storms;—attended by the roar
Of whirling winds, and flight of showery snows,
Dread Winter comes, and all around him throws
Wide desolation. From his northern store
Tempests of hail, and dark-robed thunders pour.
The gurgling rivulet no longer flows
When he with icy breath upon it blows:
The naked trees and shrubs look gay no more.
Shall Winter rage for ever? No! the sound
Of his rude car shall rouse the slumb'ring Spring
Beneath the kindling sun, the verdant ground
Shall bloom again; the groves with music ring.
Child of distress;—when life's black storms are fled,
The rays of heav'nly Spring shall crown thy head.

WINTER CEDING TO SPRING.

COWPER.

WHERE now the vital energy, that mov'd,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph

Through th' imperceptible meand'ring veins
Of leaf and flow'r? It sleeps; and th' icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide:
But let the months go round, a few short months
And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, iv'ry pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red
And of an humbler growth, the other tall*
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd
Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all;
Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late!
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flow'rs, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears: mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attir'd, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day:
And all this uniform uncolour'd scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heav'nly truth: evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and *that soul is God.*

* *The guelder-rose.*

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

DWIGHT.

BEHOLD the changes of the skies,
And see the circling seasons rise;
Hence let the mournful truth refin'd,
Improve the beauty of the mind.
Winter late, with dreary reign,
Ruled the wide unjoyous plain;
Gloomy storms with solemn roar,
Shook the hoarse resounding shore;
Sorrow cast her sadness round,
Life and joy forsook the ground;
Death, with wild imperious sway,
Bade the expiring world decay.

Now, cast around thy raptur'd eyes,
And see the beauteous Spring arise;
See flowers invest the hills again,
And streams re-murmur o'er the plain.
Hark! Hark! the joy-inspiring grove
Echoes to the voice of Love.
Balmy gales the sound prolong,
Wafting round the woodland song.

Such the scenes our life displays,
Swiftly fleet our rapid days,
The hour that rolls for ever on,
Tells us our years must soon be gone;
Sudden death, with mournful gloom,
Sweeps us downward to the tomb;
Life, and health, and joy, decay,
Nature sinks, and dies away.

But the soul in gayest bloom,
Disdains the bondage of the tomb;

bove the clouds of even,
r'd hails her native Heav'n,
d peace, and beauty, there
lance around the year;
se joy invests the pole,
ns of ceaseless pleasure roll;
joy, and grace divine,
ht and lasting glory shine;
smile, with heavenly ray,
ear unbounded day.

COWPER.

has a joy for me,
ie Saviour's charms I read,
ek, from blemish free,
low-drop's pensive head.

urns, and brings along
vigorating suns:
turtle's plaintive song
speak his dying groans.

is a thousand charms,
essive of his worth;
that lights and warms,
air that cools the earth.

Autumn left to say
of a Saviour's grace?
ams of milder day
of his smiling face.

urs with early dawn:
e sun makes haste to rise,
ding beauties dawn
ushes of the skies.

ith a silent pace,
oving in the west,
mblem of his grace,
an eternal rest.

N ON THE SEASONS.

THOMSON.

hey change, Almighty Father!

varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live,
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But, wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee; marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming thence,
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,

Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune; ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself;
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, his praise.
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and, when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.

Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour, rise to heaven.
For me, when I forgot the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the utmost verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds;
..... I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around.
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in *him*, in *light ineffable!*
Come, then, expressive silence! muse his praise.

TREES, FLOWERS, &c.

HURDIS.

Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume.—We may read, and read,
And read again; and still find something new;
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the humble weed.

TREES.

SPENSER.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-proppe elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forests all,
The aspine, good for staves, the cypresse funerall.

The laurell, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
The eugh, obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shaftes, the sallow for the mill,
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the mapple seeldom inward sound.

COWPER.

less attractive is the woodland scene,
nified with trees of every growth,
, yet various. Here the gay smooth
unks
h, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
in the twilight of their distant shades;
, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost
boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Tho' each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines its leaf,
And ash for stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.

Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet,
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

THE SYLVAN SCENE.

MILTON.

Over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

THE OAK.

ANON.

The gnarled oak, by some fair streamlet's side
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride;
Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies
Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies:
Its ample branches shield the fowls of air,
To its cool shades the panting herds repair.
The treach'rous current works its noiseless way,—
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay:
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

YARDLEY OAK.

COWPER.

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all,
That once liv'd here, thy brethren, at my birth,
Since which I number three-score winters past,
A shatter'd vet'ran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relicts of ages, could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heav'n, created thing adore,
I might with rev'rence kneel, and worship thee!

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagin'd sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurify'd by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Lov'd not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscrib'd, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bauble once, a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut, that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So fancy dreams. Disprove it if ye can,
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Thou fell'st mature, and, in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars. Two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.
Who liv'd, when thou wast such; Oh, could'st thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past!

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recov'ring, and misstated setting right—
Desp'rate attempt, till trees shall speak again!

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods,
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in! once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flocks,
That graz'd it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrouded, yet safe-shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth!

While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as cent'ry roll'd
Slow after century, a giant-bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root
Upheav'd above the soil, and sides imboss'd
With prominent wens globose—till at the last,
The rottenness, which time is charg'd to inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability in all,
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet, on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain, now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds,
Calm, and alternate storm, moisture, and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine, passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates, not unimpair'd,
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral, and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber,* many a load!

* Knee timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

But the axe spar'd thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest, wag'd
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserv'd,
Achiev'd a labour, which had far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought, but the scoop'd rind, that seems
An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou could'st ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,
Which crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Tho' all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulveriz'd of venality, a shell
Stands now and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have torn them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splinter'd stump, bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
Yet still life lingers in thee, and puts forth,
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force
Than yonder upstarts of the neighb'ring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth re*ceiv'd*
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualify'd by age,
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gaz'd
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor owed articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and, fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heav'n
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

THE PALMETTO.

GAY.

Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which, shrivell'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins;
But, as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ripp'd surface to the nearer sun,
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

THE UPAS TREE.

DARWIN.

tE seas of glass with gay reflection
nile
l the green coasts of Java's palmy isle,
:tions plain extends its upland scene,
rise on rocks, and fountains gush be-
reen;
ephyrs blow, eternal summer's reign,
owers prolific bless the soil,—in vain!

spicy nutmeg scents the vernal gales,
wering plantain shades the mid-day
tles;
assy mantle hides the sable hills,
owery chaplet crowns the trickling
lls;
afted moss, nor leathery lichen creeps
set tapestry o'er the crumbling steeps.

step retreating, on the sand impress'd,
s the visit of a second guest;
luent fin the unpeopled stream divides,
volant pinions cleave the airy tides;
anded moles, nor beaked worms re-
rn,
ining pass the irremeable bourn.—
in dread silence, on the blasted heath,
PAS sits, the HYDRA-TREE of death.

Lo! from one root, the envenomed soil
below,
A thousand vegetative serpents grow;
In shining rays the scaly monster spreads
O'er ten square leagues his far-diverging
heads;
Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form,
Looks o'er the clouds and hisses in the storm.

Steep'd in fell poison, as his sharp teeth
part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart;
Snatch the proud eagle towering o'er the
heath,
Or pounce the lion as he stalks beneath;
Or strew, as marshall'd hosts contend in vain
With human skeletons the whiten'd plain.

Chain'd at his root two scion-demons
dwell,
Breathe the faint hiss, or try the shriller yell;
Rise, fluttering in the air with callow wings,
And aim at insect-prey their little stings.
So Time's strong arms with sweeping scythe
erase
Art's cumbrous works, and empires, from
their base:
While each young hour its sickle fine em
ploys,
And crops the sweet buds of domestic joys.

TO A DEAD TREE.

CLARE.

OLD tree thou art wither'd—I pass'd thee last year,
And the blackbird snug hid in thy branches did sing,
Thy shadows stretch'd over the grass sprouting near,
And thou wert as green as thy mates of the spring.

How alterld since then! not a leaf hast thou got,
Thy honours brown round thee that clothed the tree;
The clown passeth by thee and heedeth thee not,
But thou'rt a warm source of reflection for me.

I think while I view thee and rest on the stile
Life's bloom is as frail as the leaves thou hast shed;
Like thee I may boast of my honours awhile,
But new springs may blossom, and mine may be fled.

Fond friends may bend o'er the rais'd turf where I'm laid,
And warm recollection the past may look o'er,
And say by my life, as I say by thy shade,
"Last spring he was living, but now he's no more."

THE HAWTHORN.

ANON.

On Summer's breast the hawthorn shines
In all the lily's bloom,
'Mid slopes where th' evening flock reclines,
Where glows the golden broom.

When yellow Autumn decks the plain,
The hawthorn's boughs are green,
Amid the ripening fields of grain,
In emerald brightness seen.

A night of frost, a day of wind,
Have stript the forest bare:
The hawthorn too that blast shall find,
Nor shall that spoiling spare.

But red with fruit, that hawthorn bough,
Tho' leafless yet will shine;
The blackbird for its hues shall know,
As lapwing knows the vine.

Be thus thy youth as lilies gay,
Thy manhood vigorous green;
And thus let fruit bedeck thy spray,
'Mid age's leafless scene.

FLOWERS.

THOMSON.

But, who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry bud that blows?
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet, darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies, auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks, from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes;
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward: nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor showered from ev'ry bush, the damask rose;
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature and her endless bloom.

THE SNOW-DROP.

MRS. ROBINSON.

The snow-drop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears;
And flings around it fragrance mild,
And when no rival flowerets bloom

are and chilling gloom,
ons gem appears!

nd wan, with head inclin'd,
t breast the drifted snow;
while the ruthless wind
lim form; the tempest lowers,
eye drops crystal showers
ld bed below.

r! on thee the sunny beam
of genial warmth bestows;
thaw the icy stream,
e current purls along
d glossy charms among
ims thee as it flows.

reeze tears thy silky dress,
eck'd with silv'ry lustre, shone;

The morn returns not thee to bless,
The gaudy crocus flaunts its pride,
And triumphs where its rival lies,
Unsheltered and unknown.

No sunny beam shall gild thy grave,
No bird of pity thee deplore;
There shall no spreading branches wave,
For spring shall all her gems unfold,
And revel 'mid her buds of gold,
When thou art seen no more.

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou art still sweet and dear to me!
For I have known the cheerless hour,
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept, and shrunk like thee!

VIOLETS.—A SONNET.

BARTON.

Beautiful are you in your lowliness;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent;
Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely eloquent,
Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
Delightful flowerets! at the voice of Spring,
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright;
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,
Above your lowly birth-place birds shall sing,
And from your clust'ring leaves the glow-worm fling,
The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

TO A VIOLET.

BOWRING.

wer! Spring's earliest, loveliest
!
her flowers are idly sleeping,
t thy purple diadem;
rom thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round;
And well may Nature's Poet love thee!

Thine is a short, swift reign I know—
But here,—thy spirit still pervading—

New violets' tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away—as thou art fading.

And be renew'd; the hope how blest,
(O may that hope desert me never!)
Like thee to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake again, and bloom for ever!

TO A YELLOW VIOLET.

ANON.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-birds' warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower! I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watry mould;
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt thy passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But 'midst the gorgeous bloom of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

H. K. WHITE.

Mild offspring of a dark and stilln
Whose modest form, so delicately fin
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first ques
Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the
Thee on this bank he threw,
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the
Serene, thou openest to the nipping
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth am
storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone wal
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;—

While every bleaching breeze that c
blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breas
And hardens her to bear
Serene, the ills of life.

THE PRIMROSE.

MRS. HEMANS.

I saw it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower;
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarled root to roof the ca
With gothic fretwork sprung,
Whence jewelled fern, and arum le
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling o
From an old tree's fall'n shell,
A little rill, that clipt about,
The lady in her cell.

, methought, with bashful pride,
med to sit and look,
wn maiden loveliness,
aged in the brook.

flower, no rival grew
my pensive maid;
alone, a cloistered nun
ide and shade.

am on that fairy pool,
its dazzling light;
bought, some clear, cold star
emble there at night.

g wind could reach her there,
, methought, but mine;
ung lambs that came to drink,
ed her secret shrine.

was pleasantness to me
belief—cold eyes
dear Nature's loveliness,
her mysteries.

I looked and lingered there,
d in still delight;
drank deep quietness,
hat quiet sight.

E EVENING PRIMROSE.

BARTON.

'er, that shunn'st the glare of day
o open, meekly bold,
's hues of sober grey,
' paly gold;—

ie offering, owing long
id to this pensive hour,
rf tributary song,
nsient as thy flower.

atch at silent eve,
'd blossoms lonely light,
ny inmost heart receive
ce of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up,
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,
The holier hope of grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom,
Expands to glad the close of day;
So through the shadows of the tomb,
May break forth Mercy's ray.

THE DAISY.

MASON GOOD.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?—

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem;
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?—

And fling it, unrestrain'd and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

MONTGOMERY.

Supposed to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Carey, one of the Baptist Missionaries at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprung up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. With great care and nursing, the Doctor has been enabled to perpetuate the Daisy in India, as an annual only, raised by seed preserved from season to season.

THRICE welcome, little English flower!
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower,
In gorgeous liveries all the year;
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand;
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as star-light stand
In every walk!—that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen;
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

THE MICHAELMAS-DAISY.

ANON.

LAST smile of the departing year,
Thy sister sweets are flown!
Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
From blooming thus alone.

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
Unnoticed might have passed;
But now thou com'st with softer claim,
The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,—
Emblem of hope's gay wing;
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,
To promise future spring.

TO THE WALL-FLOWER.

ANON.

I WILL not praise the often-flattered rose,
Or virgin-like with blushing charms half seen,
Or when in dazzling splendor like a queen,
All her magnificence of state she shows;

No, nor that sun-like lily, which but blows
Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen;
Nor yet the sun-flower, that with warrior mien,
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows;—
But thou, neglected *wall-flower*, to my breast
And muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower,
To whom alone the privilege is given
Proudly to root thyself above the rest
As genius does, and, from thy rocky tower,
Send fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

THE LILY.

MRS. H. TIGHE.

withered, perished seems the form
on obscure, unsightly root!
om the blight of wintry storm,
des secure the precious fruit.

reless eye can find no grace,
beauty in the scaly folds,
e within the dark embrace,
it latent loveliness it holds.

that bulb, those sapless scales,
Lily wraps her silver vest,
rnal suns and vernal gales,
kiss once more her fragrant breast.

de beneath the mouldering heap
ndelighting slighted thing;
n the cold earth buried deep,
lence let it wait the spring.

any a stormy night shall close
oom upon the barren earth,
still in undisturbed repose,
jured lies the future birth;—

norance, with sceptic eye,
's patient smile shall wondering view,
k her fond credulity,
r soft tears the spot bedew.

mile of Hope, delicious tear,
an, the shower indeed shall come,
mised verdant shoot appear,
nature bid her blossom bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;—

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light,
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust,
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
And watch with patient cheerful eye;—

And bear the long cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring, shall burst the gloom.

THE ROSE.

WATTS.

How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield

So frail is the youth, and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom, and look gay, like a rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth and my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

THE WINTER ROSE.

ANON.

HAIL, and farewell, thou lovely guest!
I may not woo thy stay,
The hues that paint thy glowing vest,
Are fading fast away,
Like the returning tints that die
At evening on the western sky,
And melt in misty grey.

It was but now thy radiant smile
Broke through the season's gloom,
As bending I inhaled awhile
Thy breathing of perfume,
And traced on every silken leaf
A tale of summer, sweet and brief,
And sudden as thy doom.

The morning sun thy petals hailed,
New from their mossy cell;
At eve his beam, in sorrow veiled,
Bade thee a last farewell;
To-morrow's ray shall mark the spot
Where, loosened from their fairy knot,
Thy withering beauties fell.

Alas! on thy forsaken stem
My heart shall long recline,
And mourn the transitory gem,
And make the story mine!
So on my joyless winter hour
Has oped some fair and fragrant flower,
With smile as soft as thine.
Like thee the vision came, and went,
Like thee it bloomed and fell,
In momentary pity sent
Of fairer climes to tell;
So frail its form, so short its stay,
That nought the lingering heart could say,
But hail, and fare thee well!

THE MOSS-ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O fondest object of my care
"Still fairest found, where all are fair;
"For the sweet shade thou givest to me,
"Ask what thou wilt 'tis granted thee!"
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow!"—
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not!
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

THE EVERLASTING-ROSE.

ANSTER.

HAIL to thy hues! thou lovely flower:
Still shed around thy soft perfume,
Still smile amid the wintry-hour,
And boast, ev'n now, a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasing dream,
Lone lingerer in the icy vale,
Of smiles that hail'd the morning beam,
And sighs more sweet for ev'ning's gale.

Still are thy green leaves whispering
Low sounds to fancy's ear, that tell

p, when the wild bee's wing
:w-drops from thy sparkling cell!

bower thy sweets are breathed,
e beholds thy blossoms fair;
's chaplet thou art wreathed,
id December's forehead bare.

the graceful lily vied,
er breezes waved her head,
he snow-drop at thy side
:ontrasts thy cheerful red.

o hear each varying voice,
ks the seasons sad or gay;
r thrush bids thee rejoice,
ry robin's dearer lay.

er! how happy dost thou seem
:hing heat, 'mid nipping frost:
ring beauty from each beam,
no grace of thine is lost!

'mid life's severest days,
es, still triumphs o'er despair:
ves in Pleasure's rays,
Affliction's winter air.

ke in lordly bower,
e hermit's cell she glows;
ind the Lover's flower,
n's Everlasting Rose!

THE MARYGOLD.

WITHER.

a serious musing I behold
and obsequious marygold,
very morning, she displays
reast when Phœbus spreads his

serves him in his daily walk,
g tow'rds him her small slender

he down declines, she droops
urns,
'twere with tears, till he returns;

And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked upon
By an inferior eye; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him:
When this I meditate, methinks, the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples, to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
But, O my God! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire;
And all my best affections I profess
To him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
Oh! keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noontide of his bitter passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension,—ever in my sight;
That, imitating him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

THE HAREBELL.

ANON.

WITH drooping bells of clearest blue
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern, and golden broom,
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,
I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing;
Where pride and pomp have pass'd away,
On mossy tomb and turret gray,
Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illume the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing,
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory;
The pensive soul recals in thee
The year's past pleasures;
And led by kindred thought, will flee,
Till, back to careless infancy,
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending,
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,
With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine;
The violet and the eglantine
With spring are banished,
In summer's beam the roses shine,
But I of thee my wreath will twine
When these are vanished.

THE HAREBELL AND THE FOX-GLOVE.

ANON.

In a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade,
A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had made;
Her roof was a woodbine, that tastefully spread
Its close-woven tendrils, o'erarching her head;
Her bed was of moss, that each morning made new;
She dined on a sunbeam, and supp'd on the dew;
Her neighbour, the nightingale, sung her to rest;
And care had ne'er planted a thorn in her breast.

One morning she saw, on the opposite side,
A Fox-glove displaying his colours of pride:
She gazed on his form that in stateliness grew,
And envied his height, and his brilliant hue;
She mark'd how the flow'rets all gave way before him,
While they press'd round her dwelling with far less decorum:
Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows,
And the sight of this Fox-glove destroys her repose.

She tires of her vesture, and swelling with spleen,
Cries, "Ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle was seen!"
Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,
But thus to a Primrose begins to complain:
"I envy your mood, that can patient abide
"The respect paid that Fox-glove, his airs and his pride:
"There you sit, still the same, with your colourless cheek;
"But you have no spirit—would I were as meek."

The Primrose good-humour'd replied, " If you knew
" More about him—(remember I'm older than you,
" And, better instructed, can tell you his tale)—
" You'd envy him least of all flowers in the vale :
" With all his fine airs and his dazzling show,
" No blossom more baneful and odious can blow ;
" And the reason that flow'rets before him give way
" Is because they all hate him and shrink from his sway.

" To stay near him long would be fading or death,
" For he scatters a pest with his venomous breath ;
" While the flowers that you fancy are crowding you there,
" Spring round you, delighted your converse to share :
" His flame-colour'd robe is imposing, 'tis true ;
" Yet, who likes it so well as your mantle of blue ?
" For we know that of innocence one is the vest,
" The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.

" I see your surprise—but I know him full well,
" And have number'd his victims, as fading they fell ;
" He blighted twin Violets that under him lay,
" And poison'd a sister of mine the same day !"
The Primrose was silent—The Harebell, 'tis said,
Inclined for a moment her beautiful head ;
But quickly recover'd her spirits and then
Declar'd that she ne'er should feel envy again.

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

LANGHORNE.

'Twas on the border of a stream
A gaily painted tulip stood,
And gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure more beauties to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower with pride elate,
(Ah me ! that pride in beauty dwells !)
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells :

" O lustre of unrivalled bloom !
Fair painting of a hand divine,
Superior far to mortal doom,
The hues of heaven alone are mine.

" Away ye worthless, formless race,
Ye weeds that boast the name of flowers,
No more my native bed disgrace,
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours.

" And thou dull, sullen evergreen
That dost my shining sphere invade,
My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
Obscure beneath thy dusky shade."

" Deluded flower," the myrtle cries,
" Shall we thy moment's bloom adore ?
The meanest shrub that you despise,
The meanest flower has merit more.

" That daisy in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year,
Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,
And bid the smiling spring appear.

" The violet, who those banks beneath
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,

Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

"Ev'n I who boast no golden shade,
Am of no shining tints possest,
When low thy lucid form is laid,
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

"And He, whose kind and fostering care,
To thee, to me, our beings gave,
Shall near his breast my flow'rets wear
And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

"Deluded flower! thy friendly screen,
That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
And mocks thy passion to be seen,
Prolongs thy transitory day.

"But kindly deeds by scorn repaid,
No more by virtue need be done,
I here withdraw my dusky shade,
And yield thee to thy darling sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its might of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire
The curling leaves the breast disclosed,
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm exposed.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And ev'ning came with dews so cold,
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And sought its bended leaves to fold.

Those leaves alas! no more would close,
Relax'd, exhausted, sick'ning, pale,
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

A FIELD FLOWER;

On finding one in full bloom on Christmas-day, 1803.

MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale.
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page:—In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every-where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer-reign,
The daisy never dies.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.*

MRS. HEMANS.

s a lovely thought to mark the hours
they floated in light away,
ie opening and the folding flowers
it laugh to the summer's day.

had each moment its own rich hue,
i its graceful cup or bell,
ose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
e a pearl in an ocean-shell.

ich sweet signs might the time have
flow'd
i golden current on,
om the garden, man's first abode,
glorious guests were gone.

ght the days have been brightly told—
se days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary guest,
Hath sought but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

* This dial is said to have been formed by Linnæus. It marked the hours by the opening and closing at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

THE PET-PLANT.

ANON.

A FLORIST a sweet little blossom espied,
Which bloom'd like its ancestors by the road side;
Its colours were simple, its charms they were few,
Yet the flower look'd fair on the spot where it grew;—
The florist beheld it, and cried, "I'll enchant
The botanical world with this sweet little plant—
Its leaves shall be sheltered and carefully nursed,
It shall charm all the world though I met with it first
Under a hedge."

He carried it home to his hot-house with care,
And he said, "tho' the rarest exotics are there,
My little pet plant, when I've nourish'd its stem,
In tint and in fragrance shall imitate them;
Though none shall suspect from the road-side it came,
Rhodum Sidum, I'll call it, a beautiful name,
When botanists look through their glasses and view
Its beauties, they'll never suspect that it grew
Under a hedge."

The little pet plant, when it shook off the dirt
Of its own native ditch, began to grow pert,

And tossed its small head, for perceiving that none
But exotics were round it, it thought itself one:
As a field-flower all would have cried it was fair,
And praised it, though gaudier blossoms were there;
But when it assumes hot-house airs we see through
The forced tint of its leaves, and suspect that it grew
Under a hedge.

In the bye-ways of life, oh! how many there are,
Who being born under some fortunate star,
Assisted by talent or beauty, grow rich
And bloom in a hot-house instead of a ditch!
And while they disdain not their own simple stem,
The honours they grasp may gain honours for them;
But when like the pet plant such people grow pert,
We soon trace them to their original dirt
Under a hedge.

INSECTS.

THE FLY.

H. I. JOHNS.

Nay—do not wantonly destroy
That harmless Fly, my thoughtless boy!
Its buzzing hum that vexes thee,
Is but an idler's minstrelsy.
Unconscious of his threaten'd doom,
He gaily courses round the room;
Fearless alights upon thy book,
Nor dreads that irritated look;
A gay voluptuary, he,
Devotes his life to revelry;
Anticipates no future ill,
But sips and gambols where he will:
Yet the same Power, who bade the sun
His daily course of glory run;
He, who sustains each rolling sphere,
And guides them in their vast career;
E'en to the lowly fly has given
To share with man the light of heaven.

Go, busy trifler! sport thine hour,
Brief, though it be, as summer-flower!
The wintry blast that strips the tree,
Shall bring the closing hour to thee!
But, mark me, boy! the heedless fly
A useful lesson may supply;
Like him, the youth, who gives his day
To Pleasure's soft, insidious sway—
Voluptuous joys his only care—
Will find a lurking poison there;—
Too late shall mourn his wasted bloom,
And shroud his blossoms in the tomb!

THE SILK-WORM.

COWPER.

The beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible discloses;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,
The mulberry leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!

For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;
Though, till his growing time be past,
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
That hour arrived, his work begins;
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins!
Till circle upon circle wound
Careless around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
Impervious to the keenest sight.
Thus self-enclos'd, as in a cask,
At length he finishes his task:
And, though a worm, when he was lost,
Or caterpillar, at the most,
When next we see him, wings he wears,
And in papilio-pomp appears;
Becomes oviparous; supplies
With future worms and future flies,
The next ensuing year!—and dies!
Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter liv'd than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.

ON A BUTTERFLY EMERGED FROM A CHRYSALIS' STATE.

ANON.

Thou coloured winglet, floating in the ray
Of Juneis most gladsome hours, whose gorgeous vest
Was woven in the rainbow: little rest
Thou knowest, in the long bright summer day;
Sipping the fragrant homied dew,—away
Thou fly'st from flower to flower, and blest
With buoyant thoughts, and spirits full of zest,
Thro' fields of ether flies thine airy way.

Yet wast thou once a reptile in the mire
Unsightly: having slumbered in thy cell,
Transform'd and drunk with thoughts that bliss inspire,
Thou comest forth:—and I shall break the shell
Of dull mortality, and clad in fire,
Burst on immortal wings, in fields of light to dwell.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Written on a Sabbath-morning.

FRY.

On thy beds of clover playing,
Pretty insect, why so gay?
Why so blithely dress'd this morning?
'Tis to thee no sabbath day.

Giddy trifler of an hour!
Days to thee are all the same;
Little care hast thou to count them,
Mindful only of thy game.

And thou dost well—for never sorrow
Sat upon thy golden brow;
And never storm of earthly passion
Gather'd in thy breast of snow.

Thou hast not sigh'd at evening's closing,
For hopes that left thee on its wing;
Thou hast not wept at day's returning,
With thought of what that day might bring.

Nor ever voice of truth neglected
Breathed reproaches in thine ear,
Nor secret pang of conscious error
Spake of retribution near.

Play thy game thou spotless worm!
Stranger still to care and sorrow;
Take thy meed of bliss to-day,
Thou wilt perish ere to-morrow.

Time has been, when like thee, thoughtless,
How unlike to all beside!
Lightly sped, and all unnoticed,
Blithe I saw the moments glide.

Then the world was all of flowers,
Thornless as thy clover bed—
Then my folly ask'd no question,
What might be when these were dead.

Had not mercy's sterner pity
Bent its chastening rod on me,
Dancing still the round of pleasure,
I had died—but not like thee.

Deeply stained with sin and folly,
Talent wasted and misused,

Earth adored, and heaven forgotten,
Mercy slighted and refused.

Torn from earth, unmeet for heaven,
I had learn'd to envy thee—
Doom'd to live as I had perished
Through a long eternity.

BARTON.

Beautiful creature I have been
Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green
Of yonder dark, embowering tree;
And now again in frolic glee,
Hov'ring around those opening flowers,
Happy as nature's child should be,
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,
Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
With desultory thoughts combine
Not to induce me to repine,
Or envy thee thy happiness;
But from a lot so bright as thine
To borrow musings born to bless.

For unto him whose spirit reads
Creation with a Christian's eye,
Each happy living creature pleads
The cause of Him who reigns on high;
Who spann'd the earth, and arch'd the sky,
Gave life to every thing that lives,
And still delighteth to supply
With happiness the life He gives.

This truth may boast but little worth,
Enforc'd by rhet'ric's frigid powers;—
But when it has its quiet birth
In contemplation's silent hours;
When summer's brightly peopled bowers
Bring *home* its teachings *to the heart;*
Then birds and insects, shrubs and flowers,
Its touching eloquence impart.

Then thou, delightful creature, who
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,
Becom'st a symbol fair and true
Of hopes that own no mortal term;
In thy proud change we see the germ
Of man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
The type of immortality.

A change more glorious far than thine,
E'en I thy fellow-worm may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
Down to its kindred dust shall go:
When the anxiety and wo
Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
In some confus'd and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,
With all thy nature asks—supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid those haunts shall glide,
As Hope's fair herald—in thy pride,
The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
Shalt be—as thou hadst never been!

While man's immortal part, when Time
Shall set the chainless spirit free,
May seek a brighter, happier clime
Than Fancy e'er could feign for thee:
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
And sad Experience mourns to see
Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

But in those regions, calm and pure,
To which our holiest wishes cling,
Joys, that eternally endure,
Shall bloom in everlasting spring:
There seraph harps of golden string,
Are vocal to the great I AM,
And souls redeem'd their anthems sing
Of grateful praises to The Lamb!

Shall they who here anticipate,
Through Faith's strong vision, eagle-eyed,
Those joys immortal that await
Angelic spirits purified,
Shall such, however deeply tried,
E'er cast their glorious hopes away?
Oh! be those hopes their heavenward guid
Their stedfast anchor, and their stay.

Though many a flower that sweetly deck
Life's early path, but bloom'd to fade:

sorrow, poverty, neglect—
:em to wrap their souls in shade;—
se look upward, undismay'd,
horny paths in anguish trod,
ons where—in light array'd,
sells their Saviour, and their God.

m then, lovely Summer fly,
vhom began my votive strain:—
rer joys *their* hopes supply,
by Faith's alchemy, obtain
't in sorrow, bliss in pain,
m in bondage, light in gloom,
h earthly losses, heavenly gain,
ife IMMORTAL through the TOMB.

THE BEE.

COTTON.

ctive Bee on summer morn,
r o'er field and verdant lawn;
us to husband every hour,
ake the most of every flower.
e from stalk to stalk she flies,
ads with yellow wax her thighs;
m the cowslip's golden bells,
honey to enrich her cells;
ry tempting rose pursues,
s the lily's fragrant dews,
ver robs the shining bloom,
its beauty or perfume.
he performs in every way,
rious duties of the day.

THE ANT.

DR. JOHNSON.

on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
ve her labours sluggard and be wise:
rn command, no monitory voice,
ibes her duties, or directs her choice;
imely provident, she hastes away,
tch the blessings of a plenteous day.
fruitful summer loads the teeming
ain,
ops the harvest, and she stores the
ain.

THE CRICKET.

COWPER.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good;
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be exprest,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Their's is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man:—
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

THE GLOW-WORM.

WOLCOTT.

BRIGHT STRANGER, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, O nightly be thy splendour giv'n:
O could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of Heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the Fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade?

Oh may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour;
Oh may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat,
Nor tempest tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee, midst the humming myriads die.

Queen of the insect world! what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness! 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell!
In happy silence to enjoy that balm,
And shed thro' life a lustre round thy cell.

How different man! the imp of noise, and strife,
Who courts the storm, that tears and darkens life,
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade;
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease,
To taste like thee the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade!

COWPER.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shews by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light,
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went,
Be careful where he trod;—

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To shew a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

THE GLOW-WORM AND NIGHTINGALE.

COWPER.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,—
"As much as I your minstrelsy,

ould abhor to do me wrong,
ch as I to spoil your song;
ras the self-same power divine,
: you to sing, and me to shine;
ou with music, I with light,
beautify and cheer the night."
ster heard this short oration,
bling out his approbation,
l him, as my story tells.
ad a supper somewhere else.
arring sectaries may learn,
d interest to discern;

That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

BIRDS.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

SMITH.

ast of the feather'd kind,
ng every charm combin'd,
in forming thee, design'd
That thou should'st be
within how little space,
comprise such perfect grace,
ng thy lovely fairy race,
Beauty's epitome.

rnish'd colours to bestow,
ail in the heavenly bow
r'd; and made thy plumes to glow
With every hue
he dancing sun-beam plays:
n the ruby's vivid blaze,
the emerald's lucid rays
With halcyon blue

ced thee under genial skies,
owers and shrubs spontaneous rise
her fragrance, bolder dyes,
By her endued;
n thee pass thy happy hours
ind shades, and palmy bowers,
ng from unfailing flowers
Ambrosial food.

There, lovely Bee-bird! may'st thou rove
Thro' spicy vale, and citron grove,
And woo, and win thy fluttering love
With plume so bright;
There rapid fly, more heard than seen,
Mid orange boughs of polished green,
With glowing fruit, and flowers between
Of purest white.

There feed, and take thy balmy rest,
There weave thy little cotton nest,
And may no cruel hand molest
Thy timid bride;
Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine
Be offer'd on the unfeeling shrine,
Where some dark beauty loves to shine
In gaudy pride.

Nor may her sable lover's care
Add to the baubles in her hair
Thy dazzling feathers rich and rare;
And thou, poor bird,
For this inhuman purpose bleed;
While gentle hearts abhor the deed,
And mercy's trembling voice may plead,
But plead unheard!

Such triflers should be taught to know,
Not all the hues thy plumes can show
Becomes them like the conscious glow
Of modesty:

And that not half so lovely seems
The ray that from the diamond gleams,
As the pure gem that trembling beams
In pity's eye!

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

COWPER.

SWEET Bird, whom the winter constrains—
And seldom another it can—
To seek a retreat, while he reigns,
In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man.

Who never can seem to intrude,
Though in all places equally free,
Come, oft as the season is rude,
Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray,
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day,
My windows shall shew thee a feast.

For, taught by experience, I know
Thee mindful of benefit long;
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
Or where it shall please thee to sing:—

And should'st thou, compell'd by a frost,
Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
Only pay as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus music must needs be confess'd
To flow from a fountain above;
Else how should it work in the breast
Unchangeable friendship and love?

And who on the globe can be found,
Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
Or boasts any musical powers?

THE WINTER ROBIN.

COTTLE.

SWEET Robin! I hail thy appearance once more,
Come sing in my garden, or peck at my door;
Tho' an ingrate for favours so often conferr'd,
I still view with pleasure my favourite bird.

When the last winter's tempest rush'd down from the sky,
Thou stood'st at my window with pitiful eye;
The bread from my table unsparing I cast,
And thought that *one* friend might be faithful at last.

Thy contemplative look, 'twas my joy to behold,
Thy flight long repress'd, and thy plumage of gold;
And the oftener thou cam'st from thy dwelling unknown,
The more welcome thou wast to the crumbs I had thrown.

The mild breath of spring, from their covert profound,
Call'd the leaves into light and bespangled the ground;
Ah! then, 'mid the blaze of prosperity's reign,
I sought for my Robin, but sought him in vain!

Now that summer is past and the forest is bare
At my window thou stand'st, a sad spectacle there;
Cold and shivering my pardon thou seem'st to implore,
And to ask for the hand that once fed thee before.

Come banish thy grief, nor past folly bewail,
My love is a store-house that never shall fail;
At evening, at morning, at noon, and at night,
To feed my sweet bird shall still give me delight.

Ah! why should I thus thine inconstancy chide?
Have I no conviction of crimes deeper dyed?
Tho' of Reason possess'd and Instruction Divine,
My spirit is far more ungrateful than thine.

From the moment since first I this vital air drew,
One Friend has preserv'd and supported me too;
Yet how often have I, whilst I sumptuously fared,
Forgotten the Hand that my banquet prepared.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

ANON.

RK in the vale I hear thy evening song,
eet Nightingale! It soothes my pensive soul.
t thou from day's gay flatterers retire,
I from tumult of the busy world,
pour thy sad note on the evening gale?
hat, and this still serene full well accord
With feelings such as ours. It is a calm
Healthful and sweet to nature, when the soul
Pinmes all her powers, and imps her drooping wing
For other climes. Yes, songstress of the shade
We both alike are here brief sojourners
Waiting the season of our happier change.
Yet from the lone spray cheer the vale awhile,
And listening I will learn content from thee.

THE LARK.

CARRINGTON.

LIGHT from the sod the Lark exulting springs,
Joy tunes his voice and animates his wings;
Bard of the blushing dawn, to him are giv'n
Earth's choicest verdure and the midway heav'n:
Hark! the glad strains that charm our wond'ring ears
As upward still the minstrel fearless steers,
'Till wide careering through the solar stream
A speck, he wanders on the morning beam.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

LOGAN.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering thro' the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

THE JACKDAW.

COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather:
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

THE PEACOCK.

YOUNG.

How rich the Peacock! what bright glories run,
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

THE EAGLE.

YOUNG.

The towering Eagle soars from human sight,
And seeks the sun in her untiring flight:
High on some mountain-crag she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own—
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a piercing glance marks out her prey.
Her young she feasts with blood, and hov'ring o'er
The unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promised gore.

BEASTS.

THE KITTEN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

ON drole, whose harmless play
es the rustic's closing day,
drawn the evening fire about,
d Crone and thoughtless Lout;
ild upon his three-foot stool,
g till his supper cool;
aid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
ght the blazing faggot glows,
bending to the friendly light,
er task with busy sleight;
shew thy tricks and sportive graces
ircled round with merry faces.

ard, coiled, and crouching low,
glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,
usewife's spindle whirling round,
ead, or straw, that on the ground
dow throws, by urchin sly
at to lure thy roving eye;
onward stealing, fiercely spring
the futile, faithless thing.
wheeling round, with bootless skill,
-peep tail provokes thee still,
beyond thy curving side
y tip is seen to glide;
om thy centre, starting far,
idelong rear'st, with tail in air
d stiff, and gait awry,
adam, in her tantrums high;
Though ne'er a Madam of them all
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.
Doth power in measur'd verses dwell,
All thy vagaries wild to tell?
Ah no! the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset,
(Permitted be the modern muse
Expression technical to use)
These mock the deftliest rhymester's skill,
But poor in art, though rich in will.

The nimblest tumbler, stage bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains,
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopped awhile thy wanton play,
Applauses too, thy feats repay,
For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride, thou takest thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides;
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy purr;
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;

While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone, by cottage fire,
Do rustics rude, thy tricks admire;—
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles, with altered air,
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe,
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the wit of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then? thou witless pet,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney-corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on his prey?
A tiger, at his ruthless play?
Or, is it, that in thee we trace
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem, viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricksy, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly-sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board,
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favorite playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenish'd oft with savoury food.
Nor, when thy span of life be past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast;
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid,
And children show, with glistening eyes,
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

BLOOMFIELD.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs, at play,
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face,
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth
Excite to praise or give reflection birth

In shades like these pursue your favourite joy,
'Midst nature's revel, sports that never cloy.—
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place:
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither, one by one
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed:"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting stop, yet scarcely can refrain
A bird, a leaf will set them off again,
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!

THE HORSE.

YOUNG.

Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust, distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High-rais'd, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war:
He mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast,
Till death, and when he groans, he groans his last!

THE LION.

YOUNG.

Fierce o'er the sands the lordly Lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye,
By the pale moon he takes his destin'd round,
Lashes his sides, and furious tears the ground.
Now shrieks and dying groans the forest fill,
He rages, rends, his rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam, and when the banquet's o'er,
He strides away, and paints his steps with gore.
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.

AMPHIBIOUS ANIMALS AND FISHES.

THE NAUTILUS.

SMITH.

Where southern suns and winds prevail,
And undulate the summer seas;
The Nautilus expands his sail,
And scuds before the fresh'ning breeze.

Oft is a little squadron seen
Of mimic ships all rigg'd complete;
Fancy might think the fairy queen
Was sailing with her elfin fleet.

With how much beauty is design'd
Each channell'd bark of purest white!
With orient pearl each cabin lined,
Varying with every change of light.

While with his little slender oars,
His silken sail, and tapering mast,
The dauntless mariner explores
The dangers of the watery waste.

Prepared, should tempests rend the sky,
From harm his fragile bark to keep,
He furls his sail, his oar lays by,
And seeks his safety in the deep,

Then safe on ocean's shelly bed,
He hears the storm above him roar;
'Mid groves of coral glowing red,
Or rocks o'erhung with madrepore.

So let us catch life's favouring gale,
But if fate's adverse winds be rude,
Take calmly in th' adventurous sail
And find repose in Solitude.

TO THE FLYING FISH.

MOORE.

When I have seen thy snowy wing,
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush, to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!
Oh! Virtue, when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below:
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once, and fix me there.

THE BEHEMOTH.

YOUNG.

Mild is the Behemoth, though large his frame,
Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame,

While unprovoked!—This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food;
Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
To see the herbs and mingle with the throng.
See, with what strength his harden'd limbs are bound,
All over proof, and shut against a wound.
How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest, and the mountain law,
The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire:
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade:
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought
He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He sinks a river and he thirsts again.

THE LEVIATHAN.

YOUNG.

Behold the large Leviathan arise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
And marshall'd round the wide expanse disclose
Teeth edged with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise:
And what a deep abyss between them lies!
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well-joined limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
His like earth bears not on her spacious face:
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,
Makes every swoln disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of Pride.

COUNTRIES.

ENGLAND.

DYER.

HAIL, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty!
Rich queen of mists and vapours! these thy sons
With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd our Edwards, Henrys, Churchhills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons rose.—
See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific add, and stately ships,
Innumerous.

COTTLE.

A FAIRER isle than Britain, never sun
View'd in his wide career. A lovely spot,
For all that life can ask, salubrious, mild:
Its rivers, glistening to the noon-tide beam,
Meandering, glide, in silent majesty,
Bearing all blessings to the rich champaigns.
Its woods delight the eye, its hills arise,
Clothed in perpetual verdure.———
And to crown the whole
In one delightful word, which fills the breast
With all sweet hopes, and tender sympathies—
This pride of the creation is our HOME!—
Our father's, and our own dear native land!

COWPER.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still:
My country! and while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Or golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart,
As any thunderer there.

HOLLAND.

GOLDSMITH.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,

And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowned mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

SWITZERLAND.

GOLDSMITH.

TURN we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet even here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all,
And every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear the hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close, and closer to his mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

ITALY.

GOLDSMITH.

FAR to the right where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To wionow fragrance round the smiling land.

GREECE.

BYRON.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The langour of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,

Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power:
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Sparks of that flame, which boasts of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth.

ROME.

BYRON.

THE Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The goth, the christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a scite:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands and cry, "Eureka!"* it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs? and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

And thou, dread statue!† yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassin's edge,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis? did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,

---

* "I have found." † Statue of Pompey.

ndest!—mother of the mighty
rt,
he great founder sank'd from thy
t tent,
l by the Roman Jove's etherial
limbs black with lightning—dost
u yet
se immortal cubs, nor thy fond
forget?

st;—but all thy foster-babes are
of iron; and the world hath rear'd
rn out their sepulchres: men bled
tion of the things they fear'd,
ght and conquer'd and the same
rse steer'd,
distance; but as yet none have,
ld, the same supremacy have
'd,
e vain man, who is not in the
re*,
sh'd by himself, to his own slaves
e—

ng not so eloquent as thou,
meless column with the buried
t!
e the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
me with ivy from his dwelling-
e.
rch or pillar meets me in the face,
Trajan's? No, 'tis that of Time:
arch, pillar, all he doth displace
; and apostolic statues climb
e imperial urn, whose ashes slept
e.

s the rock of triumph, the high
e
Rome embrac'd her heroes? where
steep
? fittest goal of treason's race,
nontory whence the Traitor's leap
ambition. Did the conqueror's
ills here? Yes; and in yon field
w!

* arte, here referred to, was alive
was written.
umn of Trajan.

A thousand years of silenced factions
sleep—
The forum, where the immortal accents
glow
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns
with Cicero!

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and
blood:
Here a proud people's passions were ex-
haled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer
fail'd;
But long before had freedom's face been
veil'd,
And anarchy assum'd her attributes,
Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish
mutes,
Or rais'd the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one
dome.
Her Coliseum stands: the moonbeams
shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here,
to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless
mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies
assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye
of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast, and wondrous mo-
nument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath
bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a
power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are
its dower.

Turn to the mole which Adrian, rear'd on high‡,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth:
His shrunken ashes raise this dome: How smiles
The gaser's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

‡ The castle of St. Angelo.

Cypress and ivy, weed, and wall-flower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch-crush'd, column-strewn
In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd
In subterraneous damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:—temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial City!—Thus the Mighty falls!

LOCAL SCENERY, &c.

CINTRA.

BYRON.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies embrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from hill to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

ODE TO DEVONSHIRE.

CRISTALL.

Hail, Devon! in thy bosom let me rest,
And pour forth music from my raptur'd breast.
I'll stray thy meadow'd hills
And plains along,
And loudly sing the widely-varied song,
Tracing thy rivers, and thy bubbling rills.

Oft, rising from the sea, the tempest lowers,
And buoy'd on winds, the clouds majestic sail,
Which scattering burst in wide and frequent showers,
Swelling the streams which glide thro' every vale;
Yet are the marshy plains bedeck'd with flowers,
And balmy sweets are borne on every gale.

Where Dart romantic winds its many course,
And mossy rocks adhere to woody hills,
From whence each creeping rill its store distils,
And wandering waters join with rapid force;
There Nature's hand has wildly strewn her flowers,
And varying prospects strike the roving eyes;
Rough-hanging woods o'er cultur'd hills arise;
Thick ivy spreads around huge antique towers;
And fruitful groves
Scatter their blossoms fast as falling showers,
Perfuming ev'ry stream which o'er the landscape pours.

Along the grassy banks how sweet to stray,
When the mild eve smiles in the glowing west,
And lengthen'd shades proclaim departing day,
And fainting sunbeams in the waters play,
When every bird seeks its accustom'd rest!
How grand to see the burning orb descend,
And the grave sky wrapp'd in its nightly robes;
Whether resplendent with the starry globes,
Or silver'd by the mildly-solemn moon,
When nightingales their lonely songs resume,
And folly's sons their babbling noise suspend!

Or when the darkening clouds fly o'er the sea
And early morning beams a cheerful ray,
Waking melodious songsters from each tree;
How sweet beneath each dewy hill
Amid the pleasing shades to stray,
Where nectar'd flowers their sweets distil,
Whose watery pearls reflect the day!
To scent the jonquil's rich perfume,
To pluck the hawthorn's tender briars,
As wild beneath each flowery hedge
Fair strawberries with violets bloom,
And every joy of spring conspires!

Nature's wild songsters from each bush and tree
Invite the early walk, and breathe delight:
What bosom heaves not with warm sympathy
When the gay lark salutes the new-born light?
Hark! where the shrill-ton'd thrush,
Sweet whistling, carols the wild harmony!
The linnet warbles, and from yonder bush
The robin pours soft streams of melody!

Hail, Devon! while through thy lov'd woods I stray,
O! let me loudly pour the grateful lay!
Tell each luxuriant bank where violets grow,
Each mazy vale, where fragrant woodbines wind,
How much of their bewitching charms they owe
To the sweet peace which fills my happy mind.
Ah! where again will it such pleasures find?
O, lov'd society! the heartfelt lay
Is all the humble Muse can now bestow;
Thy praises still I sing, as on I stray,
Writ in my heart amid each strain they flow.

BEAUTIES OF DEVON.

CARRINGTON.

Fair are the provinces that England boasts,
Lovely the verdure, exquisite the flowers,
That bless her hills and dales,—her streamlets clear,
Her seas majestic, and her prospects all,
Of old, as now the pride of British song!
But England sees not on her charming map,
A goodlier spot than our fine Devon;—rich
Art thou in all that Nature's hand can give,
Land of the matchless view! The tyrant Sun
Thy emerald bosom spares, for frequent showers
Drop from the voyaging and friendly cloud,
To cheer thy foliage, and to swell thy streams:
Hence all thy mountain torrents that descend
To stray in meads, as Tempe ever fair,
Thy noble rivers hence, and that rich robe
Of green, throughout the varying year which clothes
The pleasant fields of thy Peninsula.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

CARRINGTON.

But 'tis not Local Prejudice that prompts
The lay, when EDGCUMBE is the inspiring theme!
Affection for one valued, honor'd, nook
Of Earth, where haply first the light of day
Broke on our infant eyes, or where our cot
Uprises, render'd precious by long years
Of residence, may throw illusive grace
Upon the hills, the vales, the woods, the streams
That do encircle it,—but *thou* hast charms
Enchanting mount, which not the Local Love
Too highly values, or the genial West
Alone enamour'd views, for thou art own'd
Supreme in loveliness in this our isle,
Profusely teeming with unrivall'd scenes!

Thine is the monarch oak, the sturdy growth
Of ages, long triumphant o'er decay;
And thine the venerable elm that loves,
Of old, to stand in stately row. Around
The chesnut throws its amplitude of shade,
And many a brave exotic too exults
In soil and clime all-fav'ring as its own.
Thine the grand Cedar of enormous bough
And trunk stupendous,—scarcely Libanus
Outvies the giant stranger; by its side
Upshoots the sable Cork. The forest teems
With forms of majesty and beauty; some
As the light poplar bend with every sigh
Of Zephyr, and some scarcely bend their heads
For very mightiness, when wintry storms
Are maddening the seas!

O when the breath
Of Spring is on thy renovated hill,
When all the buds are leaping into leaf,
And the broad sheets of early foliage clothe
Anew, thy waste of bough, delicious 'tis

To look on thy peninsula. When rests
The beam of Summer on thy pomp of woods,
Grove over grove ascending from the edge
Of the brown cliff, to where the wild vane lifts
Its crown of pines, and all, impressively,
Rest at high noon beneath the bright serene,—
Breezeless the land, waveless the circling sea;
Above all green and glowing, all below
Blue with that girdle of the Atlantic—blue
And studded o'er with diamonds which the Sun
Has sprinkled on it, every stranger eye
Brightens with extacy!

But when the gale
Of solemn Autumn moans around thy hill,
In strange, and hollow, and prophetic gusts,
When all the glory of the Summer day
Departed, touching hues adorn thy woods—
Umber, and gold, and purple, and the green
Which lingers yet,—O where has Earth a scene
So beautiful?

RIVERS.

TO RIVERS.

MILTON.

Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouze, or gulphy Don,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads,
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

SPENSER.

And afterwards the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
Fair Ister, flowing from the mountains hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistening with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood.

Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates,
Deep Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate,
Ooraxes feared for great Cyrus' fate,
Tybris renowned for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy though but knowen late;
And that huge river which doth bear the name
Of warlike Amazons which doe possess the same.

The noble Thames, with all his goodly traine;
The Ouze whom men doe rightly Isis name;
The bounteous Trent, that in himself enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty streams;
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gay,
The morish Cole, and the soft-sliding Breane,

The wanton Lee that oft doth lose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant streame.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders, swiftly down it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chokt with sands of tinny mines:
But Avon marched in more stately path
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristowe faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

And these the Severne followed in state;
And storming Humber, shewing much his might;
Next came the Stoure inspiring terroure great,
Bearing his six deformed heads on hight;
And Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still underground, till Thames he overtake.

Next these the plenteous Ouze came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taken underhand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne;
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorned of it
With many a gentle muse, and many a learned wit.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly stancke
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Goulswer they do call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris' land
And Albany: and Eden though but small
Yet often staineth with bloude of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynedt* on his strand.

TAVY.

CARRINGTON.

GLITT'RING beneath the morning's potent ray,
See TAVY roll his unassuming stream,
Almost unknown to Fame, and yet the shores
Of TAVY lack not aught that may enchant
The eye of him, who in the summer-hour,
Delights to steer his bark where Nature spreads
Her fairest pastures, and bestrews her flowers
With hand unsparing. He may wind his way
When darts the beam of noon upon his head,
And find a refuge in the friendly gloom
Of high umbrageous cliffs. The clamorous voice
Of commerce will not reach him there! no sounds
Break on the deep tranquillity but those
Which from the woodland melodist arise,
The thrilling lays of liberty and love.

TAMAR.

CARRINGTON.

DELIGHTFUL TAMAR! swell the notes that rise
From bush and brake and grove;—my ready bark

* Fought.

hall soon be on thy stream, and never seem'd
hy flood more fair, and never did the breeze
f June, more softly kiss the broad HAMOAZE.

Welcome, ye smiling scenes on either hand,
n quick succession rising, fair as new.
Welcome the breezy hill, the valley warm,
The bay with hamlets edg'd, the sinuous creek
Winding to such a spot as WESTON, rocks
Beetling o'er fearful depths, the level shore
Where Tamar oft within thy green domain
Intrudes, and many a promontory bold
Darting into the flood. Our bark is wing'd
By fleet, auspicious gales, there is no time
To dwell upon your charms. Upon the view
Ye rise like those enchanting images
Which bless the Poet's dream; ye fill the eye
With beauty and then mock our vision. Swift
Ye fly as human pleasures do,—beheld,
Lov'd, lost! Broad glitt'ring to the Sun
His tributary course the Lynher leads
Between his headlands green. That sweep of wood
With which luxuriant ANTHONY bedecks
The southern bank, seems gracefully to spring
E'en from the shadowy wave, where mimic groves
Display their answ'ring foliage. Breasting there
The swelling tide, that lonely island mark,
Seldom by human foot impress'd. Around
The surge is moaning, or the sea-bird screams:
All noiseless else is that deserted spot,
Yet pleasing, fixing, interesting still,
By mere association with the charms
Which dwell so near it. 'Tis a well-plac'd foil
Upon the cheek of beauty! Either shore
Presents its combinations to the view
Of all that interests, delights, enchants;—
Corn-waving fields, and pastures green, and slope
And swell alternate, summits crown'd with leaf,
And grove-encircled mansions, verdant capes,
The beach, the inn, the farm, the mill, the path,
And tinkling rivulets, and waters wide
Presenting here the semblance of a lake,
There, winding round some unexpected point,
Now shut, now open. Nor is wanting oft,
Dotting the sun-bright flood, the varying sail
Of barge, or fisher-bark, or painted skiff
Of joyous voyagers.

THE RHINE.

BYRON.

ADIEU to thee, fair Rhine! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine!
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise,
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze;
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom,
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, tho' Empires near them fall.

SEAS, &c.

TO THE OCEAN.

BYRON.

Roll on, thou deep and dark—blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the wat'ry plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shiv'ring on thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, chang'd in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle in thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,

Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have lov'd thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

POLLOK.

Great Ocean, too, that morning*, thou the call
Of restitution heard'st, and reverently
To the last trumpet's voice, in silence listened.
Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired.
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In nature's anthem, and made music, such
As pleased the ear of God! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity,
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill,
From age to age enduring and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man!—unfallen, religious, holy sea,
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, feard'st none,
Heard'st none, to none did'st honour, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance! Undiscover'd Sea!
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep
Beneath all visible retired, none went
And came again, to tell the wonders there.

Tremendous Sea! what time thou lifted up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly,—the pride of navies fell;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sunk friend and foe, with all their wealth and war;
And on thy shores, men of a thousand tribes,
Polite and barbarous, trembling stood, amaz'd,
Confounded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts
Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,
Infinitude, eternity,; and thought
And wondered still, and grasped, and grasped, and grasped
Again; beyond her reach, exerting all
The soul, to take thy great idea in,
To comprehend incomprehensible;
And wondered more, and felt their littleness.
Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea!
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely Moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience, nor was wooed in vain.

* The morning of the last Judgment.

THE GROUND SWELL.

CARRINGTON.

THE sun is high, the Atlantic is unfanned
Even by the breathing of the gentle West;
And yet the broad blue flood is not at rest!
Amid the holy calm on sea and land,
There is a murmuring on the distant strand;
And silently, though Ocean heaves its breast,
The shoreward swellings wear a feathery crest,
And meet the opposing rocks in conf
grand.
These, ships that dare the eternal winds
seas,
In the commotion, roll without a breeze
And as their sides the huge upswellings la
His flagging sails the listless seaman see
And wishes rather for the winds to rave
And, like an arrow, dart him o'er the wa

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain;
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea,
We ask not such from thee!

Yet more, the depths have more! what wealth untold
Far down, and shining thro' their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main;
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up thro' midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'mid festal song!
Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er Manhood's noble head—
O'er Youth's bright locks and Beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

THE SEA-SHELL.

ANON.

rock's extremest verge,
hich the foaming billows beat,
listen'd to the surge,
rew its white spray o'er my feet.

ng I linger'd, lost in thought,
ing on the boundless sea;
unceasing flow is wrought
em of eternity.

d from the pebbled shore
with rainbow beauties ting'd;
e my ocean-prize I bore
ny-colour'd sea-weed fringed.

y listening ear I held
ing gem the billows gave,
ts fairy cavern swell'd
ic murmur of the wave.

distant far my footsteps stray'd,
shady grove or sunny plain,
ll its fairy cadence made
of the roaring main.

the aged seaman dreams,
nchor'd in his tranquil home;
'ring fancy still he seems
dark and stormy seas to roam.

bers in a land of peace;
no more the waters' strife;
ful memory still will trace
gers of his early life.

THE WRECK.

MRS. HEMANS.

All night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark, from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had vailed her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven
Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,—
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away;
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes,—but oh! that shore
Had sadder sights than these.

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died!
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That *there* a *mother* slept;

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp!
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face;
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.

Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye;—
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony!

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part,
Its passionate adieu!
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea!

AN EVENING WALK BY THE SEA SIDE.

SMITH.

'Tis pleasant to wander along on the sand
Beneath the high cliff that is hollowed in caves;
When the fisher has put off his boat from the land,
And the prawn-catcher wades thro' the short rippling waves.

While fast run before us the sandling and plover,
Intent on the crabs and the sand-eels to feed,
And here on a rock which the tide will soon cover,
We'll find us a seat that is tapestried with weed.

Bright gleam the white sails in the slant rays of even,
And stud as with silver the broad level main,
While glowing clouds float on the fair face of Heaven,
And the mirror-like water reflects them again.

How various the shades of marine vegetation,
Thrown here the rough flints and the pebbles among,
The feather'd conferva of deepest carnation,
The dark purple slake and the olive sea-thong.

While Flora herself unreluctantly mingles
Her garlands with those that the Nereids have worn,
For the yellow-horned poppy springs up on the shingles,
And convolvulas rival the rays of the morn.

But now to retire from the rock we have warning,
Already the water encircles our seat,
And slowly the tide of the evening returning,
The moonbeams reflect in the waves at our feet.

Ah! whether as now the mild Summer-sea flowing,
Scarce wrinkles the sands as it murmurs on shore,
Or fierce wintry-whirlwinds impetuously blowing
Bid high maddening surges resistlessly roar;

That Power, which can put the wide waters in motion,
Then bid the vast billows repose at His word;
Fills the mind with deep reverence, while Earth, Air, and Ocean,
Alike of the Universe speak Him the Lord.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

MOORE.

See, how beneath the moonbeams' smile
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

MOUNTAINS.

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

MRS. HEMANS.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billows' foam;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The sever'd land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath sooth'd me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land;
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in the breeze;
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names by old majestic trees,
Are whispered round thy fanes:—

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;—
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

THE LONELY GRANDEUR OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

ANON.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,
Mar the full burst of prayer:

Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe;
And round us and beneath,
Are heard her sacred tones; the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through withered bents—romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild, solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters, when the air is still,
From many a torrent rill,
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part.

MONT BLANC.

ANON.

Sire of the stormy Alps! majestic power!
On whom the battling winds tremendous shower
The fury of the heavens—hail, snow, and rain;
And lightning pours its arrowy fires in vain!
Cold at thy feet, like sparkles on the wave,
The thunderbolt falls harmless; from the grave
Of Chaos first thy temples rose to light,
While the proud Pyrenees lay wrapt in night;
Brilliant thy crest above the billows wild
Arose; and first the infant sunbeam smil'd
Warm on thy splendid bosom; still thy form
Climbs like the warring Titan in the storm;
And snows that hill and lowly valley drown,
Exalt the splendour of thy glittering crown;
Nobly it swells like foam upon the main,
The brightest pearl of all the splendid chain:
A tumulus to some proud chieftain rais'd
By warring demi-gods, the summit glaz'd
With ice and frosted silver; when the gale
Strips from its ivory breast the misty veil,
It seems all bright in renovated bloom,
A sculptur'd Venus, springing from the tomb;
The mammoth of the mountains! proudest bark
Amidst a snowy fleet; surviving ark,
Above a deep and roaring deluge pil'd!
Nature's pantheon! temple of the wild!
In clouds serene, 'midst rocking earth secure;
Cold as the vestal's bosom, and as pure.
Drest in his silver robes the monarch towers,
And glitters in the moonbeams; mellow showers
Of light descending on his glist'ning crest,
Fall sweet as dew upon the lily's breast;
A nurse, whose paps those mighty floods supply,
That else would see their stony channels dry;
A barrier plac'd by heaven, a pathless mound,
To guard sweet Italy's enchanted ground,
And fence her gardens from the spoiler's hands,
And all the northern clime's ferocious bands.

THE ASCENT OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

HUSENBETH.

Have ye dwelt in the land of the brave and the free?
Have ye liv'd in the keen mountain air?
Have ye lov'd the steep rock and the torrent to see,
Or to view the rough Alpine *chasseur?*

Have ye climb'd the high mountain, and trod the deep snow?
Have ye wander'd with joy o'er the plain?
Or look'd down on the foam of the waters below,
With delight softly mingled with pain?

If Helvetia has seen you amid her wild scenes,
  Feel the pleasure that knows no alloy;
And her hills and dark forests, her rocks and ravines,
  Have transported your senses with joy:—

Then hasten with me to those scenes once again,
  We will clamber together the steep;
We will tread the rude path, and look down on the glen,
  Where the torrent rolls rapid and deep.

The bright sunbeams are glancing amid the high trees,
  And the forest has lost half its gloom;
O how sweet is the breath of the fresh mountain-breeze,
  And the sight of the valley in bloom!

Now winds the rough road o'er the rude one-arch'd bridge,
  Where the torrent rolls foaming below;
And St. Bernard far towering above the high ridge,
  Lifts his hoary old summit of snow.

Can the wand'rer advance without feelings of dread,
  'Mid the scenes that now crowd on his sight;
While the menacing cliffs bend and frown o'er his head,
  And the cataract pours on his right:—

Where the pines of the forest are stunted and sere,
  And the rugged road seldom is traced;
Where the rocks are all barren, the mountain all drear,
  And the valley all desert and waste:—

Where no music is heard but the shrill Alpine blast,
  And the roar of the cataract's fall,
And the howl of the wolf for his savage repast,
  And the echo that answers to all?

In a desert like this well might Piety's hand
  Plant aloft the bright Sign of our faith;
For the Cross shall yet hallow this desolate land,
  And yet cheer the worn wanderer's path.

But the snows gather round, and the sun has long ceas'd
  To enliven the comfortless day;
And the mist on the mountain's high top is increas'd
  And half-choked is the torrent's rough way.

See! the avalanche has fallen—it lies far and wide;
  And how frightful the ruin it made,—
For it swept down in thunder the forest's high pride,
  And the rock-crag how prostrate it laid!

And it roll'd on relentless, and buried the cot,
  Which had shelter'd the poor mountaineer;

Nor has left to kind Pity a trace of the spot,
Where the snow might dissolve with her tear.

But the pine trees it shiver'd lie low in its wreck,
And the crags it brought down in its fall;
Attempted in vain the wild torrent to check,
For it foam'd and broke over them all.

It is past; but the scene is more frightful and drear:
Not a pine rises over the snow,
Not a point of the gray granite rock can appear
Not a floweret can flourish below.

And the traveller advances with caution and dread,
In his dubious and desolate way;
For who knows but the avalanche may burst o'er his head,
Or the snow-cover'd gulf may betray?

Yet more steep is the mountain, more rude is the blast,
More keen, more benumbing the air;
Vegetation long since feebly bourgeon'd her last,
And around—all is death and despair.

Ev'n frozen and hush'd is the torrent's loud foam,
And the cascade is dashing no more!
The wild chamois alone will here venture to roam,
And the glacier yet dare to explore.

Every track is long lost of the steep narrow way,
And how dreadful, how thrilling to think,
That the traveller unknowing might fatally stray,
Where the snow hides the precipice' brink!

And his senses are numb'd by the chill mountain air,
And a stupor invites to repose:
But resist, weary pilgrim! 'tis death lays the snare,
And would sink thee a grave in the snows.

Yet advance for a while, and the danger is past,
For St. Bernard's bleak summit is nigh,
Where, tho' beats the dread tempest, and roars the rude blast
His white front looks unhurt to the sky.

The high summit is gain'd, and fair Charity's hand,
Has invited the wanderer in:—
Who would hope she could dwell in this desolate land,
Where no creature, no comfort is seen?

But the mountain's high summit no longer is drear,
By Religion and Charity blest;
Hospitality ventures to smile even here,
And to soothe the worn traveller to rest.

THE ALPS.

BYRON.

——————— Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls,
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity, in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

ROGERS.

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow;
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd like an eagle's nest on high.

SNOWDON, IN A NIGHT STORM.

ANON.

'Tis eve! The sun's last rays are glimmering still
On Snowdon's crested summit, and around
His granite rocks flows the deep bosomed rill
In solitude and loveliness. Its sound,
As with an angel-voice of peace profound
Whispers to heaven: and see—the sultry fires
Of day more faintly yon deep crags surround;
Slowly even now each western beam retires,
Fades, lightens o'er the wave, and with a smile expires.

Night, utter night succeeds.—Above—below
All deepens slowly in one blackening gloom;
Dark are the heavens, as is the front of wo,—
Dark as the mountain-prospects,—as the tomb.
Even as I slow descend, a fearful doom
Weighs heavy on my heart, the bird of night
Screams from her straw-built nest as from the womb
Of infant death, and wheels her drowsy flight,
Amid the pine-clad rocks with wonder and affright.

The note of wo is hushed; peace reigns around
In utter solitude; the night breeze dies
Faint on the mountain-ash leaves that surround
Snowdon's dark peaks—But hark! again the cries
Of the scared owl, loud hymning to the skies
Her tale of desolation! Fearfully
Night lengthens out the note;—the echo flies
From rock to rock; now whispering shrilly by—
Now in the distance softened, lingering mournfully.

Heaven smiles on earth again—the glimmering star
Pours in mild lustre down his full-orbed light;
And see his mistress in her burnished car
Beams on the view!—At the refulgent sight

The clouds sail by in homage, and the night
Welcomes her as a friend;—the heavenly train
Of satellites attend her in her flight
From pole to pole; while a full-chorused strain
Of heaven's own music swells and dies again.

Brightly she moves on in her loveliness!
The fair-haired regent of the sky!—Her smiles
Soothe the stern horrors of the scene, and bless
Nature's calm slumber; o'er yon splintered piles
Of beetling crags, how sweetly she beguiles
Gloom of its frown; and, see! the glittering rill
Heaves conscious of her presence, and reviles,
With murmuring voice, yon proudly frowning hill,
That scorns meek Dian's gaze, and mocks her gentle will.

A sound rolls by of horror!—on the wind
Rides the dark-bosomed Demon of the storm;
Whirlwinds with meteor-splendor, crowd behind,
And heaven peals out the trumpet of alarm.
Hark! from yon murky cloud with lightning warm,
A voice of death proceeds!—The Majesty
Of Heaven displays around its harrowing form!—
Hark! God in all his power is riding by!
Heard ye his chariot-wheels sweep echoing thro' the sky?

He speaks! scared nature trembles at the sound;
Earth, air, sky, ocean, dictate a reply;
The mountain-rock tolls out the voice profound,
And woodland echo multiplies the cry:—
Clashed with the night-owl's scream, along the sky
Rolls the live thunder; thro' the forest caves,
Dim flashes the blue lightning;—eddying by
Leaps the swollen torrent; o'er the cataract raves
With brutal force, and headlong flings its billowy waves.

The night-breeze sails athwart the sky—the thunder
Has waked him from his sleep—the spirit hears
The Demon's call, and rudely rends asunder
The bonds of rest: upon the cloud he rears
His deathless might, and wrathfully careers
Round the black rocks,—dashes in vengeance down
Their craggy summits,—damps the toil of years
With one rude whirlwind—and, more ruthless grown,
Heaves up the ocean-waves his giant-strength to crown.

And now he sinks in softness, and anon
Rolls on the ear with desolating peal;—
Again the voice is silent.—Is it gone,
The darksome horrors of the night to seal?
Forth peeps the moon; her watery beams reveal
The death that has been busy here;—again
The clouds sail round, as anxious to conceal
The sight of desolation, but in vain—
She walks in beauty forth, with all her starry train.

DARTMOOR.

CARRINGTON.

Dartmoor rears
In the dim distance his cloud-cover'd head,
With granite-girdle sweeping nearly round
The varied map, until he plants his foot
Sublimely in the loud Atlantic wave.

But who that climbs the brow sublime, and thence
Surveys the dread immensity of sea,

:aving often here, and seldom lull'd
› tranquillity, e'en by the hush
imer, feels not pleasure, wonder, awe
te, as in breeze, or gale, or storm,
es on its bosom! On the waste
ers, rolling from the birth of Time,
at and fathomless Ocean, swathing
ind,
ı a girdle, this stupendous Earth,
: would dwell for ever! Every shore
The wave of ocean visits. On it roams
Through the bright burning zone where ardent gales
Cool their scorch'd pinions in it. Indian airs
From bowers of bliss, waft o'er its smiling face
Perfumes of Paradise, and round the poles,
Startling the eternal solitudes of snow,
The restless wanderer howls!

WINDS.

TO THE WINDS.

CLARE.

Hail, gentle Winds! I love your murmuring sound;
The willows charm me, wavering to and fro;
And oft I stretch me on the daisied ground,
To see you crimp the wrinkled flood below:
Delighted more as brisker gusts succeed
And give the landscape round a sweeter grace,
Sweeping in shaded waves the ripening mead,
Puffing their rifled fragrance in my face.
Painters of Nature! ye are doubly dear
Her children dearly love your whispering charms:
Ah, ye have murmur'd sweet to many an ear
That now lies dormant in Death's icy arms,
And at this moment many a weed ye wave,
That hides the bard in the forgotten grave.

BARTON.

:wless Minstrels of the sky!
'el not in times gone by
ye were deified:
ven in this later day,
oft has your power, or play,
arthly thoughts supplied.

your power! when by your might,
eave the wild waves, crested white,
: mountains in your wrath!
ing between them valleys deep,
ı, to the seaman rous'd from sleep,
rn like Death's op'ning path!

Graceful your play! when, round the bower
Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,
To wreathe her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,
And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth:—
Ye come!—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight;
Though audible to sense.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

" Those very clouds, so bright, so gay,
So fair—are vapours which the earth
Flung, as diseased parts away,—
Foul mists, which owe their second birth
To him who keeps his throne on high,
To bless the earth and gild the sky.
Yes! 'tis the sun whose influence brings
A change to these degraded things—
That gives them lovely forms—and then
Deprives them of their baneful powers,
And sends to mother Earth again
In gentle dews and cheering showers,
What was her burthen and her bane.

Man feels a change as great—when man
Feels that immortal spark within—
Whose might no human tongue can tell,
Which shines to lighten and dispel
The darkness and the weight of sin;—
When He, who form'd Creation's whole,
To school and guide the human soul,
Bids o'er the intellectual skies
The Sun of Righteousness arise,
And things of heaven and earth assume
Their proper shape of light or gloom."

Now let the contemplative mind
Fill up the blank I leave behind;
And see through all Creation's plan
Some useful lesson taught to man;
Compare the changes wrought within,
And those without,—by nature wrought—
Compare the man who lives in sin,
And him, by Jesus led and taught.
See how the Christian's shining light
Makes all that once was darkness, bright;
And see how, like the clouds on high,
His every feeling, every thought,
Adorn and bless the mental sky,
And then his glories *never* die!

TO THE CLOUDS.

CLARE.

O PAINTED CLOUDS! sweet beauties of the sky,
How have I viewed your motion and your rest,
When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,
In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest:
Or in your threaten'd thunder's grave, black vest,
Like black, deep waters slowly moving by,
Awfully striking the spectator's breast
With your Creator's dread sublimity,
As admiration mutely views your storms;
And I do love to see you idly lie,
Painted by heav'n as various as your forms,
Pausing upon the eastern mountain high,
As morn awakes with spring's wood-harmony;
And sweeter still, when in your slumber's sooth
You hang the western arch o'er day's proud eye:
Still as the even-pool, uncurv'd and smooth,
My gazing soul has look'd most placidly;
And higher still devoutly wish'd to strain,
To wipe your shrouds and sky's blue blinders by,
With all the warmness of a moon-struck brain,—
To catch a glimpse of Him who bids you reign,
And view the dwelling of ALL MAJESTY.

THE CLOUD.

WILSON.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest;
While ev'ry breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the trav'ller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is giv'n,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heav'n,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

RAINBOW.

TO THE RAINBOW.

CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHANT arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heav'n's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch the sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first Poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptur'd greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem
As when the eagle from the Ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heav'n still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE RAINBOW.

ANON.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees,
Play'd the sun-shine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;
But one cloud at distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.

We gaz'd on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;—
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

Like a Spirit, it came in the van of a storm!
And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form;
For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood,
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His Vow from the Flood to the exit of Time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds;
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain.

Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone the sun;
A pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
That left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.

I gaz'd not alone on that source of my song;—
To all who beheld it these verses belong,

Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded,—grew warm—and adored!

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That Bow, from my sight, pass'd for ever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That Bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

SUN.

ODE TO THE SUN.

FELLOWES.

THOU whose rejoicing eye of light
Look'd forth, at God's inspiring call,
When order lay in boundless night,
And darkness wanton'd over all;
Whence thy perpetual youth, O Sun!
Since life, and light, and time begun?

Exulting on thy course sublime,
How bright thy yellow cresses glare,
As still, they wave unhurt by time,
High o'er the azure depths of air;
As still thy wings unwearied go,
While earth and ocean laugh below.

When first thy ruddy pinions lave
The skies, careering round the day;
The moon sinks down the western wave,
Retreating from thy fiery ray;
The stars are blench'd, the ghost of night
Flies sullen from thy blasting light.

Unchang'd art thou when darkness shrouds,
When angry nature weeps around,
Far, far above the ebon clouds
Thy splendours sweep the blue profound;
Where still unshaken wheel the spheres
Beyond the reach of parting years.

The mountain-oak, with age shall fall,
The everlasting hills decay;
But thou shalt hear the morning call,
Till heaven and earth shall pass away;
Thy youth, thy strength shall last, O Sun!
Till life, and light, and time are done.

SUNRISE.

THOMSON.

SEE, yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee!

THE SUNBEAM.

MRS. HEMANS.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sun-beam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles,
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st thro' the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old
Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea?
One thing is like thee to mortals given—
The Faith touching all things with hues of heaven!

REFLECTIONS

On seeing the Sun set for a period of three months—November, 1819.

PARRY.

BEHOLD yon glorious orb, whose feeble ray
Mocks the proud glare of summer's livelier day!
His noon-tide beam, shot upward through the sky,
Scarce gilds the vault of Heaven's blue canopy—
A fainter yet, and yet a fainter light;
And lo! he leaves us now to one, long, cheerless night!
And is his glorious course for ever o'er?
And has he set indeed, to rise no more?
To us no more shall spring's enlivening beam
Unlock the fountains of the fetter'd stream:
No more the wild bird carol through the sky,
And cheer yon mountains with rude melody?
Once more shall Spring her energy resume,
And chase the horrors of this wintry gloom;
Once more shall Summer's animating ray
Enliven nature with perpetual day:
Yon radiant orb, with self-inherent light,
Shall rise and dissipate the shades of night,
In peerless splendor repossess the sky,
And shine in renovated majesty.
In yon departing orb methinks I see
A counterpart of frail mortality.
Emblem of man! when life's declining sun
Proclaims this awful truth, "Thy race is run
His sun once set, its bright effulgence gone,
All, all is darkness, as it ne'er had shone!"
Yet not *for ever* is man's glory fled,
His name for ever "number'd with the dead,"

Like yon bright orb, th' immortal part of man
Shall end in glory as it first began:
Like Him, encircled in celestial light,
Shall rise triumphant 'mid the shades of night,
Her native energies again resume,
Dispel the dreary winter of the tomb,
And, bidding death with all its terrors fly,
Shall bloom in spring through all eternity!

COMPOSED AFTER A MOST RESPLENDENT SUN-SET.

HAMILTON.

STAY thou orb of golden flame,
Nature bewails thy hasty set;
Woodlands check their sweet acclaim,
Vested in shadowy regret.

'Twas but now thy earliest streak
Racked the veil of midnight gloom;
And thy peering disk so meek,
Emerged from morning's dewy womb.

Quick, too quick, thy tow'ring prime
Declined adown the heavenly steep!
And even now the western clime
Beholds thee sinking in the deep.

Fair the pressage of thy morn,
And rich the splendor of thy noon;
Lovelier tints yet still adorn
The scene where thou shalt vanish soon.

Mid that garniture of cloud,
And tresses of reflected fire,
Glitter, as with Memphian shroud,
Consume, as laid on Indian pyre.

Linger! sure thy glorious worth
Was never felt until withdrawn;
And the lonely darkling earth,
Sighs for the coming of the dawn.

Ah! too soon the Christian dies,
The morn serene, meridian bright;
Evening calm, too rapid flies,
And palls us in too early night.

Yet that tranquil dying hour,
Grander is than stronger day;
Sweetest is its latest power,
Surest is its faintest ray.—

Sun! go down, to rise again;
Christian! depart, to enter bliss:
Mine be *its* glad morrow's reign,
May my last end be like *his!*

TWILIGHT.

MISS WILLIAMS.

MEEK Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray,
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves;
When o'er the hill is shed a paler day,
That gives to stillness and to night the groves.
Ah! let the gay, the roseate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade:
Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flower,
Her choral melodies benignly rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies:
For then mild Nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

MOON.

TO THE MOON.

H. K. WHITE.

(Written in November.)

SUBLIME, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way,

Now unto thee pale arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay,
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot thro' the mist from the ethereal height,
And, *still unchanged*, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

J. TAYLOR.

WHAT is it that gives thee, mild Queen of the Night,
That secret, intelligent grace?
Or why should I gaze with such pensive delight
On thy fair,—but insensible face?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,
Beyond the warm sunshine of day?
Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream,
Where dances thy tremulous ray!

Canst thou the sad heart of its sorrows beguile?
Or grief's fond indulgence suspend?
Yet, where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,
And loves thee—almost as a friend!

The tear that looks bright, in the beam, as it flows,
Unmoved dost thou ever behold;—
The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,
To thee oft in vain hath been told!

Yet soothing thou art, and for ever I find,
Whilst watching thy gentle retreat,
A moonlight composure steal over my mind,
Poetical—pensive, and sweet!

I think of the years that for ever have fled;—
Of follies,—by others forgot;—
Of joys that are vanished—and hopes that are dead;
And of friendships that *were*—and *are not!*
I think of the future, still gazing the while,
As though thou'dst those secrets reveal;
But ne'er dost thou grant one encouraging smile,
To answer the mournful appeal.

Thy beams, which so bright through my casement appear,
To far distant regions extend;
Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,
And sleep on the grave of a friend.

Then still must I love thee mild Queen of the Night!
Since feeling and fancy agree,
To make thee a source of unfailing delight,
A friend and a solace to me!

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

H. K. WHITE.

MOON of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide,
Where Innocence and Peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wild surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,

Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty meets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity:
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou shew'st thy face,
Oh, Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard, he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! Oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapp'd in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes,
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon.

MOONLIGHT SCENE IN ITALY.

BYRON.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of once mighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Wav'd dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone thro' the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs thro' levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not.

STARS.

THE STARS.

CROLY.

Ye stars! bright legions that, before all time,
Camped on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him
Who bade thro' heaven your golden chariots wheel?
Yet who earthborn can see your hosts, nor feel
Immortal impulses—Eternity?
What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel
With its own weight of thought, and the mild eye
See fate within your tracks of sleepless glory lie?—

For ye behold the MIGHTIEST. From that steep
What ages have ye worshipp'd round your King!
Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er the sleep
Of Earth;—ye heard the morning-angels sing.
Upon that orb, now o'er me quivering,
The gaze of Adam fix'd from Paradise;
The wonders of the Deluge saw it spring
Above the mountain surge, and hailed its rise,
Lighting their lonely track with Hope's celestial dyes.

On calvary shot down that purple eye,
When, but the soldier and the sacrifice
All were departed.—Mount of Agony!
But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
Shall cloud your dome.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
Your vineyard shall be shaken! From your urn
Censers of Heaven! no more shall glory rise,
Your incense to the THRONE. The Heavens shall burn!
For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return.

Yet look ye living intellects.—The *trine*
Of waning planets, speaks it not decay?
Does *Schedir*'s staff of diamond wave no sign?
Monarch of midnight, *Sirius*, shoots thy ray
Undimm'd, when thrones sublunar pass away?
Dreams!—yet if e'er was graved in vigil wan
Your spell or gem or imaged alchemy,
The sign when empires' hour-glass downwards ran,
'Twas on that arch, graved on that brazen talisman.

THE EVENING STAR.

ANON.

STAR of the Evening! How I love to mark
Thy beam thus gleaming, tremulously bright,
Upon the ocean-wave! How brightly dark,
Shines thy lone ray, thou herald of the night.

Thou lovely star! I've sometimes gazed at thee
Till I have almost wept, I knew not why;
Tell me, my heart, what can that feeling be
Which makes thee at those moments throb so high?

It is a *joy* where *sadness* hath a part,
A melancholy, worth whole days of mirth;
The eye is tears, indeed, but with a heart
Which bounds as if 'twould break the bonds of earth.

Thou lovely star! methinks thy herald-ray
Speaketh of rest beyond our hour of time;
And seemeth to invite the soul away
To seek for refuge in a happier clime.—

COMETS.

THE COMET.

CONDER.

Mysterious visitant! whose beauteous light
Among the wondering stars so strangely gleams;
Like a proud banner in the train of night,
The unblazoned flag of Deity it streams;
Infinity is written in thy beams;
And thought in vain would thro' the pathless sky
Explore thy secret course; thy circle seems
Too vast for time to grasp;—O can that eye
Which numbers hosts like thee, this atom earth descry?

O Thou, my every hope, my only fear;
Father of Lights, round whom the systems roll,
With all their suns and comets, sphere on sphere,
Thy all-pervading energy, the soul,
Thyself the centre of the mighty whole!
When death shall purge the film of sense away,
And truth with irresistible control
Shall seize my ravish'd mind,—that awful day
How shall my soul sustain,—that infinite survey!

Then shall I shudder at the guilty past,
And feel thy awful presence on my heart;
Was it at thee, Oh God, my sins I cast?
Oh! on my trembling soul thy mercy dart,
For now I feel how terrible thou art!
Thou wert All-present, and I saw thee not;
Thou art my bliss, and yet I said, "Depart;"
Murmured, tho' boundless mercy fixed my lot:—
And wilt thou own the soul that thee so oft forgot?

Oh wondrous thought! the high and holy One,
Inhabiting eternity, will make
The humble soul his dwelling-place; the sun
Whose rising beams on orbs innumerous break,
Does shine as much for the poor reptile's sake:
To Him is nothing great—is nothing small;
He fills a world,—he bids the insect take
His being full of bliss;—He form'd them all;
He guides the Comet's course,—He marks the sparrow's fall.

Man—man, tho' in the dust his insect-birth,
Beholds his nature unto God allied,

Link'd to the golden throne this creature earth
By ties that shall eternally abide;
Let suns, let systems perish—Jesus died
Nor shall one vital spark be quench'd in night,
Which GOD has kindled:—Here my soul confide,
Safe in the arms of everlasting Might,
And circled with the beams of uncreated light.

TO THE COMET OF 1811.

HOGG.

How lovely is this wilder'd scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals o'er soft Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalm'd in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of Heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of wo and death,
From angels' ensign-staff unfurl'd?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale,—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of Heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scal'st the milky-way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

O! on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun;
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of Heaven! O let thine eye
Smile on a wrapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the grey portals of the morn!

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same Comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.

MAN.

ADAM'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FIRST FEELINGS.

MILTON.

For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

As new-wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed:
Straight toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, or walk'd or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd;
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore
From whom I have, that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know?
While thus I call'd, and stray'd, I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle Sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, tho' I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a Dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise.

ND EVE IN PARADISE.

MILTON.

nobler shape, erect and tall,
:t! with native honour clad
ajesty, seem'd lords of all:
seem'd; for in their looks di-

f their glorious Maker shone,
m, sanctitude, severe and pure;
in true filial freedom plac'd,
s authority in men: though both
is their sex not equal seem'd:
plation he, and valour form'd;
she, and sweet attractive grace;
l only; she for God in him.
ge front, and eye sublime de-

ile; and hyacinthine locks
i his parted forelock manly hung
but not beneath his shoulders

ill, down to the slender waist
ned golden tresses wore
; but in graceful ringlets wav'd,
curls her tendrils, which imply'd
, but requir'd with gentle sway;
r yielded, by him best receiv'd.

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3 DESCRIPTION OF EVE.

MILTON.

She was adorn'd
all Earth or Heaven could bestow
ier amiable: on she came,
Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
d by his voice. • • •
• • • •
in all her steps, Heav'n in her

gesture dignity and love.

FIRST TRANSGRESSION.

MILTON.

Say what cause
ir first Parents in their happy

of Heav'n so highly to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' Infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind:—Her hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ate:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing thro' all her works, gave signs of wo,
That all was lost. • • • •

She gave to Adam that enticing fruit
With liberal hand: He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Sky low'rd, and muttering thunder, some drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original.

CHARACTER OF ADAM.

MONTGOMERY.

With him his noblest sons might not compare
In godlike features and majestic air;
Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The sire of men transcended all mankind.
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of heaven, no art could reach;
For oft of old, to him the ev'ning breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees,
Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime
Whose dire contagion, through elapsing time
Diffus'd the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
That he, whose honours were approach'd by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid;

Vice he rebuk'd with so austere a frown,
He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down;
Yet while he chid, compunction's tears would start,
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart;
The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffer'd as if HE had sinn'd alone.
Within the glen to filial love endear'd,
Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice fear'd,
He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,
The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
Children were his delight;—they ran to meet
His soothing hand, and clasp'd his honour'd feet;
While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
He grew in heart a child among the rest:
Yet as a parent, nought beneath the sky
Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye;
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught,—
Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought,
His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain—
As if he fell from innocence again.

TO AN INFANT.

STEELE.

CAN I bid thee, little stranger,
Welcome to a world of care?
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare?

Hence away, ye dark surmises,
Hope presents a fairer scene;
Many a blooming pleasure rises,
Many a sunbeam shines serene.

Oh, may Providence defend thee!
Circled in his guardian arms,
Dangers shall in vain attend thee,—
Safe amid surrounding harms.

Shall I wish the world caressing?
Wish thee pleasure, grandeur, wealth?
No—but many a nobler blessing—
Wisdom, virtue, friendship, health.
May'st thou know the gracious Donor;
Early know, and love, and praise!
Then shall real wealth and honour,
Peace and pleasure crown thy days.

CAIN AND ADAH ON THE SIGHT OF THEIR SLEEPING INFANT.

BYRON.

ADAH.

OUR little Enoch sleeps upon your bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress,—
* * * * * Its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seem
Fitting to shadow slumber.

CAIN.

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

ADAH.

And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted! No, you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now: he will awake soon—
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over,
But it were pity to disturb him till
'Tis closed.

CAIN.

You have said well; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!
—Sleep on
And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering,
And innocent. * * * Sleep on!—
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out, although in slumber.

A SLEEPING INFANT.

ANON.

thing of mortal birth,
py home is on the Earth?
n blood with life imbue
lering veins of heavenly blue,
along thy forehead fair,
gleam of golden hair?
t light and airy breath
a being doom'd to death;
es to the grave be sent,
as mutely eloquent?
s, what thy form would seem,
m of a blessed dream?
ıy spirit's eye could see
irst those gleams of extacy!
f dreaming-soul appears
m thoughts above thy years,
t as if thy soul were soaring
, and Heaven's God adoring!
ın tell what visions high
ın infant's sleeping eye?
ter throne can brightness find
, than an infant's mind,
troy'd, or error dim,
f the seraphim?

TO A CHILD.

BAILLIE.

p art thou, with dimpled cheek,
pate, and merry eye,
d shoulders round and sleek,
ınd fair, thou urchin sly?

it who with sweet caresses,
d thee *his*, or squire, or hind?
every wight that passes,
a friendly playmate find.

st glances, grave, but cunning,
eyelids rise and fall;
, swiftly from me running,
ine coquetry all!

ld thou hast not flown,
ks and threats, half-lisped, half-
ı;—
I feel thee pulling at my gown,—
Of right, good will, thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,—
A mimic warfare with me waging!
To make as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose—sweet as thyself,—
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;—
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell, or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and wo,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show:—
And thou a thing of hope and change.

CHILDHOOD.

SCOTT.

CHILDHOOD, happy stage of life!
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new.

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase;
O what joy!—it once was mine
Childhood, pleasing boon of thine!

SCHOOL-BOY REMINISCENCES.

COWPER.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;

The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Tho' mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed:
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent, sweet simple years again.

TO MY SON.

GRAHAME.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground,
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear;
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
O nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
O! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than Beauty's magic smile!
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!
For O! it would a joy in death impart,
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look, bedimmed with tears;
And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
What walks I loved; where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand
How gently use the accent of command;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbat morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn;
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
But far and farther still my view I bend,—
And now I see a child thy steps attend;
To yonder churchyard-wall thou talk'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing thou tell'st him, *There thy grandsire lies!*

YOUTH.

ANON.

Youth is the vision of a morn,
That flies the coming day;
It is the blossom on the thorn
Which rude winds sweep away.

It is the image of the sky,
In glassy waters seen,
When not a cloud appears to fly
Across the blue serene.

But when the waves begin to roar,
And lift their foaming head,
The mimic stars appear no more,
And all the heaven is fled.

'Tis fleeting as the passing rays
Of bright electric fire,
That gild the pole with sudden blaze,
And in that blaze expire.

'Tis the morning's gentle gale,
That, as it softly blows,
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale,
Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gath'ring tempests pour,
And all the sky deform;
The gale becomes a whirlwind's roar,
The sigh a raging storm.

For Care and Sorrow's morbid gloom,
And heart-corroding strife,—
And sickness pointing to the tomb,
Await the noon of life.

YOUTH ENTERING ON THE WORLD.

BIDLAKE.

Oft have I seen when musing on the shore,
Unskilful infants grasp th' unwieldy oar,
Push the frail bark into the swelling main,
Borne by the rapid tide, pant to regain
The less'ning land, and, shrieking weep too late
The gaping horrors of tempestuous fate!
True picture of our unsuspecting age,
Who long to stretch where fatal billows rage:
'Gainst our own heaven like angels we rebel,
And quit the realms where during raptures dwell;
Pant for a wing to range the World around,—
The World—how swoons my soul to hear the sound;
The World—where Pleasure flies the grasping hand,
And Hope builds palaces on shifting sand:
Where Treachery talks with sweetly melting flow,
Of horrid words that turn to gall and wo:
Confederacies of profit or of vice,
Where Friendship's only firm as faithless ice:
When potent Avarice casts a golden ray,
Dissolves its brittle mass and floats away:
Fix'd in the breast where pride or int'rest thrives,
And Love, a secondary passion, lives;
Where children cherish'd by Affection's ray,
Long in the dust the partial sire to lay:
Tho' daily fondness beams the constant smile,
And only wisely keeps its own awhile.
Here Obligation, e'en beneath the wing
That hatches it to life, will fix a sting:
Here worth is trampled down by mounted Pride,
And Modesty by Av'rice push'd aside.
Such slow discernment guides the stupid crowd,
That Impudence for Talent is allow'd:
In Life's true masquerade fools are so blind,
That half a thin disguise will cheat mankind:
Here Ostentation weak expedients tries,
To lead from happiness our wand'ring eyes:
Thou would'st do good—but be thou pure as snow,
With ev'ry kindness let thy bosom glow;
Detraction's pois'nous breath thy fame shall blot,
Or Envy's microscope pry out a spot!
Has then this sickly world no cordial balm?
This storm of passion no delightful calm?
Yet as the traveller 'mid dreary wastes
Here meets a flower—there a fountain tastes—
As stars that aid the gloom of during night,
So scatter'd worth diffuses partial light;
Oe'r all our ills a self-born radiance sheds,
More bright, like phosphorus as darkness spreads.
Let potent Wisdom smooth the wrinkled brow,
And sweet Complacence soften all below.
See in each rising Sun new comfort giv'n
And when it sets behold a nearer Heav'n!
The few rare gems of Friendship here improve
As fading emblems of Eternal Love!

MANHOOD.

MONTGOMERY.

Time, swift time from years your motion stealing,
Unperceived hath sober manhood brought;
Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing
Peoples fancy's fairy-land with thought:
Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

YOUNG.

SELF-FLATTERED, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend:
All in some darling enterprise embark'd;
But where is he can fathom its event!
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope; with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won, 'tis lost!
They strike! and while they triumph they expire!
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.

UPON HIS WHITE HAIRS.

LORD VAUX.

THESE hairs of age are messengers
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way:
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run,
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And now old age is well begun;
The which I feel, and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical:
Their tunes declare, a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall:
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have
No worse them take than I have meant;
That after they be laid in grave
Their souls to joy, their lives well spent.
God grant likewise that you may see
Upon your head such hairs to be.

THE COMMON LOT.

MONTGOMERY.

Once in the flight of ages past
There liv'd a man—and who was he?
Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown,
His name hath perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast,
His bliss and wo, a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er,
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled,
Had friends—his friends are now no more,
And foes—his foes are dead.

He lov'd—but whom he lov'd, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;

O she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Ere while his portion, life and light,
To him exist—in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee,
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left, in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew!

The annals of the human race,
Their ruin since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there liv'd a man.

EVIL PASSIONS, &c.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE FALL.

POLLOK.

Hear what they were: The progeny of Sin
Alike, and oft combined; but differing much
In mode of giving pain. As felt the gross
Material part, when in the furnace cast,
So felt the soul, the victim of Remorse.
It was a fire which on the verge of God's
Commandments burned, and on the vitals fed
Of all who passed. Who passed, there met Remorse;
A violent fever seized his soul; the heavens
Above, the earth beneath, seemed glowing brass,
Heated seven times; he heard dread voices speak,
And mutter horrid prophecies of pain,
Severer and severer yet to come;
And as he writhed and quivered, scorched within,
The Fury round his torrid temples flapped
Her fiery wings, and breathed upon his lips
And parched tongue, the withered blasts of hell.
It was the suffering begun thou sawest
In symbol of the worm that never dies.

The other, Disappointment seemed
Negation of delight. It was a thing
Sluggish and torpid, tending towards death,
Its breath was cold, and made the sportive blood,
Stagnant, and dull, and heavy, round the wheels
Of life. The roots of that whereon it blew
Decayed, and with the genial soul no more
Held sympathy; the leaves, the branches drooped,
And mouldered slowly down to formless dust;
Not tossed and driven by violence of winds,
But withering where they sprung, and rotting there.
Long disappointed, disappointed still,
The hopeless man, hopeless in his main wish,
As if returning back to nothing, felt;
In strange vacuity of being hung,
And rolled, and rolled his eye on emptiness,
That seemed to grow more empty every hour.

THE DISTEMPER OF THE MIND.

THOMSON.

The distempered mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within; the passions all
Have burst their bounds, and Reason half extinct,

Or impotent, or, else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearest object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.

These, and a thousand mixed emotions more,
From everchanging views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold and averting from our neighbour's good,
Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, minding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

PRIDE.

POLLOK.

Pride, self-adoring pride, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all wo to come.
Unconquerable pride! first, eldest Sin,
Great fountain-head of evil! highest source,
Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.
Pride at the bottom of the human heart
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God;
Envy and slander, malice and revenge;
And murder, and deceit, and every birth,
Of damned sort, was progeny of pride.
It was the ever-moving, acting force,
The constant aim and the most thirsty wish
Of every sinner unrenewed to be
A god; in purple or in rags, to have
Himself adored. Whatever shape or form
His actions took, whatever phrase he threw
About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
To be the highest was the inward cause
Of all; the purpose of the heart to be
Set up, admired, obeyed.

AMBITION.

P. FLETCHER.

Next brave Philotimus in post did ride,
Like rising ladders was his climbing mind;
His high-flown thoughts, had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd;
His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst;
But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst,
Down would he fling the steps by which he clamber'd first.

His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state:
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which, in spite of heav'n, he weaves his fate;
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,
Till fates cut off his thread; so heapeth sins,
And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thyself!—thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves:—in iron bands

Thy servile spirit prest with wild passions raves.
Wouldst thou live honour'd, clip ambition's wing;
To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring.
Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.

ENVY.

SPENSER.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he hearde of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his talle uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera and his own companee.

He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
And him no less than any like did use;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse.
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backbite, and spitefull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt,
Such one vile Envy was, that third in row did sitt.

AVARICE.

SPENSER.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance waide.

His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste;
And thread-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
No scarfe good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store:
Whose need had end, but no end covertise;
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yet wished ever more.
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

WRATH.

SPENSER.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;

And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvized rashness woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet (wilful man) he never would forecast
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedlesse haste.

Full many mischiefs follow cruell wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces' fire,
Such one was Wrath, the fifth of this ungodly tire.

FEAR.

P. FLETCHER.

NEXT to the captain coward Deilos far'd
Him right before he as his shield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard;
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected:
And sending often back his doubtful eye,
By fearing, taught unthought of treachery;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

Still did he look for some ensuing crosse,
Fearing such hap as never man befell:
No mean he knows, but dreads each little losse
(With tyranny of fear distraught) as hell.
His sense he dare not trust, (nor eyes, nor ears);
And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless fears.

Harness'd with massy steel, for fence, not fight
His sword unseemly long he ready drew:
At sudden shine of his own armour bright
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:
He shrieks at ev'ry danger that appears,
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears:
His word: *Safer, that all, than he that nothing fears.*

DOUBT.

P. FLETCHER.

WITH him went Doubt, stagg'ring with steps unsure;
That every way and neither way inclin'd;
And fond Distrust, whom nothing could secure:
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:
He keeps intelligence by thousand spies:
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
So waking, still he sleeps, and sleeping, wakeful lies.

CONTRARITIES IN MAN.

YOUNG.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!

Who center'd in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

REASON AND THE PASSIONS.

EDMESTON.

FORMED in pure celestial fashion
From a piece of nether earth;
Warmed by many a glorious PASSION,
Man in Eden took his birth.

LOVE was lovely, ANGER holy,
JOY all heavenly and serene;
FEAR was filial and lowly,
HOPE lit all the future scene.

Every PASSION shed a pleasure,
Through the pure untainted soul;
Each possessed its rank and measure,
Heavenly REASON swayed the whole.

SATAN came and whispered treason
All against her gentle sway;
Then the passions spurned at REASON,
And they wandered each their way.

LOVE chose FOLLY, ANGER, MADNESS,
FEAR had GUILT to be her guide;
JOY walked arm in arm with SADNESS,
HOPE had ENVY at her side.

REASON wandered all forsaken:
When she sang her sweetest song,
Not a PASSION would awaken,
Through the mutineering throng.

Blind to her celestial beauty,
Deaf to her celestial strains,
Dividing every call of duty,
They strolled along the world's drear plains.

Turn, ye wanderers—List to REASON!
Sad—you will be happy then;
You have walked in wo a season,
Stinging all the breasts of men.

REASON, or RELIGION calls you,
Let your wayward wanderings cease;
Then whatever ill befals you,
All your influence will be peace.

HOPE, and FEAR, and ANGER yonder
Cannot pass, but here must die;
But LOVE and JOY entwined will wander
O'er the bright fields of the sky.

So the MORTAL PASSIONS ever
Will inspirit man below,
And the DEATHLESS PASSIONS never
Cease in heavenly souls to glow.

WORD OF GOD AND REDEMPTION.

THE VALUE OF THE SACRED WRITINGS.

RAFFLES.

This world that we so highly prize,
And seek so eagerly its smile—
What is it?—vanity and lies—
A broken cistern all the while.

Pleasure with her delightful song,
That charms th' unwary to beguile—
What is it?—the deceiver's tongue—
A broken cistern all the while.

And earthly friendships fair and gay,
That promise much with artful wile,—
What are they?—only treachery—
A broken cistern all the while.

Riches, that so absorb the mind
In anxious care and ceaseless toil—
What are they?—faithless as the wind—
A broken cistern all the while.

Yes—all are broken cisterns, Lord!
To those that wander far from thee:
The living stream is in thy word,
Thou Fount of Immortality!

CUNNINGHAM.

Each fabled fount of comfort dry,
Where can I quench my feverish thirst?
Is not the world one glittering lie?
Do not its swelling bubbles burst?
Systems, and men, and books, and things,
Are nothings drest in painted wings.

Lord, "thou art true," and, O the joy,
To turn from other words to thine;
To dig the gold without alloy
From Truth's unfathomable mine;
To escape the tempest's fitful shocks,
And anchor 'midst the eternal rocks!

TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

DRYDEN.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeased, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law;

Heaven's early care prescribed for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but of heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.

Then for the style, majestic and divine;
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words: whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produced our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermined within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?

POLLOK.

THIS book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

LINES

Said to have been found in Lord Byron's Bible.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

THE BIBLE A LIGHT TO THE CHRISTIAN'S FEET.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT is the world?—a wildering maze,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night;
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

REDEMPTION.

THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION.

WATTS.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

Begin, my soul the heav'nly song,—
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

Proclaim inimitable love!—
Jesus the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans!
The Prince of Life resigns his breath;
The King of Glory bows to death!

But see the wonders of his power,—
He triumphs in his dying hour!
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of Hell.

Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin aton'd by Jesus' blood;
Then he arose, and reigns above,
To conquer sinners by his love.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song!
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

MILTON.

MAN with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or Justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say heav'nly powers! where shall we find such love?
Which of you will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven Charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fullness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd:

Father! thy word is passed, Man shall find grace;
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Accept me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well-pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
Tho' now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die: yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave

His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I thro' the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound.—Thou at the sight
Pleas'd out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes;
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n—long absent, and return,
Father! to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

WONDERS OF REDEMPTION.

YOUNG.

FIRST-BORN of Æther! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envied *here:*
And some *did* envy: and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
They less would *feel*, though more adorn my theme.
They sang *creation* (for in that they shared:)
How rose in melody, that child of Love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine!
Thine is *redemption;* they just gave the key;
'Tis thine to raise and eternise the song:
Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here?*
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far more than labour—it was death in heav'n.—
A truth so strange, 'twere bold to think it true,—
If not far bolder still to disbelieve.

YOUNG.

THOU most indulgent, most tremendous Power,
Still more tremendous for THY wondrous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands,
And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night.
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!
Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
Didst stain the *cross;* and work of wonders far
The greatest, that thy *dearest* far might bleed;

Bold thought!—shall I dare speak it, or repress?
Should man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt
Which roused such vengeance? which such love inflam'd?
O'er guilt (how mountainous) with outstretched arms,
Stern *justice*, and soft smiling *love* embrace,
Supporting in full majesty thy throne,—
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost:
What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue *both?* Both rescue! both exalt!
Oh how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wondrous deed! or shall I call it *more?*
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
A mystery no less to gods than men!

YOUNG.

AND what is *this?* Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step let higher wonder rise!

Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means which speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood, with blood
DIVINE!
With blood divine of Him I made my foe!
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd and
aw'd;
Bless'd and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel 'midst the thunders of *his* throne!
Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
My species up in arms!—Not one exempt!
Yet for the *foulest* of the foul HE dies,—
Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest
guilt!
As if our race were held of highest rank,—
And Godhead dearer as more kind to man!
Bound every heart! and every bosom
burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here?
Its lowest round high planted on the skies
Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! Oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever, ("if astonishment
Will give thee leave") my praise for ever
flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high
heaven
More fragrant than Arabia sacrificed,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

JESUS CHRIST.

THE MESSIAH.

POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the
skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar
pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall
aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds
shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven
descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected
morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be
born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to
bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the
skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! A God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending
skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys,
rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay,
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give
way.

r comes! by ancient bards fore-

e deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
ick films shall purge the visual

sightless eye-ball pour the day:
obstructed paths of sound shall

r music charm the unfolding ear:
shall sing, the lame his crutch

culting, like the bounding roe.
murmur, the wide world shall

face He wipes off every tear.
ne chains shall death be bound,
im tyrant feel the eternal wound.
shepherd tends his fleecy care,
st pasture, and the purest air;
e lost, the wandering sheep di-

ees them, and by night protects;
ambs he raises in his arms,
his hand, and in his bosom

ankind his guardian care engage,
d father of the future age.
all nation against nation rise,
warriors meet with hateful

with gleaming steel be cover'd

trumpets kindle rage no more;
lances into scythes shall bend,
ad falchion in a plough-share

s shall rise; the joyful son
what his short-lived sire begun;
a shadow to their race shall

ne hand that sow'd, shall reap

n barren deserts with surprise
pring, and sudden verdure rise;
midst the thirsty wilds to hear
water murm'ring in his ear.
cks, the dragon's late abodes,
eed trembles, and the bulrush

valleys, once perplex'd with

and shapely box adorn:

To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs:
For thee Idumé's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon them in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

PREDICTED ADVENT OF THE MESSIAH.

SOTHEBY.

Rejoice! Rejoice! (the son of Jess' exclaim'd,)
'Tis present. Lo! the luminous vision clear!

The mystery, ere the birth of time fore-
doom'd,
The Promise, hail'd afar, from age to age,
By seer and prophet, beckoning into birth
The empires. Hark! their voice which
darkly spake
Of trouble and vicissitudes on earth,
With change of kingdoms, clearly heralds
forth
One realm, one nation, one Eternal King,
Christ! Heard ye not the voice of joy, the
voice
As of a host, a multitude in heaven?
Glory to God on high! Peace, peace on
earth!
Rejoice ye shepherds! ye, who nightly keep
Your flock by Bethlehem! Lo, yon star!
Come forth!
Hail the desire of nations! From the east
Come forth, ye Sages! for the expected birth
Prepare rich offerings! Worship, earth, thy
Lord,
A babe within the manger. Give the King
Of Glory entrance. Who goes forth in power?
All nature hears the Omnipotent. Ye winds!
Be still! Thou troubled ocean, sink to rest!
Thou sick, be heal'd! Thou lame, stand up!
Thou blind,
Receive thy sight! Thou, in the grave, arise!
Ye demons from the dispossest, confess
God in the veil of flesh! Oh! Son of Man,
Thy word is life eternal: Thou art life.
Spare me afflicting visions! spare my sight!
Oh burden'd with the sins of human-kind,
What agony like thine? Big drops of sweat
Fall from thy brow, like blood. Lo! angels
come
Administ'ring! Oh, thou art mock'd, yet
dumb;
Scourged, but without complaint. Ye know
him not.
Abraham, your father knew, and joy'd to
see
His day. Lo this, the only Son of God:
An offering, a free ransom for mankind.
I see the spotless Lamb whom God provides
An everlasting sacrifice. 'Tis done,—
Justice and Mercy meet upon that cross.
He bows his head in death. Oh heav'n,
and earth!
Angel and man, bear witness of the God!
Darkness above: Earth to its centre shakes.
The graves are opened, and the dead come
forth.
The veil is rent in twain. Salvation beams
Upon the heathen world. Thou, in the grave
Who slept'st without corruption, thou art
ris'n
Victor of death. Heaven opens—Thou art
thron'd
Creator; Judge! Redeemer! Thou art
thron'd
On the right hand of God th' Eternal King!
He spake, and the prophetic vision clos'd.

INCARNATION, &c. OF CHRIST.

SPENSER.

BEGIN from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylful oxe and humble as,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the simple shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest
knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyl, his
strife,
His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched
wights
He taken was, betray'd, and false accused,
How with most scornful taunts, and fell
despights
He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foul abused;
How scoffing'd, how crown'd, how buffeted,
how bruised;
And, lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucifide,
With bitter wounds through hands, through
feet, and side!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;

And let thy soul, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and grone in grieved thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy soft'ned spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to his soveraign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renownce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself for thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem dirt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired be
With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill,
And thy bright radient eyes shall plainly see
Th' idee of his pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

MILMAN.

For thou wast born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
A single, silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern Sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub quires,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes.
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd out-bursting from their tombs.

For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-rob'd angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly, didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

THE NATIVITY.

MILTON.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng:
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until the Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

CARRINGTON.

'Twas not the moon in glory streaming,
As she swam forth from cloud concealing;
It was not meteor glance, nor lightning,
The gorgeous concave instant bright'ning,
That rushing on the shepherd's eye,
Illumin'd heaven's vast canopy!
But, sailing down the radiant sky,
From bowers of bliss, from worlds on high

Appear'd, upborne on wings of fire,
A seraph host—an angel quire!

It came—that glorious embassy,
To hail the Incarnate Mystery!
For this awoke the extatic hymn,
From glowing lips of seraphim!
Ne'er flow'd such strains on earthly gale,
O'er breezy hill, or list'ning vale,
Before; nor shall such sounds again
Break on the raptur'd ear of man,
Till, rising to his native sky,
He put on Immortality.

For this, too, flam'd o'er Bethlehem,
The brightest in night's diadem,
That herald star whose pilot ray
Illum'd the magi's doubtful way;
Bright wanderer through the fields of air,
Which led the enquiring sages where,
Cradled within a worthless manger,
Slept on that morn the immortal stranger.

He might have come in regal pomp,
With pealing of archangel trump,—
An angel blast as loud and dread;
As that which shall awake the dead!
His lightning might have scar'd the night,
Streaming insufferable light;
His thunder, deep'ning, peal on peal,
Have made earth to her centre reel,
Deep voices such as shook with fear,
At Sinai's base, the favour'd seer;
The wing of whirlwind might have borne him;
The trampling earthquake gone before him:
He might have come, that Holy One,
With millions round his awful throne,
Countless as are the sands that lie
On burning plains of Araby,
And arm'd for vengeance, who could stand
Before each conq'ring red right hand?

He came not thus, no earthquake shock
Shiver'd the everlasting rock;
No trumpet blast, nor thunder peal,
Made earth through all her regions reel;
And but for the mysterious voicing
Of that unearthly quire rejoicing:
And but for that strange herald gem,
The star which burn'd o'er Bethlehem,
The shepherds, on his natal morn,
Had known not that the God was born.
There were no terrors, for the song
Of peace rose from the seraph throng;
On wings of love he came,—to save,
To pluck pale terror from the grave,
And, on the blood-stain'd Calvary,
He won for Man the victory!

H. K. WHITE.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my harp,
From silence and neglect—one lofty strain;
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
And speaking mysteries, more than words can tell,
I ask of thee; for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.
Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,
Wreathe I thy tresses, dark December! now;
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,
And tearful joy, to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beamed from on high!—Now to the mighty mass
Of that increasing aggregate, we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison,
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;
Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.
So has the year been character'd with wo
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes;
Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* liv'd,
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer,

And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,
Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,
Yet borne with patience still:—He came to cheer
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and benighted mind
To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!
O more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds;
And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
Wrapt in thick darkness and the howling storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
At the surrounding wreck.——
When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,—
His persecutors—"Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do."

Angels of Heaven
Ye who beheld him fainting on the cross
And did him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, he will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now,
Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

THE EPIPHANY.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Deep in Sabea's fragrant groves retired,
Long had the Eastern Sages studious dwelt,
By love sublime of sacred science fired:
Long had they trained the enquiring youth,
With liberal hand the bread of wisdom dealt,
And sung in solemn verse mysterious truth.
The sacred characters they knew to trace
Derived from Egypt's elder race!
And all that Greece, with copious learning fraught,
Thro' different schools, by various masters taught;
And all Arabia's glowing store
Of fabled truths and rich poetic lore;
Stars, plants and gems, and talismans they knew,
And far was spread their fame, and wide their praises grew.

The admiring East their praises spread:
But with uncheated eyes themselves they viewed;
Mourning they sat with dust upon their head,
And oft in melancholy strain
The fond complaint renewed,

How little yet they knew, how much was learned in vain.
For human guilt and mortal wo,
Their sympathising sorrows flow;
Their hallowed prayers ascend in incense pure;
They mourned the narrow bounds assigned
To the keen glances of the searching mind,
They mourned the ills they could not cure,
They mourned the doubts they could not clear,
They mourned that prophet yet, nor seer,
The great Eternal had made known,
Or reached the lowest step of that immortal throne.

And oft the starry cope of heaven beneath,
When day's tumultuous sounds had ceased to breathe,
With fixed feet, as rooted there,
Through the long night they drew the chilly air;
While sliding o'er their head,
In solemn silence dread,
The ethereal orbs their shining course pursued,
In holy trance enwrapt the sages stood,
With folded arms laid on their reverend breast,
And to that Heaven they knew, their orisons addrest.

A Star appears: they marked its kindling beam
O'er night's dark breast unusual splendours stream:
The lesser lights that deck the sky,
In wondering silence softly gliding by,
At the fair stranger seemed to gaze,
Or veiled their trembling fires, and half withdrew their rays.

The blameless men the wonder saw,
And hailed the joyful sign with pious awe;
They knew 'twas none of all the train
With which in shadowy forms and shapes uncouth,
Monsters of earth and of the main,
Remote from nature as from truth,
Their learned pens the sky had figured o'er:
No star with such kind aspect shone before;
Nor e'er did wandering planet stoop so low
To guide benighted pilgrims through this vale of wo.

The heavenly impulse they obey,
The new-born light directs their way;
Through deserts never marked by human tread,
And billowy waves of loose unfaithful sand,
O'er many an unknown hill and foreign strand
The silver clue unerring led,
And peopled towns they pass, and glittering spires;
No cloud could veil its light, no sun could quench its fires.

Thus passed the venerable pilgrims on,
Till Salem's stately towers before them shone,

And soon their feet her hallowed pavements prest;
Not in her marble courts to rest,—
From pomp and royal state aloof,
Their shining guide its beams withdrew;
And points their path, and points their view,
To Bethlehem's rustic cots, to Mary's lowly roof.
There the bright sentinel kept watch,
While other stars arose and set;
For there, within its humble thatch,
Weakness and power, and heaven and earth were met.
Now, sages, now your search give o'er,
Believe, fall prostrate, and adore!
Here spread your spicy gifts, your golden offerings here;
No more the fond complaint renew
Of human guilt and mortal wo,
Of knowledge check'd by doubt, and hope with fear:
What angels wished to see, ye view;
What angels wished to learn, ye know;—
Peace is proclaimed to man, and heaven begun below.

CAMPBELL.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion-hill;
When Bethl'hem's shepherds through the night,
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry-light:—

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heav'n bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung
While thus they struck their harps and sung:—

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn!
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair!

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

HEBER.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh of the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

H. K. WHITE.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

THE STAR OF THE MORNING.

ANON.

Star of the morn, whose placid ray
Beam'd mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
While whisp'ring zephyrs seem'd to say,
As silence slept and earth was still,
Hail, harbinger of gospel light!
Dispel the shades of nature's night!

I saw thee rise on Salem's tow'rs,
I saw thee shine on gospel lands,
And Gabriel summon'd all his pow'rs,
And waked to ecstacy his bands;
Sweet cherubs hail'd thy rising ray,
And sang the dawn of gospel day!

Shine, lovely star! on ev'ry clime,
For bright thy peerless beauties be;
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
And shed thy rays from sea to sea;
Then shall the world from darkness rise,
Millennial glories cheer our eyes!

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

MILTON.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy, watchful shepherd's ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night;
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He, who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease:
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,
High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;

And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied;
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day; but, O! ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

HEBER.

Abash'd be all the boast of Age!
Be hoary Learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an Infant come!

Oh Wisdom, whose unfading power
Beside th' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood;—

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear;
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy falter'd prayer.

But, in thy father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness!

CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

MILTON.

Darkness now rose
As day-light sunk, and brought in low'ring night
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light, and absent day.
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind,
After his airy jaunt, tho' hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield,
From dews and damps of night, his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain; for at his back,
The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: Nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Tho' rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: Ill wast thou shrouded then
O patient son of God, *yet only stood'st Unshaken;* nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts; while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant fingers still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd
To tempt the son of God with terrors dire.

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

BOWRING.

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,

thousands gather'd round,
reverence fill'd the place.

came—of heaven he spoke,
led his followers' way;
gloomy night he broke,
immortal day.

ers, to my Father's home,
e weary ones and rest!"
acher,—we will come—
love thee, and be blest!

nements of dust!
thly pride, decay!
on waits the just,
s prepared the way.

IY MOTHER AND MY BRETHREN.

GRAHAME.

other or my Brethren?
looked on them who sat

nile of pity blent with love,
han ere gleamed from human

nbeam, through a summer

on a little hill-side flock;
look of love he said, Behold
l my brethren; for I say,
shall do the will of God,
er, sister, mother, all.

HILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

GRAHAME.

ittle children come to me,
t. Emboldened by his words,
ward press; but, finding vain
reach the Lord, they thrust

To strangers' hands: the innocents alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of JESUS, beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above!
Thou who taught'st the blind man's sight
To entertain a double light,
Thine and the day's, (and that thine too:)
The lame away his crutches threw;
The parched crust of leprosy
Return'd unto its infancy;
The dumb amazed was to hear
His unchain'd tongue to strike his ear:
Thy powerful mercy did even chase
The Devil from his usurped place,
Where Thou Thyself should'st dwell, not he:
Oh let thy love our pattern be!
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another;
That, copying Thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men!

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BARTON.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtues to that holy spring.—
With earnest, fix'd solicitude,
Were seen th' afflicted multitude.

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirr'd,
Whose heart had often heav'd the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferr'd;

Beholding, while he suffer'd on,
The healing virtue giv'n—and gone.

No pow'r had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought;
But, while his coming he delay'd,
Another won the boon he sought;—
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which heal'd him by a word alone!

Had they who watch'd and waited there,
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye;
And crav'd, with fervency of soul,
His sov'reign pow'r to make them whole.

But habit and tradition sway'd
Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only sought the angel's aid,
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far, than he,
With pow'r from ev'ry pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its pow'r!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dow'r
Which with its healing waters went:
But he whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

BARTIMEUS RESTORED TO SIGHT.

GRAHAME.

BLIND, poor, and helpless BARTIMEUS sat,
Listening the foot of the wayfaring man,
Still hoping that the next, and still the next,
Would put an alms into his trembling hand,
He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint rustle
Among the sycamores; it is the tread
Of thousand steps; it is the hum of tongues
Innumerable: but when the sightless man
Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,
He cried, and said, "JESUS, thou son of David,
Have mercy upon me!" and, when rebuked,
He cried the more, "have mercy upon me!"
Thy faith hath made thee whole, spake,
And straight the blind BEHELD OF GOD.

THE DUMB CURED

GRAHAME.

His eyes uplifted, and his h
clasped,
The dumb man, with a supplicat
Turned as the Lord passed by:
held,
And on him bent a pitying look, s
His moving lips are by the supp
And the last accents of the healin
Ring in that ear which never hea
Prostrate the man restor'd falls to
And uses first the gift, the gift su
Of speech, in giving thanks to E
voice
Was never uttered, but in doing

HEALING OF THE DEMO

ANON.

THEY know the Almighty's
Who, waken'd by the rushing
shower,
Watch for the fitful breeze,
To howl and chafe amid the bend
Watch for the still white gle
To bathe the landscape in a fiery
Touching the tremulous eye with
of light
Too rapid and too pure for all but a

They know the Almighty's lo
Who, when the whirlwinds rock
most grove,
Stand in the shade, and hear
The tumult with a deep exulting t
How in their fiercest sway,
Curb'd by some power unseen,
away,

Like a bold steed that owns his rider's arm—
Proud to be check'd and sooth'd by that o'ermastering charm.

But there are storms within,
That heave the struggling heart with wilder din;
And there is power and love,
The maniac's rushing frenzy to reprove;
And when he takes his seat
Clothed and in calmness, at his Saviour's feet,
Is not the power as strange, the love as blest,
As when He said "Be still," and ocean sank to rest?

Wo to the wayward heart,
That gladlier turns to eye the shuddering start
Of Passion in her might;
Than marks the silent growth of grace and light;
Pleased in the cheerless tomb,
To linger while the morning rays illume
Green lake, and cedar-tuft, and spicy glade,
Shaking their dewy tresses now the storm is laid.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BEAUMONT.

Here having stepp'd aboard, He turn'd his eye
Upon the storm, and sternly signified
His royal will: their duty instantly
The winds discovered in that glance, and hied
Away in such great haste and fear, that they
Lost all their breath and spirits by the way.

The mutinous billows saw his awful look,
And hush'd themselves all close into their deep:
The sea grew tame and smooth; the thunder broke
Its threatning off; forth durst no lightning peep,
But kept its black nest, now outshined by
The flashing mandates of its Master's eye.

Forthwith the ship without or sail, or tide,
Kept straight its course, and flew to kiss the shore:
Where Jesus deigns to be the vessel's Guide,
There needs no help of time, tide, wind, or oar;
His eye alone might drive the bark, whose look
Abash'd the sea, the storm with terror struck.

His eye, his eye is that eternal star
Which gildeth both the poles; which day and night
Equally shines; which guides all those who are
Sailing in life's rough sea: for by his light,
And none but his, each mortal mariner
Who goes for safety's port, his course must steer.

GRAHAME.

The roaring tumult of the billowed sea
Awakes him not: high on the crested surge,
Now heaved, his locks flow streaming in the blast:
And now descending 'tween the sheltering waves,
The falling tresses veil the face divine:
Meek through that veil a momentary gleam
Benignant shines; he dreams that he beholds
The opening eyes,—that long had hopeless rolled
In darkness,—look around bedimmed with tears
Of joy; but suddenly the voice of fear
Dispelled the happy vision: awful he rose,
Rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,
Peace, be thou still! and straight there was a calm.
With terror-mingled gladness in their looks,
The mariners exclaim—*What man is this,*
That even the wind and sea obey his voice!

JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA, AND CALMS THE STORM.

GRAHAME.

Loud blew the storm of night; the thwarting surge
Dash'd, boiling on the labouring bark: dismay,
From face to face reflected, spread around:—
When, lo! upon a towering wave is seen
The semblance of a foamy wreath, upright,
Move onward to the ship: the helmsman starts,
And quits his hold; the voyagers
Shrink from the fancied Spirit of
But when the voice of Jesus with
Soft mingled, *It is I, be not afr*
Fear fled, and joy lightened from
Up he ascends, and from the roll
Surveys the tumult of the sea an
With transient look severe: th
awed,
Sinks to a sudden calm; the cloud
The moonbeam trembles on the f
Reflected mildly in the unruffled

HEBER.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord! or we perish."

O Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow;
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

CUNNINGHAM.

I was tossed on the billows of life;
I endeavour'd their rage to control;
More fierce grew the turbulent strife;
The waters went over my soul.

In the midst of the pitiless storm,
One appeared who was mighty to save;
The darkness was chased by his form;
He trod on the fathomless wave.

In his looks, in his words was a charm,
Which commanded the tempest to cease;
The billows were hushed to a calm;
Within and without there was peace.

JESUS WEEPING JERUSALEM.

DALE.

O salem! who, in proud disdai
My faithful prophets slew;
And soon, the cup of guilt to dri
Wilt slay thy Saviour too!
How had my love thy children
Their deeds of blood forgot,
And led them to eternal rest!
But they consented not.

Now shall thy house be desolate,
Thy glory now shall close;

Nor leave one trace of ruined state,
To tell where Salem rose.
Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,
Nor hail thy crown restor'd,
Till thou shalt say, "How blest is he
Whom thou hast sent, O Lord!"

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

CUNNINGHAM.

From Olivet's sequester'd seats,
What sounds of transport spread?
What concourse moves through Salem's streets,
To Zion's holy head?
Behold him there in lowliest guise!
The Saviour of mankind!
Triumphal shouts before him rise,
And shouts reply behind:
And "strike," they cry, your loudest string:
He comes! Hosanna to our King!

Nor those alone, the present train,
Their present King adored;
An earlier, and a later strain,
Extoll'd the the self-same Lord.
Obedient to his Father's will,
He came, he liv'd, he died;
And gratulating voices still
Before and after cried,
"All hail the Prince of David's line!
Hosanna to the Man divine!"

He came to earth:—from eldest years,
A long and bright array
Of Prophet-bards, and Patriarch-seers
Proclaimed the glorious day:
The light of heaven in every breast,
Its fire on every lip,
In tuneful chorus on they press'd,
A goodly fellowship;
And still their pealing anthems ran,
"Hosanna to the Son of Man!"

He came to earth: through life he pass'd
A man of griefs: and, lo,
A noble army following fast
His track of pain and wo:
All deck'd with palms and strangely bright,
That suffering host appears;
And stainless are their robes of white,
Though steep'd in blood and tears;
And sweet their martyr-anthem flows,
"Hosanna to the Man of Woes!"

From ages past descends the lay
To ages yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
Into Eternity.
But O! while saints and angels high,
Thy final triumph share,
Amidst thy followers, Lord shall I,
Though last and meanest there,
Receive a place, and feebly raise
A faint Hosanna to thy praise?

JESUS WEEPING AT THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.

JONES.

The Saviour wept;—his beaming eye
Was filled with tears which mortals shed:
His bosom heav'd the sacred sigh—
Affection offers to the dead.

Whilst quickly o'er that heavenly brow,
More radiant than the blush of morn,
Spread thick'ning shades of deepest wo,
Which tell a heart with sorrow torn.

But whence the anguish of that hour?
And why his heavenly face o'ercast?
That sorrow sprang from friendship's power;
But soon that earthly feeling past.

The Father rises all supreme,
And human passions sink to rest:
His eyes, now tearless, brightly beam,
And all the Godhead swells his breast.

With voice that shook the arch of heaven,
"Come forth, O Lazarus," he said:
At once the bands of death are riven,
The yawning tomb resigns its dead.

Transfixed with wonder and amaze,
Inspired with awe ne'er felt before,

The Jews upon the Saviour gaze,
And even malice owns his power.

JESUS RAISING LAZARUS.

BERGUER.

THE sepulchre was gaping wide,
Its closing stone was roll'd aside,
And shuddering crowds press'd round to win
A sight of the foul scene within.
The charnel-steam, too strong to bear,
Ascended on the healthful air,
And groaning deep for him who slept,
E'en Christ stood at the grave, and wept.

He wept! but His was not the tear
Of human grief on human bier
That gushes, trustless of to-morrow,
In unassuaged excess of sorrow.
And yet he wept; tho' there he stood,
In power's unquestion'd plenitude.
While every sacred drop that fell,
Was life to death, and death to hell.

But closer now, and closer grew
The press of the surrounding crew,
Who deem'd he came to mourn, not save,
As he stoop'd o'er the dead man's grave,
And gazed with self-communing air
For a short space in silence there.

Nearer he stoop'd, and yet more near:
Hark! heard ye not like trumpet clear,
His life-shout in that mouldering ear?
Forth sent the tomb its bidden birth,
For He who called was God on earth!

Not faster answers to the flash
Of Heaven, the illuminated ash,
Than following that resistless word,
The dead sprang forth before his Lord,
Bound hand and foot with funeral clothes,
In life, in breathing life he rose,
And cast amid the astonish'd crowd,
From his freed limbs the loosen'd shroud!

Health's crimson light o'erspread his face,
His eye was fire, his step was grace;
No trace of what he was before
The metamorphos'd body wore;
But like the first form'd of mankind,
Ere his full heart might utterance find,
Complete in sense, and limb, and motion,
Absorb'd he stood in rapt devotion,
While through each uncollapsing vein,
The rushing life-streams burst again.

All turn'd to Christ; but Him, with eye
Serenely lifted to the sky,
Symbol nor sign of outward power,
Distinguished in that holy hour:
His hand yet on the marble rested,
Where late the revelling worm was rife,
And awe-struck multitudes attested
The RESURRECTION and the LIFE!

MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

ANON.

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veil'd in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear;
Have mercy, too, on me!

And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?
Pity, O Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

And didst thou save a trembling frame
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord! oh save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST.

S. WESLEY, SEN.

TABOR, the place to prove his mission true,
Where heaven and earth must have an interview:

That upper Mount, as Sinai long before,
The upper world's whole weight descending bore;
Lovely it look'd, like some divine abode,
All beauteous as the Paradise of God.
To this blest mount, did our blest Lord ascend;
Three witnesses must hither him attend,
Two destined martyrs, and the third his friend.
Scarce had the cheerful harbinger of day
Clapp'd his bright wings, and warn'd the shades away,
Ere our still-watchful Saviour, who denies
The sun, his shade, before himself to rise,
Had conquer'd Tabor's hoary top; and there
Yet higher mounts in ardent hymns and prayer.
No earthly thought, no sublunary thing
Could clog his towering soul's seraphic wing;
He pass'd through all the glittering guards on high,
Who staid their songs, and bowed as he went by;
Nor stopp'd but at his Father's radiant throne:
* * * * * * * *
He asked and had; and beckon'd thence away
(Gladly all heaven his loved commands obey,)
Two of the highest saints which fill the place,
Aye gazing on the *beatific face!*
Elias, who to heaven triumphing rode,
Moses, expiring with the kiss of God.

High on the trembling mountain's brow they walk'd,
And things unutterable look'd and talk'd;
Talk'd of his wondrous passion, wondrous love;
A riddle to the very blest above!
Slumbers meanwhile the witnesses surprise,
And heavy, shameful sloth, fast seal'd their eyes;
With their brief vigils tired, supine they lay,
Till them their Master, turning, did survey;
From his loved face He shot a piercing beam,
Which roused them all from their inglorious dream;
Awhile they gazed, but found the sense too bright,
And sunk beneath th' insufferable light.
Thus, when, at the last dreadful hour of doom,
Th' archangel's trump shall wake the silent tomb,
When God's pavilion in the clouds is spread,
Lightnings and rainbows wreathed around his head,
O'erburthen'd Nature at the sight would fly,
Again would be entomb'd, again would die.

His glories now in part our Lord repress'd,
And mildly veils, and mitigates the rest:
Again they look'd;—what wonders then they saw!
Not they themselves the shining scene could draw,
If yet alive. What glory and what grace!
Dazzling his form; ineffable his face;
His seamless robe, than new-fall'n snow more white;
One radiant pillar all of sparkling light:
Far did it mortal art's best strokes outshine,
The perfect workmanship of hands divine.

Near Him the two great Prophets stand in bliss,
With modest splendor only less than his;
Such as the twinkling stars' clear silver ray
To the strong lustre of the golden day.

Celestial joy seized each disciple's breast,
Too big to be resisted or express'd;
All that they knew was pleasure mix'd with pain;
All that they fear'd was losing it again:
When Cephas thus—

"In this blest place for ever let us stay;
Rather than *us*, O take our *lives* away!
Three humble tabernacles soon we'll rear
For Thee, and these illustrious strangers here."

Scarce from his lips the last swift accent flies,
Ere still new scenes of miracle arise,
For, lo! a cloud wafts thro' the enlighten'd air,
(Clouds dress'd by summer's evening are less fair;)

A wondrous cloud,—the morn itself less bright—
Wove from the finest threads of heavenly light:
Such clouds far off in those blest regions stray,
Where God's high throne scatters eternal day:
Such that strange cloud, which made the world's first morn,
Before the stars, or sun himself, was born:
That pillar such, which did from Egypt come,
And piloted the chosen nation home;
From earth to heaven did its broad top aspire,
Miraculous mixture! 'twas both shade and fire.
And lo! it comes, and lo! they strive in vain;
Their faltering knees their bodies scarce sustain;
Celestial lustre, even thro' clouds survey'd
Must sink the strongest frame, of matter made.
Weaken'd with wonders, and exhausted all,
Their spirits forsake their task; to earth they fall;
They fall to earth; but *first* with reverend fear,
The voice, the awful voice of God they hear;
Th' Eternal Father (in the great *Three-One*,)
From heaven attesting his beloved Son.

They hear, but Him who speaks they dare not meet;
So down they fall and kiss their Master's feet:
He touch'd (whose touch the very dead could raise,)
Their lifeless limbs; and rising, Him they praise.
Around they look'd, but could no more descry
That heavenly pair, whose happy company
They late enjoy'd; return'd to bliss, to show
To those above, what they had learn'd below.

Thus holy souls from dregs of sin refined,
Whose frames are little less than perfect mind,
Whose commerce and acquaintance with the blest,
Commences here, and half their hea
possest;
—Thus when to these thro' sleep's thi
tain shine
Angelic essences and forms divine,
They sighing wake, and clasp the empt
—Thus Cephas, thus the Zebedean pa
And would have griev'd had not their
been there;
Who free from worldly glory's vain d
Unwarm'd at fond ambition's foolish
What they had seen commands th
conceal,
Nor to the world those sacred truths r
Till he had conquer'd death and bro
chain;
Then faith to this, as this to that, migh

THE THREE MOUNTAINS

MONTGOMERY.

When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would for ever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

THE LAST SUPPER.

CUMBERLAND.

The sun had sunk beneath the Westa
And now at ev'ning hour the Jews

To celebrate the Passover, ordain'd
T' eternize their deliv'rance, when God's wrath
Smote ev'ry first-born male in Misraim's coast,
Save where the blood of lamb piacular,
Sprinkling the consecrated door, was found
Of the destroying angel: To this feast,
Prelusive of his own pure sacrifice,
And type of his blood-shedding, JESUS came:
The guests were present and the table spread;
With loins begirt, as men upon the march,
And staff in hand, they snatch a hasty meal:
This done, in pensive meditation wrapt,
The Saviour, conscious of impending death,
Sate in the midst; to his all-present mind
The treason and the traitor stood confest.
Low'ring, abash'd and from the rest apart,
ISCARIOT at the table's lowest foot
Took post, where best he might escape that glance,
From whose intelligence no heart could hide
Its guilty meditations: All eyes else
Were center'd on the Saviour's face divine,
Which with the brightness of the Godhead mix'd
Traces of human sorrow, and display'd
The workings of a mind, where mercy seem'd
Struggling to reconcile some mortal wrong
To pardon and forbearance; Such a look
Made silence sacred, every tongue was mute;
Ev'n PETER'S zeal forbore the vent of words,
Or spent itself in murmurs half suppress.
At length the meek REDEEMER rais'd his eyes,
Where gentle resignation, tempering grief,
Beam'd grace ineffable on all around,
And with these words the awful silence broke,

Muse not if I am sad, nor stand aghast
As doubtful of my constancy: these pangs
And more which I must suffer, were foreseen;
The hour now coming, comes not by surprise,
It is the consummation of my charge,
And fills the measure of atonement up.
Shall I then say, Father, avert this hour,
And save me from these agonies? Not so,
With heart prepar'd to suffer and submit
I meet my doom forewarn'd; Yet ere we part
Take this last office from your Master's hands;
And when you see me stoop to wash your feet,
As soon you shall, remember 'tis your Lord,
Your dying Lord this legacy bequeaths,
And edify by his humility.

This said, his seamless mantle he threw off,
And girt his tunic close about his waist;
And now with mute amazement they beheld
The Son of God in servant-like attire
Prepar'd to execute his menial task.
All gaz'd, all wonder'd, but no voice oppos'd;
None dar'd to pray forbearance of the deed,
Till he, whose heart was ever on his lips,
PETER, in warm expostulation cried:

Lord, dost thou wash my feet, thy servant's feet,
Mean as the dust he treads on? Never, Lord,
Never shalt thou do that for one so vile,
So all-unworthy: That be far from thee!
Such homage ill beseemeth thee to pay,
Me to receive.—To him the Lord replied:

PETER, as yet thou know'st not what I do,
Hereafter thou shalt know; therefore no more:
Cease to oppose; for if I wash thee not,
With me thou hast no part,—Struck to the soul
With horror at the thought, his eager words,
Wing'd with the flame of rhapsody, burst forth:

Oh! not my feet alone, my hands, my head,
Wash me all o'er, and sanctify each part.

There needs not this, the meek REDEEMER cried,
Enough is done; thus wash'd, though but in part,
Thou shall be clean throughout: Yet I'll not say,
Ye are all clean: Spite of the Shepherd's care
The taint hath touch'd his flock. Alas! for him
On whom the foul contamination lights!
Wo to that wretch that ever he was born!
And do you need a comment to expound
This lesson of humility and love?

Ye call me Lord and Master; well ye say,
For such in truth I am; if then your Lord
Be meek and lowly, will not ye renounce
Pride and contention? If the Master stoops
To wash his feet who serves, shall ye do less
To these your equal brethren? Learn of me,
And each with other deal, as I with you:
Write on your hearts my words; the time draws nigh
When I shall speak no more with you on earth:
Ye have all heard; how blest if ye obey!
I speak not of you all: Whilst here ye sit
In seeming fellowship around my board,
Sharing this social meal, my last on earth,
Doubt not but I can search into your breasts,
And see whose hearts are loyal, whose is false;
And mark me well, I fall not by man's wiles,
Not unpredicted is the trait'rous act,
And well I know the wretch, whose faithless hand
Dips with me in the dish, shall soon be dy'd
With my devoted blood. Betray'd I am,
Deceiv'd I cannot be.—This when they heard,
Each with the other interchang'd a look
Of question and suspect: speechless they gaz'd,
Confounded and aghast: As men drawn forth
For decimation tremble to unfold
The lot of life or death, so these in doubt
On whom the word of prophecy might light,
Curious yet fearful to inquire of CHRIST,
Search'd their own hearts in silence. All perceiv'd
Omniscience, which to God alone belongs,
Familiar with their thoughts, and every soul,
Save that dire wretch whom conscience inly smote,
Trembled, lest unpremeditated guilt
Might be denounc'd upon him, or the sin
Of one man, as of Korah, move the Lord
With the whole congregation to be wroth.
But PETER, in whose ever-anxious mind
These terrors undispell'd long could not dwell,
To the belov'd Disciple, on the breast
Of CHRIST reclining, now gave sign to ask
The fearful question, in what traitor's heart
Plot so accurs'd could harbour. Thus besought,
Though much his humble nature fear'd offence,
In accent soft, with supplicating eye
Turn'd on the Master, the meek suitor said;
Lord, shew thy true and faithful servant grace,
And let us know the traitor.—He it is
JESUS replied, on whom I shall bestow
This sop, when I have dipp'd it in my cup.

KEDRON.

M. DE FLEURY.

THOU soft-flowing Kedron! by thy limpid stream
Our Saviour, at night, when the moon's silver beam
Shone bright on thy waters, would oftentimes stray,
And lose in their murmurs the toils of the day:
Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet;
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

How damp were the vapours that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!
The angels beholding, amaz'd at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight:

Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet;
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

O garden of Olivet! dear, honor'd spot!
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot!
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!
Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet;
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

GETHSEMANE.

HART.

JESUS, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay,
In this place he loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat:
When from noise He would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heav'nly truths He taught,
Often set their hearts on flame;
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat;
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself is there!
All things thus did there agree
To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much he thought;
This he knew the destin'd place,
And he lov'd the sacred spot;
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

View Him in that Olive-press,
Wrung with anguish, whelm'd with blood;
Hear Him pray in his distress,
With strong cries and tears, to God:
Then reflect what sin must be.
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Wash'd by Kedron's water-pool,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds,
Think on these my soul, my soul!
Would'st thou sin's dominion see,
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death;
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither Lord, thou didst resort,
Oft-times with thy little train;
Here wouldst keep thy private court,
Oh! confer that grace again:

Lord, resort with worthless me,
Oft-times to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine;
But since sin first fixed Thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this my woful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane!

Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws,
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause,—
Sins immense as is the sea,
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with thy mercy's dart,
Wound the heart that wounded Thee;
—Break it in Gethsemane.

THE ARRAIGNMENT BEFORE PILATE.

HODGSON.

The standards of imperial Rome
Are glittering round the hall:
An earthly judge prepares the doom
Of Him, the Judge of all.

The silent sacrifice is there
And, pitying, views the scene,
Amid the fierce conflicting war
Of human crimes, serene.

Not perjury's remorseless voice,
Nor scorn, to madness fired;
Not fiends, that o'er his pangs rejoice,
Nor men, by fiends inspired,—

That brow of love one moment cloud,
Or wake one thought within,
But sorrow for the unhappy crowd,
But pardon for their sin.

Oh! if embodied Truth can fail
To pierce proud Reason's ear,
Let Mercy's living self prevail,
And force the heart to hear.

In vain!—the Lord of Life must die—
Oh, what shall this atone,
When gathered earth, with trembling eye,
Shall see him on his throne?

When, coming in the clouds of Power,
He meets his murderers' sight—
What but *Himself* in that dark hour,
Can shed one ray of light?

CHRIST REFUSING THE WINE MINGLED WITH MYRRH.

ANON.

He wept by Lazarus' grave—how will he bear
This bed of anguish? and his pale weak form
Is worn with many a watch,
Of sorrow and unrest.

Oh fill the bowl, benumb his aching sense
With med'cined sleep.—Oh awful is thy woe!
The parching thirst of death
Is on thee, and thou triest

The slumb'rous potion bland, and wilt not drink;
Not sullen nor in scorn, like haughty man
With suicidal hand
Putting his solace by:

But as at first thine all-pervading look
Saw from thy Father's bosom to th' abyss,
Measuring in calm presage
The infinite descent.

So to the end, though now of mortal pang
Made heir, and emptied of thy glory awhile,
With unaverted eye
Thou meetest all the storm.

CHRIST'S PASSION.

MONTGOMERY.

The morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;

elding glooms behold his face,
nor comeliness is there.

by those He call'd his own,
orsaken, or denied,
enemies alone,
malice, rage, and pride.

rth to judgment, now He stands
condemn'd at Pilate's bar,
l'd by fierce Prætorian bands,
k'd by Herod's men of war.

heir buffeting and scorn,
age of the lip and knee,
robe, the crown of thorn,
e, the nail, th' accursed tree.

within his mouth is found,
threatens nor complains;
Lamb for slaughter bound,
ist his murderers He remains.

He prays,—'tis for his foes;
,—'tis comfort to his friends;
and Paradise bestows;
is head; the conflict ends.

was the Son of God!
n a servants' mean disguise,
d beneath the Father's rod,
imself,—for Man He dies.

CALVARY.

CUNNINGHAM.

vary a cry was heard,
eiterated cry:
ir! every mournful word
s thy soul's deep agony.

f deep darkness fell
, the Immaculate, the Just;
gated hosts of hell
d to shake thy filial trust.

e, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
ou could'st bear, and not repine;
JEHOVAH veiled his face,
ible pangs were thine.

Let the dumb world her silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we may never die!

Lord, on thy cross I fix my eye;
If e'er I slight its pure control,
O let that dying, piercing cry
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul!

YOUNG.

RELIGION! thou the soul of happiness,
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! There shine
The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There nothing but compulsion is forborne.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun.
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? His tenderness on fire,
Like soft smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praise avert it? Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast in time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me;
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!

THE DEATH OF JESUS.

GRAHAME.

'TIS finished: he spake the words, and bowed
His head, and died.—Beholding him far off,
They who had ministered unto him hope

'Tis his last agony: The Temple's veil
Is rent; revealing the most holy place,
Wherein the cherubim their wings extend,
O'ershadowing the mercy-seat of God:
Appalled, the leaning soldier feels the spear
Shake in his grasp; the planted standard falls
Upon the heaving ground; the sun is dimmed,
And darkness shrouds the body of the Lord.

LOVE OF CHRIST IN HIS SUFFERINGS.

G. FLETCHER.

When I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find him die;
I look for angels' songs, and hear his cry:
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;
Or rather, what I find I cannot tell,
These banks so narrow are, those streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin,
Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;
Suffers to death, here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is,
For man, that could not by himself have rise,
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,
And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

What better friendship than to cover shame?
What greater love, than for a friend to die?
Yet this is better to asself the blame,
And this is greater for an enemy:
But more than this, to die, not suddenly,
Not with some common death, or easy pain,
But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
O depth without a depth, far better seen than say'n!

And yet the Son is humbled for the slave,
And yet the slave is proud before the Son:
Yet the Creator for his creature gave
Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run
From his Creator, and self-good doth shun:
And yet the Prince, and God himself doth cry
To man, his traitor, pardon not to fly;
Yet man his God, and traitor doth his Prince defy.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though all that trunk, and this fair body suit:
Ah cursed tree, and yet O blessed fruit!
That death to him, this life to us doth give:
Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew;
Sad Gethseman the bow'r of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flowers could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A man is now the author of our rise;
A garden was the place we perish'd all,
A garden is the place he pays our price:
And the old serpent with a new device,
Hath found a way himself for to beguile:
So he that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the self ground
Sparkled in ice, only the Lord, that made
All for himself, himself dissolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
Of heav'n, and earth, and God, and man forlore,

Thrice begging help of those, whose sins he bore,
And thrice denied of those, not to deny had swore.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

MONTGOMERY.

I ASK'D the heavens;—"What foe to God had done
This unexampled deed?"—The heavens exclaim
"'Twas Man;—and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I ask'd the sea;—the sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storms;—"'Twas Man,—
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
Disclos'd the abyss,—and from the centre ran."
I ask'd the earth;—the earth replied, aghast,
"'Twas Man;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
—To Man, gay smiling, thoughtless Man I went,
And ask'd him next:—*He* turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

INCARNATION, MIRACLES, AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

MILMAN.

THE Lord of Hosts hath walked
This world of Man; the one Almighty sent
His everlasting Son to wear the flesh,
And glorify this mortal human shape:—
And the blind eyes unclosed to see the Lord;
And the dumb tongues brake out in songs of praise;
And the deep grave cast forth its wondering dead;
And trembling devils murmur'd sullen homage:
Yet him, the meek, the merciful, the just,
Upon the cross his rebel people hung,
And mock'd his dying anguish.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

MILMAN.

FOR thou didst die for me, oh Son of God!
By thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou, that wert wont to stand
Alone, on God's right hand,
Before the Ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs thou healedst brought thee no relief,
The eyes thou openedst calmly view'd thy fate:
Thou, that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.

They dragg'd thee to the Roman's solemn Hall,
Where the proud Judge in purple splendour sat;
Thou stoodst a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurl'd,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When "Crucify him!" yell'd the general shout;
No hand to guard thee mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood, from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear thy shudd'ring side they piercèd;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave, t' enhance thy unslaked, burning thirst:
Thou whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bow'd thy head convulsed, and droop'd in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from thy breast the pa breath,
And every limb was wrung with agon
That head, whose veilless blaze
Fill'd angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the r suns on high.

And thou wert laid within the narrow Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding clothes bound;
The sealed stone confirm'd thy mortal Lone watchmen walk'd thy desert ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor th' immeasurable plain
Of vast Infinity inclose or circle rou

For us, for us, thou didst endure the
And thy meek spirit bow'd itself to s
To wash our souls from sin's infecting
T' avert the Father's wrathful veng flame:
Thou, that couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-gl name.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

CUNNINGHAM.

How sweet, in the musing of faith, to repair
To the garden where Mary delighted to rove;
To sit by the tomb where she breath'd her fond prayer,
And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love;
To see the bright beam which disperses her fear,
As the Lord of her soul breaks the bars of his prison,
And the voice of the angel salutes her glad ear,—
The Lord is a captive no more—"He is risen!"

O Saviour! as oft as our footsteps we bend
In penitent sadness to weep at thy grave,
On the wings of thy greatness in pity descend,
Be ready to comfort and "mighty to save."
We shrink not from scenes of desertion and wo,
If there we may meet with the Lord of our love;
Contented, with Mary, to sorrow below,
If, with her, we may drink of thy fountains above.

THE

ANGEL'S REPLY TO THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

DODDRIDGE.

Ye humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see,
The place where Jesus lay.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought—
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqu'ror could detain.

High o'er th' angelic band he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey:
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

SUFFERINGS, DEATH, AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

MONTGOMERY.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of Time,
—God's own sacrifice complete,
"It is finish'd;"—hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
—Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

THE RESURRECTION.

YOUNG.

And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose, he rose! he burst the gates of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory? He who slew
The rav'nous foe that gorged all human race!
The King of Glory he, whose glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man,
And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh, the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!
Last gasp of vanquish'd death. Shout, earth and heaven,
This sum of good to man! whose nature then
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb.
Then, then I rose; then first humanity
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in our name.

GRAHAME.

THE setting orb of night her level ray
Shed o'er the land, and on the dewy sward
The lengthened shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretched,—when in the east arose
Last of the stars, day's harbinger: no sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot:
Within the rock-bound sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The Holy One: but lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow:
The linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath,
Drifted by storms into a mountain-cave:
Bright, and more bright the circling halo beamed
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate: Nor long the reign
Of death.—The eyes that wept for human griefs
Unclose, and look around with conscious joy.
Yes; with returning life, the first emotion
That glowed in JESUS' breast of love, was joy
At man's redemption, now complete; at death
Disarmed; the grave transformed into the couch
Of faith; the resurrection and the life.
Majestical He rose: trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away;
The keepers fell; the angel, awe-struck, sunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

BARBAULD.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies:
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell on every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

CHRIST ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS.

COWPER.

IT happened on a solemn even-tide,
Soon after he who was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all their sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life
Though blameless had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared t' have done:
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.

ed, he gathered up the broken thread,
ith, and wisdom gracing all he said,
ned, illustrated, and searched so well
ider theme, on which they chose to
ell,
aching home, the night, they said, is
ar,
ist not now be parted, sojourn here—
w acquaintance soon became a guest,
ade so welcome at their simple feast;
se'd the bread, but vanished at the
rd,
ft them both exclaiming, 'Twas the
rd!
t our hearts feel all he deigned to say,
ay not burn within us by the way?

See thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home!
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in thee!

RRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

MADAN.

he day that sees him rise,
'd from our wishful eyes:
twhile to mortals given,
nds his native Heaven,
he mighty conqueror waits,
p your heads eternal gates,
unfold the radiant scene,
the King of Glory in."

round with angel-powers,
iumphant Lord and ours,
ror o'er death, hell, and sin,
e King of Glory in:
ough highest Heaven receives,
loves the earth he leaves;
returned to his throne,
calls mankind his own.

lifts his hands above;
shows the prints of love;
his gracious lips bestow
s on his church below:
us he intercedes,
nt his death he pleads;
mself prepares our place,
of the human race.

(may we ever say)
rom our head to-day,

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

DRUMMOND.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold;
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

Scarf'd in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair:
The next encrystall'd light
Submits to him his beams;
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flowers of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds
He did to Sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The milky way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend,
Above each turning sphere
That robed in glory, Heaven's King may ascend.

Now each ethereal gate,
To him hath opened been;
And Glory's King in state
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Priest
In the most holy place,
Not without blood addrest,
With glory Heaven, the earth to crown with grace.

Stars which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before
And entheate from above,
Their sovereign prince, laud, glorify, adore.

The quires of happy souls,
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless spirits of light
His trophies do extol,
And arch'd in squadron's bright,
Greet their great Victor in his Capitol.

O Glory of the Heaven!
O sole delight of Earth!
To Thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song.

From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

FLETCHER.

Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in:
At whose brave volley of siderial states,
The sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;
When, leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climb his angels wings, then open hung
Your crystal doors; so all the chorus sung
Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight;
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
The flaming Lamb, breaking through heav'n, hath passage found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interchas'd
Of olive-leaves they bore, to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried:
After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of gold.

To which the saints victorious carols sung;
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung:
The cherubim their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around:
Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
And at his feet their crowns and sceptre throw,
And all the princely souls fall on their faces low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,
Seeking their heav'n out of their heav'n to find,

Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,
And all the virgin souls in pure array,
Came dancing forth and making joyous play;
So him they led along into the courts of day.

So him they led into the courts of day,
Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
But in that house eternal peace doth play,
Acquieting the souls, that knew before
Their way to heav'n through their own blood did score,
But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as heav'n and earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his saints, midst of their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm.
And in this lower field dispacing wide,
Through windy thoughts, that would their sails misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

JESUS SEEN OF ANGELS.

TURNER.

Beyond the glittering, starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

Immortal Angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

Hail! Prince, they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these glorious robes
And royalties above.

Whilst, here, our gracious Lord vouchsaf'd
To suffer rude disdain;
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

In all his toils and conflicts here,
Their sov'reign they attend;
And pause—and wonder how at last,
This scene of love will end!

When all the powers of hell combin'd
To fill his cup of wo,
Their wond'ring eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.

As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
Amaz'd, they saw that awful sight,—
The Lord of Glory Die!

Anon he bursts the gates of death,—
Subdues the tyrant's power,
They saw th' illustrious conqueror rise,
And hail'd the blissful hour!

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"

My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the season long,
Ere she her gracious Saviour see,
And join the raptrous song.

CHARACTERS AND OFFICES.

CHRIST A PROPHET.

ANON.

PROPHET of the elder day!
How thy lustre waned away,
When the greater Prophet came
Flesh-veil'd from his throne of flame!
Thou on earth hadst peerless been,
Had not earth JEHOVAH seen.

Prophet of the latter days!
Beaming with unfading rays;
Brightness of the Father's light;
Image of his love and might;
Fill my soul with purer awe,
Than dark Sinai's fiery law.

Sprinkle with thy Paschal blood;
Lead me through each hostile flood;
Sweeten Marah's bitter spring:
O'er my path thy manna fling;
Broach the flint rock's crystal wave;
Strongly succour—promptly save!

Soothe the passions of my breast;
Guide me tow'rds the promis'd rest;
Keep thy bleeding cross in sight,
Lifted o'er the shades of night;
Bid me fear and doubt no more,
'Till I land on Canaan's shore!

CHRIST A PRIEST.

COLLYER.

O THOU, who once didst wander here,
A pilgrim's weary way;
No stranger thou, to every fear
That shakes th' inhabitant of clay;
For sorrow's stormy cloud its torrent shed,
And aim'd its thunders at thy guiltless head.

The thorns that pierc'd thy bleeding brow,
Wound, as I pass, my pilgrim feet;
A stranger I, like thee, below,
Seek in the grave my last retreat;
There shall I slumber, free from rude alarms,
From pain's sharp conflict, and from life's deep harms.

Safe from the false world's summer smiles,
Safe from the winter's angry frown,
Safe from the tempter's cruel wiles,
With thee, my Lord, I lay me down,
On thy low bed, till angels bid me rise,
And share thy triumphs in thy native skies.

CHRIST A KING.

DODDRIDGE.

YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honours of his name:
Jehovah reigns be all our song,
'Tis he thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.

Ye princes, boast no more your crowns,
But lay the glittering trifles down
In lowly honour at his feet;
A span your narrow empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Form'd like your slaves of brittle clay,
Down to the dust your sceptres bend:
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

So shall his favour'd Zion live;
In vain confed'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy;
Her sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
And endless pow'r, and endless love
Ensure her safety, and her joy.

CHRIST THE HEAD OF SAINTS AND ANGELS.

DODDRIDGE.

HAIL! great Immanuel, ever honour'd name!
Spread it, ye angels, through heavens sacred frame:
Ye sceptred cherubim before his throne,
And flaming seraphim, bow humbly down:
He is your Head; with prostrate awe adore him,
And lay, with joy, your radiant crowns before him.

Array'd in his refulgent beams ye shine,
And draw existence from his source divine;
Grateful, ye wait the signal of his hand,
Pleas'd to obey your Sov'reign's high command;
In Him the indwelling Deity admiring,
To bear his brighter image, still aspiring.

Mortals with you in cheerful homage join,—
Their sweetest songs of praise with yours combine:
Mean as we are, with griefs and sins beset,
We glory that in him we stand complete:
He is our Head, and we with you adore him,
And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts before him.

CHRIST A SHEPHERD.

CRASHAW.

HAPPY me! O happy sheep!
Whom my Shepherd deigns to keep;
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these paths of bliss;
On whose pastures, cheerful spring
All the year doth sit and sing,
And rejoicing smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery:
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her breast,
At my feet the murm'ring stream
Makes high noon forget his beam.
When my foolish weakness strays,
Tangled in forbidden ways,
He, my Shepherd is my guide,
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me; he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles;
Spreads beneath my steps a way
Clear as summer's brightest day;
While my spirit tunes new lays
To my faithful Shepherd's praise.
Come now all ye terrors, sally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable wing that covers
Brooding horror. Come thou death
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make darkness' self afraid.
There my feet, even there, shall find
Way for a resolved mind!
Still my Shepherd, still my God
Thou art with me, still thy rod,
And thy staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of thy word,
Crown'd abundance spreads my board:
While I feast, my foes do feed
Their rank malice not their need,
So that with the self-same bread
They are starv'd and I am fed.
How my head in ointment swims!
How my cup o'erlooks her brims!
So, even so still may I move
By the line of thy dear love;
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,

About my paths, so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
Lighting to eternity;
There I'll dwell, for ever there
Will I find a purer air
To feed my life with, there I'll sup
Balm, and nectar in my cup,
And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
Warm into the arms of death.

ADDISON.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare.
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the vale of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

THE HOLY SPIRIT IMPLORED.

DRYDEN.

Creator, Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

Thou Strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Thrice! Holy Fount! Thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;
Make us eternal truths receive
And practise all that we believe.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit! paid to Thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT DESIRED.

CUNNINGHAM.

Oh! come, with thy olive-branch, Spirit of love!
With all thy sweet graces, descend from above:
Bring with thee the purity, concord, repose,
Thy peaceful and permanent presence bestows.

As days of "clear shining" that follow the rain,
Thy heart-soothing presence can cheer me again:
In tenderness visit this sorrowing breast,
And make it for ever the seat of thy rest.

RELIGION.

TO RELIGION.

CLARE.

Thou sacred light, that right from wrong discerns;
Thou safeguard of the soul, thou heaven on earth;
Thou undervaluer of the world's concerns,
Thou disregarder of its joys and mirth;
Thou only home the houseless wanderers have;
Thou prop by which the pilgrim's woes are borne;
Thou solace of the lonely hermit's cave,
That beds him down to rest on fate's sharp thorn;
Thou only hope to sorrow's bosom given,
Thou voice of mercy when the weary call;
Thou faith extending to thy home in heaven;
Thou peace, thou rest, thou comfort, all in all:
O sov'reign good! on thee all hopes depend,
Till thy grand source unfolds its realizing end.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

ANON.

Traverse the world, go fly from pole to pole,
Go far as winds can blow or waters roll,
All, all is vanity, beneath the sun,
To certain death through diff'rent paths we run.
See the pale miser poring o'er his gold;
See there a galley-slave to misery sold!
Ambition's vot'ries groan beneath its weight,
The splendid victim of the toils of state.
Lo! in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow;
Love's softest pleasures terminate in wo;
Even learning ends her vast career in doubt,
And puzzling on makes nothing clearly out:
Where then is sov'reign bliss? Where doth it grow?
Know, mortal! happiness ne'er dwelt below.
Look towards Heav'n, be Heav'n thy only care;
Spurn the vile earth—go seek thy treasure there.

TRUE AND FALSE GAIETY.

COWPER.

Whom call we gay? That honour has long been
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose headachs nail them to a noonday bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs,
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with wo.

HAPPINESS NOT EARTHLY.

HEBER.

One morning in the month of May
I wander'd o'er the hill;
Tho' nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found!

The birds wild caroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd Friendship: Friendship sigh'd,
And thus her answer gave—
The few whom fortune never turn'd
Were wither'd in the grave!

I ask'd if Vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But fading from her wither'd brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint, and still,
For others' woes distress'd!

I question'd Virtue: Virtue sigh'd,
No boon could she dispense—
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble penitence.

I question'd Death—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe—
And "I am happiness," he said,
"If virtue guides thee here."

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

PARNELL.

How long, ye miserably blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight,
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord, thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness but there?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down,
To thirst and hunger, pain and wo,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he that suffered these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;

those that grieve for ill,
liar goodness still.
thoughts of parents run
ar and only son,
love his mercies show,
id more extremely so.

appy men! (or find a phrase
s your bliss with greater praise)
obedient to thy call,
easures, leaving all,
, with soul, with strength incline,
Jesus! to be thine.
r thy will, observe thy ways,
service spend their days:
, that seems to set them free,
them closer still to thee.

ESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

TOPLADY.

s! thou lovely name,
ay seat? O tell me where!
pleasure, wealth and fame,
t, 'It is not here.'
isdom of the wise
n me where it lies,
andeur of the great
liss, I seek, create.

my first desire,
cified for me,
piness aspire
e found in Thee:
aise and Thee to know,
our bliss below;
e and Thee to love
our bliss above.

s not life to live,
sence Thou deny,
hou thy presence give,
ger death—to die.
d Giver of repose,
m thy smile it flows,
l happiness are thine,
are, if Thou art mine.

eel thy love to me,
ect teems with joy;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into thy presence die!
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

RELIGION THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

SCOTT.

Is there no power our darkness to remove?
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no more?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love,
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore!
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no more!

These grateful share the gifts of nature's hand,
And in the varied scenes that round them shine
(Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand)
Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,
Sports not an insect in the spicy gale,
But claims their wonder, and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that faith and hope supply;
They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centers in eternal spring.

MONTGOMERY.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller wends his way;
Bewild'ring meteors glare around,
And tempt his wand'ring feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain:
The world's a wilderness of wo,
And life's a pilgrimage of pain!

Till mild Religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chast'ning rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach, the grave appears
The gate of paradise restor'd;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS.

ANON.

SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
From Zion's mount I heard the sound,
Gay sprang the flowerets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature amil'd around:
The voice of peace saintes mine ear;
Christ's lovely voice floats through the air.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburthen here the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
That sheathes th' avenger's glittering sword.

ANON.

PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait:
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he love's the mourner's tear;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and own'd, and bought and blest.
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Own'd—by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love—and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubts and pains.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in full belief shall die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

CHRIST'S INVITATION.

BOWDLER.

CHILD of man, whose seed below,
Must fulfil their race of wo;

Heir of want, and doubt and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain?
Oh! in thought, one night recal,
—Night of grief in Herod's hall;
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.

Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me.
I, of heaven and earth, the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word,
I forsook my Father's side,
Toiled and wept, and bled, and died.

Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise;
Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days?
Oh! if darkness round thee lower,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
'My God, my God dost thou forsake?'

Child of sin, by guilt oppress'd,
Heaves at last that throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fear'st thou now thy failing heart?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod;
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath pour'd the garden-groan.

Child of heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Saviour, serve thy Lord;
Sealed with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame:
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more;
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

CHRISTIAN LIFE, GRACES, AND PRIVILEGE.

THE SINNER CONVINCED.

COWPER.

See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain,
Peal upon peal redoubling all around,
Shakes it again and faster to the ground;
Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play
Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away.
Ere yet it came the traveller urged his steed,
And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed;
Now drenched throughout, and hopeless of his case,
He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.
Suppose, unlooked for in a scene so rude,
Long hid by interposing hill or wood,
Some mansion, neat, and elegantly dressed,
By some kind, hospitable heart possessed,
Offer him warmth, security, and rest;
Think with what pleasure, safe and at his ease,
He hears the tempest howling in the trees;
What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ,
While danger past is turned to present joy.
So fares it with the sinner, when he feels
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels;
His conscience, like a glassy lake before,
Lashed into foaming waves begins to roar;
The law grown clamorous, though silent long,
Arraigns him—charges him with every wrong—
Asserts the rights of his offended Lord,
And death or restitution is the word:
The last impossible, he fears the first,
And having well deserved, expects the worst;
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home;
Oh for a shelter from the wrath to come!

Crush me ye rocks; ye falling mountains hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide—
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
I dare not—And you need not, God replies,
The remedy you want I freely give;
The book shall teach you—read, believe, and live!
Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore:
And justice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.
A soul redeemed demands a life of praise;
Hence the complexion of his future days,
Hence a demeanour holy and unspeck'd,
And the world's hatred, as its sure effect.

THE SINNER PARDONED.

COWPER.

Now let the bright reverse be known abroad;
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.

As when a felon whom his country's laws
Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his mispent years;
If chance on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightning play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom hope has with a touch made *whole;*
'Tis heav'n, all heav'n descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of kings;
'Tis more—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
Oh! welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half so bright.
Not kindred minds alone are call'd to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join his in his praise.

FAITH.

FLETCHER.

And first came Faith, the Marshal of the field;
Weak was his mother when she gave him day;
And he at first a sick and weakly child,
As e'er with tears welcom'd the sunny ray;
Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

(So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,
Despis'd by ev'ry beast; but waxen great,
When fuller times, full strength and courage bring;
The beasts all crouching low, their king adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before;
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighting roar.)

Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the sun's impetuous course;

Nature breaks nature's laws at his command;
No force of hell or heav'n withstands his force;
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descry'd
The living semblance of his dying Lord,
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was gor'd;
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would afford.

Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest pow'rs to it from heav'n impart;
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield;
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart:
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall;
No final lust his courage might appal;
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by his fall.

So some have feign'd that Tellus' giant son,
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;
Another rose as soon as one was done,
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another;
For when he fell, and kiss'd the barren heath,
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;
And though herself was dead, yet ransom'd him from death.

C. FRY.

Faith, like a simple, unsuspecting child,
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon his God,
Sleeps on his bosom and expects no harm.
Receives with joy the promises he makes,
Nor questions of his purpose or his power;
He does not doubting ask, 'Can this be so?'
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, he disbelieves it not;
Where Reason would examine, Faith obeys,
And 'It is written,' answers every doubt.

In vain, with rude and overwhelming force,
Conscience repeats her tale of misery;
And powers infernal, wakeful to destroy,
Urge the worn spirit to despair and die.

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round;
So Faith, unmoved amidst surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

HOPE.

TEATE.

True Hope is Jacob's staffe indeed,
True Hope is no Egyptian reed,
That springs from mire, or else can feed
On dirt or mud:
By Hope just men are sanctified,
In the same ocean safe at anchor ride,
Fearlesse of wrack by wind or tide,
By ebb or flood.

Hope's the top window of that ark,
Where all God's Noahs do embark;
Hope lets in sky-light, else how dark
Were such a season!
Would'st thou not be engulph'd or drown'd,
When storms and tempests gather round,
Ere thou cast anchor, try the ground;
Hope must have reason.

Hope hath a harvest in the spring,
In winter doth of summer sing,
Feeds on the fruits while blossoming,
Yet nips no bloom:

Hope brings me home when I'm abroad;
Soon as the first step homeward's trod,
In Hope, to Thee, my God! my God!
I come, I come.

COWPER.

HOPE with uplifted foot set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.

Hope, as an anchor firm and sure hold
The Christian vessel, and defies the h
Hope! nothing else can nourish and
His new-born virtues, and preserv
pure.
Hope! let the wretch, once conscious
joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destr
Speak, for he can, and none so well
What treasures centre, what delights i
Had he the gems, the spices, and th
That boasts the treasure, all at his com
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable
Were light, when weighed against on
of thine.

CONDER.

BRIGHT morning star of bliss! whose cheering ray
Shines through the mist of dark futurity,
Illumes the night of wo,
And gilds the clouds of care;

Thou art the pulse of nature: urg'd by thee
Each different member acts his little part;
Life through the system flows,
And animates the world.

Kindled by thee, the world's bright meteors blaze:
Thy magic name is on the hero's shield:
The universe itself
Is pension'd on thy smiles.

And when from Paradise an exile driven,
Man, silent, weeping, solitary, roam'd,
Before him thou didst fly,
And strew his path with flowers.

And oft thy syren voice would charm his grief,
Like the sweet minstrel in the court of Saul,
And sing of promised bliss—
An Eden in the skies.

Thy voice is like the wild Eolian harp,
Or distant music to the listening ear,
Whose indistinctness charms,
And steals away delight.

When life's frail vessel drinks the briny wave,
Chill penury blasts, and storms of care descend,
Anchor'd on thee secure,
She weathers out the storm.

The dungeon knows thy voice: nor gates nor bars
Can Hope exclude,—the poor man's comforter,
The antidote to pain,
The conqueror of death:—

For when this frame decays, and death appears,
Recliu'd on thee the sufferer breathes his last;
And on thy wings he soars,
To stand before his God.

CAMPBELL.

PADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly!
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun,
Where Time's far wand'ring tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume,
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb.
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody:
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion-hill!
Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home and whither art thou fled!
Back to thy heav'nly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n
With sounds that shook the firmament of heav'n,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On blick'ring wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms, beyond the reach of thought,

But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run
Curbs the red yoke and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!
Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
The joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decay'd!
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heav'n's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay'd shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

CHARITY.

COWPER.

True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green:
Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies:
To look at Him, who formed us and redeemed,
So glorious now, though once so disesteemed;
To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
T' uphold the boundless scenes of his command;
To recollect, that, in a form like ours,
He bruised beneath his feet th' infernal powers,
Captivity led captive, rose to claim
The wreath he won so dearly in our name;
That, throned above all height, he condescends
To call the few that trust in him his friends;
That in the Heaven of heavens, that space he deems
Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams,
And shines, as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
That sight imparts a never-dying flame,
Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace.

PRIOR.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind;
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride:
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes:
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even;
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows:
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye perceives the distant planets pass;
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can shew;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet are we able only to survey,
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd:
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne:

Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature, still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive ——— ———
Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

THE UNION OF THE THREE GRACES.

ANON.

Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.

Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above:
These are the means, but this the end;
For saints for ever love.

FORTITUDE.

BARBAULD.

Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threatning stands
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands, and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

"Come then, my soul, now learn to wield,
The weight of thine immortal shield;"
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror, and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

MILTON.

Many are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feels within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

NORRIS.

Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign,
My heart itself, as its delight, is thine,
My little all I give to Thee,
Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy Son, to me.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish, that I had still to give:
I hear thy voice, Thou bid'st me quit
My paradise, I bless and do submit;
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thy angel to sheathe up his sword.

CHATTERTON.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts, is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Incroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God is waiting still to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my east, my Sun, reveals.

BAXTER.

Lord it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short; yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by his door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful dales;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all;
And I shall be with Him.

HUMILITY.

HABINGTON.

How cheerfully the unpartiall Sunne
Gilds with his beams
The narrow streames
O' the brooke, which silently doth runne
Without a name!
And disdains to lend his flames
To the wide channell of the Thames!

The largest mountains barren lye,
And lightning feare,
Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie;
Which in one houre
We've seen the opening earth devour
When in their height they proudest were

he humble man heaves up his head.
Like some rich vale
Whose fruits ne'er faile,
Vith flowers, with corne, and vines o'erspread;
Nor doth complaine
O'erflowed by an ill-season'd raine,
r battered by a storme of haile.

Like a tall ship with treasure fraught,
He, the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere:
But when they are to a tempest wrought;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high
By swelling of the waves appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of human pride
To the lowest ebbe, that o'er his course
(Which rudely bore
Down what opposed it heretofore)
His feeblest enemies may stride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe. He brings
The cottager
And doth preferre
Him to the adored state of kings:
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tann'd,
The all-commanding sceptre beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundless sway;
Since in their sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves,
Beware, for they are their own shelves:
Man still himself hath cast away.

JOY.

ANON.

THERE is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone!

This stream doth water paradise,
It makes the angels sing,
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know:
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou Lord hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap; but O, for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!
Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin:
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

BARBAULD.

JOY to the followers of the Lord!
Thus saith the sure, the eternal word,
Not of earth the joy it brings,
Tempered in celestial springs.

'Tis the joy of pardoned sin,
When conscience cries, 'Tis well within;
'Tis the joy that fills the breast
When the passions sink to rest.

'Tis a joy that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh and weep;
It spreads itself in holy deeds,
With sorrow sighs, in pity bleeds.

Stern and awful are its tones,
When the patriot martyr groans,
And the throbbing pulse beats high,
To rapture, mixed with agony.

A tenderer, softer form it wears,
Dissolved in love, dissolved in tears,
When humble souls a Saviour greet,
And sinners clasp the mercy-seat.

'Tis joy e'en here! a budding flower,
Struggling with snows, and storm and shower,
And waits the moment to expand,
Transplanted to its native land!

CONTENTMENT.

COWPER.

Fierce passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

"Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said;
"Then how canst thou complain?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain!

If thou of murm'ring would'st be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love, for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.

'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.

In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day;
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."

Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repining spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

COWPER.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside; there's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Sampson his green withs.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: His t'enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial gratitude inspir'd,
Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind,
With worthy thoughts of that unmeasured love,
That plann'd and built, and still upholds a world,
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man

POLLOK.

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,"
Who first of all, the bands of Satan breaks;
Who breaks the bands of sin; and for his soul,
In spite of fools, consulteth seriously;
In spite of fashion, perseveres in good;
In spite of wealth or poverty, upright;
Who does as reason, not as fancy bids;
Who hears temptation sing, and yet runs not
Aside; sees sin bedeck her flowery bed,
And yet will not go up; feels at his heart

unsheathed, yet will not sell the

g power, has not the will to hurt;
ashamed to be, or have a slave;
ight makes blush but sin, fears
but God;
ly, in strong integrity
idst want, or riches, or disgrace,
simly sat, and heard the waves
folly breaking at his feet,
with praise, now hoarse with foul
ch,
espised sincerely; seeking this
approbation of his God,
with conscience witnessed to his
—
freedom, such as angels use,
d to the liberty of God.

RETIREMENT.

COWPER.

the world, O Lord! I flee,
life and tumult far;
s where Satan wages still
successful war.

etreat, the silent shade,
ty'r and praise agree;
by thy sweet bounty, made
s who follow thee.

y Spirit touch the soul,
e her mean abode,
what peace, and joy, and love,
mmunes with her God!

the nightingale, she pours
ary lays;
witness of her song,
ts for human praise.

Guardian of my life,
urce of light divine;
rmonious names in one,)
our, thou art mine!

s I owe thee, and what love
less, endless store,

Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

PILGRIMAGE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staffe of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joye, (immortal diet!)
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
—And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soul, like peaceful palmer,
Travelleth tow'rds the land of heaven;
Other balm will not be given.

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowle of blisse,
And drink mine everlasting fill,
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after that will thirst no more.

BARBAULD.

Lo where a crowd of pilgrims toil
Yon craggy steeps among!
Strange their attire and strange their mien
As wild they press along.

Their eyes with bitter streaming tears
Now bend towards the ground;
Now rapt, to heaven their looks they raise,
And bursts of song resound.

And hark! a voice from 'midst the throng
Cries, "Stranger, wouldst thou know
Our name, our race, our destined home,
Our cause of joy or wo,—

"Our country is Emmanuel's land
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

"Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

"The flowers that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look:—

"We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before;—

"Our powers are oft dissolved away,
In extacies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above:—

"We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is begun."

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

DR. MOORE.

I QUIT the world's fantastic joys,
Her honours are but empty toys,
Her bliss an empty shade;
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
That glitter for a while and die,
Her glories flash and fade.

Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
'Tis all too mean for me:
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold and fervent wishes rise,
My God, to heav'n and thee.

O source of glory, life, and love!
When to thy courts I mount above,
On contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain,
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.

Thy beauties rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With rapture fill my breast;
Though robb'd of all my worldly store,
In thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

J. TAYLOR.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets forbear,
Ye dearest idols fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherish'd joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads;
Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds:
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound!

O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare!
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexprest;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son,
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O thou, by whom we come to God;
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

BOWRING.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble prayer ascends—O Father, hear it;
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness:
Forgive its weakness!

I know—I feel how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice I pour before thee:
What can I offer thee, O Thou most holy!
But sin and folly.

Lord in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—
Our hearts forget them!

We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:
We hear thy voice—it counsels, and it courts us;
And then we turn away! and still thy kindness
Pardons our blindness!

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling!
Oh! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And never love thee!

Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom,
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower, brought safe through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

HEBER.

Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

THE LITANY.

BRIDGES.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to thee,
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O! by all the pains and wo,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness,—
By the dread permitted hour,
Of th' insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn, a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,—
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,—
By the anguished tear that told,
Treachery lurked within thy fold,—
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies,
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

PRAISE.

BARBAULD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

Spring with bounteous hand
o'er the smiling land:
liberal Autumn pours
r rich o'erflowing stores.

thee, my God, we owe;
vhence all our blessings flow;
these my soul shall raise
vows, and solemn praise.

uld rising whirlwinds tear
stem the ripening ear;
he fig-tree's blasted shoot
r green, untimely fruit;—

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;—

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:—

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

HEBER.

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The Sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The Moon and Stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall Man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall Man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and Saviour, honour Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lull'd—the Sun and Moon forget their old decree,
But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee!

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

SPENSER.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base
That may compassion of these evils move?
There is;—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace

Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly Love to man have such regard?—

HEMANS.

Are ye forever to your skies departed?
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?
Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
Thro' Eden's fresh, and flowering shades of yore?
Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,
And ye—our faded earth beholds you not!

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
Man wandered from his Paradise away;
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
Came down, high guests! in many a later day,
And with the Patriarchs under vine and oak,
Midst noontide calm, or hush of evening spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,
Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,
That saw your hosts ascending and descending,
On those bright steps between the earth and sky;
Trembling he woke and bow'd o'er glory's trace,
And worshipp'd awe-struck in that fearful place.

By Chebar's brook ye pass'd, such glory wearing,
As mortal vision might but ill endure;
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure!*
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive-Mount, by night appearing,
Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done!—
Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,
Fraught with the breath of God to aid his Son?—
Haply of those that on the moonlit plains,
Wafted good-tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours!—your heavenly dwelling
Ye left, and by th' unseal'd sepulchral stone
In glorious raiment sat; the weepers telling
That He they sought, had triumph'd, and was gone!—
Now have ye left us for the brighter shore,
Your presence lights the lonely groves no more!

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet?
Tho' the fresh glory of those days be over,
When, midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met?

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* Ezekiel: chap. i.

Are ye not near when Faith and Hope rise high,
When Love by strength o'ermasters agony?

Are ye not near, when sorrow unrepining,
Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?
When Martyrs, all things for his sake resigning,
Lead on the march of death serenely brave?
Dreams!—but a deeper thought our souls may fill,
One, one *is* near—a Spirit, holier still!

THE CHRISTIAN.

COWPER.

Honour and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expences of his heavenly birth.

The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth, I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

PARAPHRASES OF SCRIPTURE.

THE FIRST WANDERER.

Gen. iii. 23, 24.

JEWSBURY.

CREATION'S Heir! the first, the last,
That knew the world his own;
Yet stood he 'mid his kingdom vast
A fugitive—o'erthrown!
Faded and frail the glorious form,
And changed the soul within,
While pain, and grief, and strife, and storm,
Told the dark secret—SIN!

Unaided and alone on earth,
He bade the heavens give ear;
But every star that sang his birth,
Kept silence in its sphere.
He saw round Eden's distant steep
Angelic legions stray;—
Alas! they were but sent to keep
His guilty foot away.

Then turned he reckless to his own—
The world, before him spread,
But nature's was an altered tone,
And spoke rebuke and dread.
Fierce thunder-peal, and rocking gale,
Answered the storm-swept sea,
While crashing forests joined the wail,
And all said "Cursed for thee!"

This spoke the lion's prowling roar;
And this the victim's cry;
This written in defenceless gore,
Forever met his eye!
And not alone each fiercer power
Proclaimed just Heaven's decree:
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
Alike said,—"Cursed for thee!"

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength,—
They too proclaimed the ban.
'Twas heard amid their hostile spears!
Owned in the murderer's doom;
Seen in the widow's silent tears;
Felt in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the Wanderer's after fate,
His being, birth, or name:
Enough that all have shared his state,
That MAN is still the same.
Still briar and thorn his life o'ergrow;
Still strives his soul within;
And pain, and care, and sorrow shew
The same dark secret—SIN!

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

Gen. iv. 15, 16.

KNOX.

O THE wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And lo! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—
A vagabond smote by the vengeance of God.

All nature to him has been blasted and banned,
And the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand;
And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
For her tender cares, and her innocent breath,
But stir in his soul the hot embers of wrath.

And his offering may blaze—unregarded by Heaven;
And his spirit may pray—yet remain unforgiv'n;
And his grave may be closed—but no rest to him bring:
O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!

THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH.

Gen. v. 24.

MONTGOMERY.

SUBLIME, ineffable, angelic grace
Beam'd in his meek and venerable face;
And sudden glory streaming round his head,
O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread:
His earthly features grew divinely bright,
His essence seem'd transforming into light.
Brief silence, like the pause between the flash,
At midnight, and the following thunder-crash,
Ensued:—Anon, with universal cry,
The Giants rush'd upon the prophet—"Die!"
The King leapt foremost from his throne;—he drew
His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew;
With an unerring, and tempestuous sound,
The blade descended deep along the ground;
The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length;
But ere his Chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
He sprung upon his feet in pale alarm;
Headlong and blind with rage he searched around,
But *Enoch walk'd with God, and was not found.*

THE DELUGE.

Gen. vii. viii.

ROBARTS.

From the hill
Stout timber Noah fell'd, and shap'd the ark
Obedient: huge the vessel's bulk, and built
With spacious entrance; nor was wanting food
For cattle, or for man. God gave the word;
The Patriarch enter'd, and the door was clos'd.

While shine the breaking billows, silver foam,
Prognosticating storm; the screaming mew,
And rav'nous bittern skim along the brine
Low dropping, or their pinions half inclose
In the dark spray; bright spots of ruddy fire
Flecker the azure vault, with dusky hue
Deep skirted, couriers of the storm—anon
With furious expedition falls the rain
Darting impetuous down; the scowling sky
Darkness invests, deep doleful shade, one night,
Night palpable; save where athwart the gloom
The glaring vollied lightning serv'd to shew
Sad piteous scenes of horror and dismay;
Despairing victims struggling up the elm,
Or ragged oak, and in a moment swept
By fury irresistible; some gain
The rock, and thence with haggard look descry
Their wives, their panting children in mid way
Pursu'd, or dash'd against the pointed cliff,
Sad sport of whirlwinds. At thy stern rebukes
Lord of the roaring tempest, at thy voice
The waters swift ascend the rough steep cliff!
And in the bosom of the vale down sink
At once: and hark! the Ocean's thundering gate
Has burst its hinge, and on the continent
Disgorg'd its might; while on the winged storm
Terror triumphant rides. The dismal dash
Of wave on wave, loud howling winds, the Earth
Rent to her centre by a thousand shocks,
Each shock, a ruin, only sounds the trump
Of elemental war, a pregnant cloud
Dilated, like one dark pavilion hangs,
Dreadful suspense! then bursts with all its rage
Collected: cataracts of smoking rain
Their wild displeasure spend; earth-delving spouts,
Swift hurricanes, hails, blasting vollies, land
Made sea, the sea one wide waste infinite.
Deep groan the heaving caverns: mineral wrath
Sublim'd, with nitrous vapour from beneath
Ascends, and subterraneous thunder shakes
The solid centre of the teeming Earth.

The Spirit of the waters stalks abroad
Exulting in the storm, and drives the wind
Transverse along heaven's champaign, which 'gin blow
In hardy opposition. He with arm
Gigantic, and grim joy, troubles the deep,
Which rose from earth to heav'n: the lashing surge
Impetuous rolls, and had a ship been there,
Devouring winds had torn the cracking mast
To atoms piecemeal, or had blown it, light
As buoyant gossamer, between the ridge
Of riding waves; a horrible gulph and dark
Yawns ghastly, and at intervals displays
A grave of living horror.

Full forty nights, and forty days, the rain
Fell unremitted: mountains, rivers, rocks
Sunk in contentious waves. Thy ark alone
O Noah, (so the Sov'ran Architect
Ordain'd) surviv'd the wreck: nor did that ark
Want sail, or steerage, by a hand divine
Guided invisible. Of cypress built
And gopher, buoyant wood, she won her way
Like some rich merchant's vessel, laden deep
With Macao's spicy freightage: naught
The hulk, and close asphaltos, unctuous mass,
From chafing waves, from pungent salt secure.
"Cease rain" pronounc'd th'Almighty—the rain ceas'd.

Again the fleecy cloud with orient pearl
Was sown, and glowing sapphire. High the sun

eridian glory; and the waves
sunk as if by gentle stealth
On Ararat the ark
om whose brow the patriarch sent
ve,
ier; she nor green tree found nor

printless foot, but hied her home
ed breast, and plumage sprent
ew.
s her second embassy? a shoot
heerful green, upon her bill
eful: trembling haste, and eager

a the eye of Noah as he greets
riterion of abated flood.
prunes her wing; but not again
r barriers, shall the bird return;
e well-known mead, or grove, a

es, and warbles wild her artless

ambrosial nectar from the rill.

all nature drest in freshest green,
the dregs of grosser earth, which

had swept away. Mild Zephyr

breezes, which the meadows'

it, as they blow; so brave a world
so passing fair, that the eye hung
l of its charms. Thy cautious hand,
larch, wide the lattice of the ark
curious dome; upon whose roof
l the chronicle of month and day;
sun, quivering thro' her sable gate,
a gleam of thousand golden plumes
led insects, eyes of living fire,
ieir mingled radiance thro' the

ind uprais'd, and firm, not hasty

urch disembarks: white shone his

of reverend age; and white his

h snow on Rhodope: his look
chastis'd by temperance and fear,
as wisdom prompts, as angels feel.

Fear not, O Earth: contentious waves no more
With bitter blast shall sweep thy gallant sons,
Like trembling leaves, away! thy sure appeal
Is yon bright curve, thy sure protection, God.
Oft shall the bright reflection paint the lap
Of Arcady, where old Penëus curls
His silver wave translucent; there the swain
On sloping lawn, or level down, shall mark
The gaudy phantom melting into air,
Of pasture fresh, and gray unclouded dawn
Sure presage! oft shall God gladden the groves
Of myrrh, and the sweet wilderness of balm
With showers, and from his gay enamelled bow
Shed lucid fruitfulness; some aged spire
Shall rise behind in pensive ivy clad,
And awful silence crown the lovely scene.

Far o'er the horizon of the troubled sea,
What time the storm retires, the bow shall dip
Its woof in sky-grain'd tincture, from the back
Of some dun cloud emerging by degrees,
All bright, all vivid: this, Philosophy,
Deep musing maid, shall oft at eve descry,
And with her crystal prism contract, dilate
Its frangible and parti-coloured rays,
Thy boon, Astronomy's advent'rous child,
Sage Newton! this religion's votary
Shall greet with rapture, shall with pray'r pursue;
And to his progeny the cause explain.
"Rejoice, my Son, and on thy heart pourtray
Yon mystic characters, that stamp the cloud.
Once was the world degenerate, once was sunk
In wasting waters; but by yon fair bow
The Almighty swore, that not again should Man
Provoke his vengeance to let tempests loose
Against this goodly earth. Hence in the clouds
He checks the map of waters; hence rebukes
The roaring sea, if haply his proud surge
High swell impetuous; seals the vast abyss;
And locks the fountains of the unfathom'd deep."

Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle;
On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow,
On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all,—but Sodom's soul
Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury;
Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and taunting, spoke
Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne:—
It came! The thunder on her slumber broke:—
God spake the word of wrath! Her dream was done.

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messenger, and pausing Heaven
Pleaded with man, but she was quite imbued,
Her last hour waned, she scorned to be forgiven!

'Twas done!—down pour'd at once the sulphurous shower,
Down stoop'd, in flame, the heaven's red canopy.
Oh! for the arm of God in that fierce hour!—
'Twas vain, nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin;—
Still stoop'd the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze;
The earthquake heaved!—then sank the hideous din!—
Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

AR IN THE DESERT.

Gen. xxi. 14, 20.

MRS. TIGHE.

hopeless, faint, and weary,
ant, and forlorn,
a desert wild and dreary,
i the child of scorn.

peak a mother's anguish,
that tearless eye,
olds her darling languish,
nrelieved, and die.

apty pitcher fails her,
vith thirst he lies,
deep despair assails her,
for aid he cries.

lreadful image flying,
ushes from the sight;
lies of dying,
e her soul's delight?

t of every hope,
the burning ground,
doned soul! look up,
e thy sorrows found.

ngel of the Lord,
great distress to cheer;
he gracious word,
i relief is near.

leaven! though man forsake thee,
vainly dost thou mourn?
dream of wo awake thee,
ised child return.

e eyes, behold yon fountain,
'mid those fruitful trees;
th yon sheltering mountain
hee green bowers of ease.

ur of sore affliction,
een and pitied thee;
in the sweet conviction,
:forth his care shalt be.

re by doubts distressed,
a mighty race!

By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting place;"—

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven,
Found thee in thy abject state.

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning
'Mid the desert of the world,
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished pleasures hurled:

See thy great deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain,
Bids thee on his love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eye the mist dispelling,
Lo! the well of life he shews,
In his presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects, rich in blessing,
Open to thy hopes secure;
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

Gen. xlvii. 7—10.

GRAHAME.

PHARAOH, upon a gorgeous throne of state
Was seated; while around him stood submiss
His servants, watchful of his lofty looks.
The Patriarch enters, leaning on the arm
Of Benjamin. Unmoved by all the glare
Of royalty, he scarcely throws a glance
Upon the pageant show; for from his youth
A shepherd's life he led, and viewed each night
The starry host; and still, where'er he went,
He felt himself in presence of the Lord.
His eye is bent on Joseph,—him pursues.
Sudden the king descends; and, bending, kneels
Before the aged man, and supplicates
A blessing from his lips! the aged man

Lays on the ground his staff, and stretching forth
His tremulous hand o'er Pharaoh's uncrown'd head,
Prays that the Lord would bless him and his land.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

Ex. ii. 5, 6.

GRAHAME.

SLOW glides the Nile: amid the marginflags,
Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left,—
Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
Approach the river bank,—approach the spot
Where sleeps the innocent; she sees them stoop
With meeting plumes; the rushy lid is oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears:—
As when along a little mountain-lake,
The summer south-wind breathes, with gentle sigh,
And parts the reeds unveiling as they bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.

MOSES IN THE DESERT.

Ex. iii.

MONTGOMERY.

Go where a foot hath never trod,
Through unfrequented forests flee;
The wilderness is full of God,
His presence dwells in every tree.

To Israel and to Egypt dead,
Moses the fugitive appears;
Unknown he lived, till o'er his head
Had fall'n the snow of four score years.

But God the wandering exile found
In his appointed time and place;
The desert-sand grew holy ground,
And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.

The lowly bush a tree became,
A tree of beauty and of light,
Involv'd with unconsuming flame,
That made the moon around it night.

Thence came the eternal voice that spake
Salvation to the chosen seed;
Thence went the Almighty arm, that brake
Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel freed.

By Moses, old, and slow of speech,
These mighty miracles were shown,
Jehovah's Messenger!—to teach
That power belongs to God alone.

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

Ex. ix. 22.

ANON.

'TWAS morn—the rising splendour roll'd
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court, and gallery below,
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
The bearers of the bow and spear;
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemm'd and glitt'ring page—
Helm, turban, and tiara shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride;
His cheek with storm, and time was tann'd;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near.
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,
He clasp'd not sandal, kiss'd not throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words—"Be just, O King!"
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the Chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell:
All mute and moveless as the grave
Stood chill'd the satrap and the slave.

ome," at length the monarch

d high the words outbroke:
weary of its lair,
d peel'd, the shoulder bare?—
the answer to your band:
e wind; go plough the sand;
f the living vile,
s never-ending pile,
t of the nameless dead,
on their flesh is fed.
r asks the howling slave
ise life our bounty gave?"—

pride the turban'd peers,
o heaven the golden spears.
ion and thine are doom'd!—
!."
t spoke.—The thunder roll'd;
pathway of the sun
rous mountains, wild and dun.
is time," the prophet said—
is staff—the storm was stay'd.
the word of freedom given:
ion man, to war with heaven?"

no word.—The thunder broke!
e city's final smoke,
l, stifling, mix'd with flame,
urt and hail the vapours came.
e stubble of the field,
the men of spear and shield;
ke foam along the wave,
road pageant, prince and slave:
chains of terror bound,
-like, on the smould'ring ground.
ing! the wrath is but begun—
?—then Heaven, thy will be

m earth a hollow roar,
on the midnight shore;
lightning o'er them wheel'd,
round beneath them reel'd;
k roof and battlement;
the giant-walls were rent;
, before his startled gaze,
ch saw his Egypt blaze.
l the plague—the flame grew pale;
the clouds the charge of hail;
wy keenness, iron weight,
r'd the ministers of fate;

Till man and cattle, crush'd, congeal'd,
Cover'd with death the boundless field.

Still swell'd the plague, uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roar'd the sea:
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where are they?—ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of earth's richest zone,
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulphs the land the furious tide.
Then bow'd thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groan'd "Be injured Israel free."

To heaven the sage upraised the wand;
Back roll'd the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapours pale;
Broad burn'd again the joyous sun;
The hour of wrath and death was done.

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

Ex. xii. 29, 30.

ANON.

When life is forgot, and night hath power,
And mortals feel no dread;
When silence and slumber rule the hour,
And dreams are round the head;
God shall smite the first-born of Egypt's race,
The destroyer shall enter each dwelling place—
Shall enter and choose his dead.

"To your homes," said the leader of Israel's host,
"And slaughter a sacrifice:

Let the life-blood be sprinkled on each door-post,
Nor stir till the morn arise;
And the Angel of Vengeance shall pass you by,
He shall see the red stain, and shall not come nigh
Where the hope of your household lies."

The people hear, and they bow them low—
Each to his house hath flown;
The lamb is slain, and with blood they go,
And sprinkle the lintel-stone;
And the doors they close when the sun hath set,
But few in oblivious sleep forget
The judgment to be done.

'Tis Midnight—yet they hear no sound
Along the the lone, still, street;
No blast of a pestilence sweeps the ground,
No tramp of unearthly feet,
Nor rush as of harpy wing goes by,
But the calm moon floats in the cloudless sky,
'Mid her wan light clear and sweet.

Once only, shot like an arrowy ray,
A pale blue flash was seen,
It pass'd so swift, the eye scarce could say
That such a thing had been:
Yet the beat of every heart was still,
And the flesh crawl'd fearfully and chill,
And back flow'd every vein.

The courage of Israel's bravest quail'd
At the view of that awful light,
Though the blood of their offering avail'd
To shield them from its might;
They felt 'twas the Spirit of Death had past,
That the brightness they saw, his cold glance had cast
On Egypt's land that night:—

That his fearful eye had unwarn'd struck down
In the darkness of the grave,
The hope of that empire, the praise of its crown,
The first-born of lord and slave:—
The lovely, the tender, the ardent, the gay,
Where were they?—all wither'd in ashes away,
At the terrible death-glare it gave.

From the couches of slumber ten thousand cries
Burst forth 'mid the silence dread—
The youth by his living brother lies
Sightless, and dumb, and dead!
The infant lies cold at his mother's breast,
She had kiss'd him alive as she sank to rest,
She awakens—his life hath fled!

And shrieks from the palace-chambers break—
Their inmates are steep'd in wo,
And Pharaoh hath found his proud arm too weak
To arrest the mighty blow:
Wail, King of the Pyramids! Egypt's throne
Cannot lighten thy heart of a single groan
For thy kingdom's heir laid low.

Wail, King of the Pyramids—Death hath cast
His shafts through thine empire wide,
But o'er Israel in bondage his rage hath past,
No first-born of her's hath died—
Go, Satrap! command that the captive be free,
Lest their God in fierce anger should smite even thee,
On the crown of thy purple pride.

ROGERS.

'Tis midnight—'tis midnight o'er Egypt's dark sky,
And in whirlwind and storm the sirocco sweeps by:
All arid and hot is its death-breathing blast,—
Each sleeper breathes thick, and each bosom beats fast.

And the young mother wakes and arouses from rest,
And presses more closely her babe to her breast;
But the heart that she presses is death-like and still,
And the lips that she kisses are breathless and chill.

And the young brother clings to the elder in fear,
As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad on his ear;
But that brother returns not the trembling embrace:
He speaks not—he breathes not—death lies in his place.

And the first-born of Egypt are dying around;
'Tis a sigh—'tis a moan—and then slumber more sound:
They but wake from their sleep, and their spirits have fled—
They but wake into *life*, to repose with the *dead*.

And there, lay the infant still smiling in death,
And scarce heaved its breast as it yielded its breath;
And there lay the boy, yet in youth's budding bloom,
With the calmness of sleep—but the hue of the tomb!

And there, fell the youth in the pride of his prime,
In the morning of life—in the spring-tide of crime:
And unnerv'd is that arm, and fast closed is that eye,
And cold is that bosom which once beat so high.

And the fond mother's hope, and the fond father's trust,
And the widow's sole stay, are returning to dust:
Egypt has not a place where there is not one dead,
From the proud monarch's palace to penury's shed.

And the hearths of that country are desolate now.
And the crown of her glory is struck from her brow:
But while proud Egypt trembles, all Israel is free—
Unfetter'd—unbound as the wave of the sea.

ISRAEL DELIVERED.

Ex. xiv.

ROLLESTONE.

for that spirit, which on Moses' lyre
d from the font of light celestial fire;
rich, 'mid Sion's courts, in later day,
d to sublime the monarch-prophet's
ay!
igh the theme these numbers would
hearse,
as e'er blest the happier sons of verse!
lon fettered, from a tyrant-land
hed by an arm outstretched, and mighty
and;
Through pathless wilds, by signs and wonders led,
While swept twice twenty summers o'er its head;
And taught at length to rear its infant throne
In distant lands and regions not its own.
And ask of days that were from elder time,
Ask of yon orb which visits every clime,
If e'er they heard, since first they rolled along,
A theme so worthy of an angel's song!
Great was the shout from glad Arabia's shore,
"Sunk is Nile's warrior pride, to rise no more!"

Sublime the triumph swells! to him, the Lord,
The God of battles, wakes each tuneful chord;
Their full applause the deep-mouthed clarions raise,
And virgin-timbrels join their softer praise:
From thousand altars holy perfumes rise,
And myriads bow in one vast sacrifice.

Are these the tribes, which late by Sihor's tide
Wept o'er their wrongs, and loud for vengeance cried?
For them hope beamed not; but a night profound,
An endless night, seemed gathering fast around:
Yet did the day-spring rise; the captive's groan
Went not unheeded to his Father's throne:
He heard the mother's shriek, in anguish wild,
Ask from the tyrant's hand her murdered child:
He saw the toiling slave, the inhuman lord,
And the keen tortures of the knotted cord.
Thrice favoured race! Jehovah's parent eye
Marked every tear, and numbered every sigh;
And though full many a dreary age had shed
Slavery's worst woes upon the unsheltered head,
Though dark and long the night, yet morn could bring
Joy in its eye, and healing on its wing.
And lo! he comes, the Seer whom Greece would claim
Her guardian-power by many a fabled name;
Meekest of men, by God's own voice decreed,
His chosen flock, with shepherd-care to lead;
For this, was mercy's arm out-stretch'd to save
His infant promise from an early grave,
When Nile's tame billow kissed his rushy bed,
And the green snake played harmless o'er his head;
For this, when science taught his wondering view
To read the stars, and look all nature through;
When wealth and honour led his youth along,
And pleasure wooed him with her siren song,
For this, (as warmed he felt his spirit rise,
And, kindling, claim its high-born destinies,)
For this he spurned them all; and now his hand
Sheds pale dismay on Egypt's trembling land,
And waves exulting the triumphant rod,
Israel's release, and symbol of his God!

'Tis past—that hour of death! the eye of light
On its own towers looks down, in glory bright:
Yet ne'er on host so vast its golden beam,
Waking, hath shone, as now; with mighty stream
Of mingled man and herd, from Goshen's land
Pours frequent forth, a more than locust-band.

They go; but all is silent as the tomb!
For look! where, columned high, in massy gloom,
Deep as the darkness of the coming storm,
Moves slow before the host a giant-form;
And see, as all the twilight landscape fades,
A pale and dubious light the mass pervades,
And, as the night rolls on, the wondrous frame
Pours a broad glare, and brightens into flame.
'Tis not the beacon-fire, which wakes from far
The wandering sons of rapine and of war;
'Tis not of night's fair lamp the silvery beam,
Nor the quick-darting meteors angry gleam;
No! 'tis the pillar'd cloud, the torch of Heaven,
Pledge of the present God, by mercy given;
The sacred boon, by Providence supplied,
By day to cover, and by night to guide.
And He, the great, the Eternal Lord, whose might
All being owns, "who spake and there was light,"
Who gave the sun the tower of day to keep,
And the pale moon to watch o'er nature's sleep;
He, present still, shall aid, shall safety yield;
Thy lamp by night, by day thy guide and sh e

But see! where Egypt comes! with steed and car,
And thousands, panting for the spoils of war;
Bold waves her plume, and proud her banners gleam,
As now they bask in Victory's golden beam:
The war-trump speaks: madd'ning she spurns the shores,
And through the yawning surges headlong pours.—

But where is Egypt now? Where all her might,
Her steeds, her cars, her thousands armed for fight?
Where is the banner'd pride that waved so high?
And where the trump that told of victory?—
All, all are past! the chained and fettered deep,
Loosed from its bonds, at one tremendous sweep
Whelmed all their hopes, and not a wreck is seen,
To tell to future times, that they had been!

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

Ex. xv. 20, 21.

T. MOORE.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd! his people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave:
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd! his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow—his breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide!
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd! his people are free!

BALAK AND BALAAM.

Numb. xxiii, xxiv.

ANON.

UPON the hill the Prophet stood;
King Balak in the rocky vale,
Around him, like a fiery flood,
Flashed to the sun his men of mail.

'Twas morn;—'twas noon;—the sacrifice
Still rolled its sheeted flame to heaven;
Still on the Prophet turned their eyes,
Nor yet the fearful CURSE was given.

'Twas eve;—the flame was feeble now,
Dried was the victim's purple blood;
The sun was rushing broad and low
Upon the murmuring multitude.

"Now curse, or die!"—The gathering roar
Around him, like a tempest, came;
Again the altar streamed with gore;
And blushed again the sky with shame.

The Prophet was in prayer;—he rose,
His mantle from his face he flung;
He listened, where the mighty foes
To Heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camp, like endless clouds,
Mixed with the horizon's distant blue;
Saw on the plain their marshalled crowds;
Heard the high strain their trumpets blew.

A sudden spirit on him came,
A sudden fire was in his eye;
His tongue was touched with hallowed flame,
The "Curser" swelled with prophecy.

"How shall I curse whom God hath bless'd?
With whom he dwells, with whom shall dwell!"
He clasped his pale hands on his breast,
"Then, be thou blest, O Israel!"

"Be Israel cursed," was in his soul,
But on his lip the wild words died;
He paused, till on its myriads stole
The night; again the "Curse" he tried.

A whirlwind from the desert rushed,
Deep thunder echoed round the hill;
King, prophet, multitude, were hushed;
The thunder sank, the blast was still!

Broad in the East a new-born STAR
On cloud, hill, desert, poured its blaze!
The prophet knew the SIGN afar,
And on it fixed his shuddering gaze.

"I shall behold it, but not now!
I shall behold HIM, but not nigh!
He comes to break the oppressor's bow,
To triumph, suffer, weep, and die!

"All power is in his hand; the world
Is dust beneath his trampling heel;
The thunder from his lips is hurled,
The heavens beneath his presence reel.

"He comes, a stranger to his own!
With the wild bird and fox he lies—
The King! who makes the stars his throne,
A wanderer lives—an outcast dies!

"Proud Israel! o'er thy diadem
What blood shall for his blood be poured!
Until that Star again shall beam,
Again JEHOVAH be the Lord!"

The Prophet ceased in awe; the STAR
Rose broader o'er the boundless plain,
Flashing on Balak's marshalled war,
On mighty Israel's farthest vane!

And sweet and solemn echoes flowed
From lips of more than mortals given;
Till in the central cope it glowed,
Then vanished in the heights of heaven.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

Judges xi. 34—40.

GRAHAME.

FROM conquest Jephtha came, with faltering step
And troubled eye; his home appears in view;
He trembles at the sight. Sad he forebodes,—
His vow will meet a victim in his child;
For well he knows, that from her earliest years,
She still was first to meet his homeward steps;
Well he remembers, how, with tottering gait,
She ran, and clasped his knees, and lisped, and looked
Her joy; and how, when garlanding with flowers
His helm, fearful, her infant hand would shrink
Back from the lion couch'd beneath the crest.
What sound is that, which, from the palm-tree grove,
Floats now with choral swell, now fainter falls
Upon the ear? It is, it is the song
He loved to hear,—a song of thanks and praise,
Sung by the patriarch for his ransomed son.
Hope from the omen springs; O blessed hope!
It may not be her voice!—Fain would he think
'Twas not his daughter's voice, that still approached,
Blent with the timbrel's note. Forth from the grove
She foremost glides of all the minstrel-band:
Moveless he stands; then grasps his belt still red
With hostile gore, but, shuddering, quits the hold;
And clasps in agony his hands—and cries,
"Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me low."—
The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

1. *Sam.* iii. 1—10.

CAWOOD.

IN Israel's fane by silent night,
The Lamp of God was burning bright;

And there by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke,
"Samuel!" it call'd, and thrice it spoke;
He rose,—he ask'd, whence came the word?
From Eli? no:—it was the Lord.

Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were bless'd.

Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

And ye, who know the Saviour's love,
And richly all his mercies prove;
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.

THE HARP OF DAVID.

1 *Sam.* xvi. 23.

BARTON.

Oh! for the harp that David swept,
At whose divine entrancing sound,
The evil spirit distance kept,
While holier visions hover'd round:
Oh, for such harp, in these our days,
To speak a God's, a Saviour's praise.

Then, e'en on earth might song out-pour
That sweet, that full, triumphant strain,
Whose grateful notes should heaven-ward soar,
And there a gracious audience gain;
While here below its hallow'd power
Should aid devotion's happiest hour.

Christian, wouldst thou such harp possess,
May grace annoint thine eye to see,
And on thy mind this truth impress,
The *heart* that instrument may be:
For never harp or lyre reveal'd,
Such music as the heart can yield.

Not in its unregenerate state,
Canst thou expect those strains to hear;
By sin unstrung, its accents grate
In discord on a heaven-touch'd ear;
Renew'd by grace, and tuned by love,
Its harmony ascends above.

Oh! then with melody it seems
To vibrate from each trembling string;
Each kindling thought and feeling teems
With songs as sweet as seraphs sing;
And music, art could never frame,
Is breathed to its REDEEMER'S NAME.

SAUL.

1 *Sam.* xxviii. 12—19.

BYRON.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the Prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!"
"King, behold the phantom-seer!"

Earth yawned; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud:
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;
His foot in bony whiteness, glittered there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, oh King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine, and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me:

Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son,
Fare thee well, but for a day;
Then we mix our mouldering clay,
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow:
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son, and sire, the house of Saul."

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

1 *Kings* xviii. 41, 45.

DARWIN.

THUS when Elijah mark'd from Carmel's brow
In bright expanse the briny flood below;
Roll'd his red eyes amid the scorching air,
Smote his firm breast, and breathed his ardent prayer;
High in the midst a massy altar stood,
And slaughter'd offerings press'd the piles of wood;
While Israel's chief the sacred hill surround,
And famish'd armies crowd the dusty ground;
While proud Idolatry was leagued with dearth,
And wither'd famine swept the desert earth,—
"Oh! Mighty Lord! thy wo-worn servant hear,
Who calls thy name in agony of prayer;
Thy fanes dishonour'd, and thy prophets slain,
Lo! I alone survive of all thy train!
Oh, send from Heaven thy sacred fire,—and pour
O'er the parch'd land the salutary shower,—
So shall thy priest thy erring flock, recal,—
And speak in thunder, thou art Lord of all."—
He cried, and kneeling on the mountain-sands,
Stretch'd high in air his supplicating hands.

Descending flames the dusky shrine illume,
Fire the wet wood, the sacred bull consume;
Wing'd from the sea the gathering mists arise,
And floating waters darken all the skies;
The King with shifted reins his chariot sends,
And wide o'er earth the airy flood descends;
With mingling cries dispersing hosts applaud,
And shouting nations own the living God.

ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

1 *Kings* xix.

MONTGOMERY.

THUS prayed the prophet in the wilderness,
"God of my fathers, look on my distress;
My days are spent in vanity and strife;
Oh! that the Lord would please to take my life!
Beneath the clods through this lone valley spread,
Now might I join the generations dead."

Heaven deigned no answer to the murmuring prayer,
Silence that thrill'd the blood alone was there;
Down sank his weary limbs, slow heav'd his breath,
And sleep fell on him with a weight like death:
Dreams, raised by evil spirits, hover'd near,
Throng'd with strange thoughts, and images of fear.
The Abominations of the Gentiles came;—
Detested Chemosh, Moloch clad with flame,
Ashtaroth, queen of heaven, with moony crest,
And Baal, sun-like, high above the rest,
Glared on him, gnash'd their teeth, then sped away,
Like ravening vultures to their carrion-prey;
Where every grove grew darker with their rites,
And blood ran reeking down the mountain-heights.
But to the living God, throughout the land,
He saw no altar blaze, no temple stand;
Jerusalem was dust, and Zion's Hill,
Like Tophet's valley, desolate and still.

The prophet drew one deep despairing groan,
And his heart died within him like a stone.

An angel's touch the dire entrancement broke,
"Arise and eat, Elijah!"—He awoke,
And found a table in the desert spread,
With water in the cruise beside his head;
He bless'd the Lord who turn'd away his prayer,
And feasted on the strength-reviving fare;
Then sweeter slumber o'er his senses stole,
And sank, like life new-breathed, into his soul.
A dream brought David's city to his sight;
Shepherds were watching o'er their flocks by night;
Around them uncreated splendour blazed,
And heavenly hosts their hallelujahs raised:
A theme, unknown since Sin to Death gave birth,
"Glory to God, good-will and peace on earth,"
They sang; his heart responded to the strain,
But memory sought to keep the words in vain.
The vision changed.—Amid the gloom serene,
One star above all other stars was seen:
It had a light, a motion of its own,
And o'er a lowly shed in Bethlehem shone:
He look'd, and lo! an infant, newly born,
That seemed cast out to poverty and scorn;
Yet, Gentile kings its advent came to greet,
Worshipp'd, and laid their treasures at his feet.
Musing what this mysterious babe might be,
He saw a sufferer stretch'd upon a tree!
Yet while the victim died by man abhorr'd,
Creation's agonies confess'd him LORD.

Again the angel smote the slumberer's side;
"Arise and eat; thy journey's long and wide."
He rose and ate; then, with unfailing force,
Through forty days and nights, upheld his course.
Horeb, the mount of God, he reach'd and lay
Within a cavern till the cool of day.

"What dost thou, here, Elijah?"—Like the tide,
Brake that deep voice through silence:—he replied,

"I have been very jealous for thy cause,
Lord God of Hosts! for men make void thy laws:
Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
Thy prophets,—I, and I alone, remain:
My life with reckless vengeance they pursue;
And what can I against a nation do?"

"Stand on the mount before the Lord, and know,
That wrath or mercy at my will I show."
—Anon the Power that holds the winds lets fly
Their devastating armies through the sky:
Then shook the wilderness, the rocks were rent,
As when Jehovah bow'd the firmament,
And trembling Israel, while he gave the law,
Beheld his symbols, but no likeness saw:
The storm retired, nor left a trace behind;
The Lord pass'd by—He came not with the wind.
—Beneath the prophet's feet, the shuddering ground
Clave, and disclosed a precipice profound,
Like that which open'd to the gates of hell,
When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram fell;
Again the Lord pass'd by, but unrevealed;
He came not with the earthquake:—all was seal'd.
—A new amazement! vale and mountain turn'd
Red as the battle-field with blood: then burn'd
Up to the stars, as terrible a flame
As shall devour this universal frame.
Elijah watch'd it kindle, spread, expire:
The Lord pass'd by,—He came not with the fire.
—A still small whisper melted on his ear;
He wrapt his mantle round his face with fear;
Darkness that might be felt, involved him;—dumb
With expectation of a voice to come.
He stood upon the threshold of the cave,
Like one, long dead, new-risen from the grave
In the last judgment.—Came the voice and cried,
"What dost thou here, Elijah!" He replied,

"I have been very jealous for thy cause,
Lord God of Hosts! for men make void thy laws;
Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
Thy prophets,—I, and I alone, remain;
My life with reckless vengeance they pursue;
And what can I against a nation do?"

"My day of vengeance is at hand; the year
Of my redeemed quickly draweth near:
Go thou,—anoint two kings,—and, in thy place,
A prophet to stand up before my face;
Then he who 'scapes the Syrian's sword shall fall
By his, whom to Samaria's throne I call;
And he who 'scapes from Jehu in that day,
Him shall the judgments of Elisha slay.
Yet hath a remnant been reserved by me,
Seven thousand souls, who never bow'd the knee
To Baal's image, nor have kiss'd his shrine:
These are my jewels, and they shall be mine,
When to the world my righteousness is shown,
And root and branch, idolatry o'erthrown."

"So be it, God of truth, yet why delay?
With thee a thousand years are as a day;
Oh! crown thy people's hopes, dispel their fears,
And be *to-day* with thee a thousand years;
Cut short the evil, bring the blessed time;
Avenge thine own elect, from clime to clime;
Let not an idol in thy path be spared,
All share the fate which Baal long hath shared!
Nor yet seven thousand only worship Thee,
Make every tongue confess, bow every knee;
Now o'er the promis'd kingdoms reign thy Son;
One Lord through all the earth,—his name be one!
Hast thou not spoken?—Shall it not be done!"

TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.

2 Kings ii. 11, 12.

EDMESTON.

By Judah's vales and Olive-glades,
Where Eastern fruits entwine;
Her bowers of rose and palm-tree shades
Her fields of corn and wine;
Elijah and Elisha pass'd,
And well they knew, it was the last,
The last dear hour to friendship given,
Before the fire-car and the blast,
Should bear the prophet up to heaven.

How fondly then Elisha hung
On all his aged master spoke!
How dear each word, that from his tongue,
Like dying farewell broke!
Friendship's a sun, that ever seems
Brightest, in its departing beams,
And never to the full we feel
The depth, and warmth, and force of love,
Till death comes in, the gem to steal,
And those so dear have pass'd above;
Then we discover by the smart
How they entwined around the heart?

They went along, and o'er their head,
High in the fields of air;
Appeared a beauteous cloud of red,
And fast against the breeze it fled,
It seemed a Seraph fair;
One of those Spirits who assume,
The lurid flame in all its forms,
To guard, to punish, to consume,
To wield the lightning-sword of storms.

To earth it came
That beauteous flame,
The friends who dearly lov'd it parted,
Its mantle round
The prophet wound,
Then back to its own heaven it darted;
And oh! Elisha's wilder'd eyes,
Followed his master to the skies,
As we to-day
Perceive the ray
Of glory, when a Christian dies!
Sweet parting this—but not for us
To pass to those bright regions thus;

We must go through the cold dark stream,
But—Ah!—if FAITH'S celestial beam
Shine over, all will then be bright,
And we scarce need wish for the car of light,
So fair will the waters seem!

NAAMAN'S PRIDE AND FOLLY.

2 *Kings* v. 12.

BARTON.

THUS arrogant, and thus absurd,
Was he who then the Prophet heard;
We blame his language;—are not we
As foolish and as proud as he?

A fountain is unseal'd to save,
Of virtue passing Jordan's wave,
Beyond Bethesda's healing spring,—
Though ruffled by an angel's wing.

There might we, in this gospel-day,
Wash all our leprosy away,
Cleanse from our spirits every stain,
And more than child-like whiteness gain.

But faith is low, and pride is high,
We view that fount with doubting eye,
And choose with proud and angry tone
Abanas,—Pharpars of our own.

O Thou! whose love that fount unseal'd,
By which alone we can be heal'd,
Strengthen our faith, subdue our pride,
Nor let our leprosy abide.

As then by Jordan's hallowed brim,
The Leper's followers strove with him,
Beside thy holier fountain now
Our spirits in subjection bow.

Teach us in in simple faith to prove,
The power of thy redeeming love;
That like the Syrian we may see,
And own there is no God like thee.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

2 *Kings* xix. 35.

BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But thro' it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

VISION OF ELIPHAZ.

Job iv. 15, 21.

BYRON.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood—all formless—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:—

"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust?
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!"

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD.

Job xxii. 21.

KNOX.

ACQUAINT thee O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad:
Thy safeguard, in danger that threatens thy path,—
Thy joy, in the valley and shadow of death.

BARTON.

BUT how shall HE the GREAT SUPREME!
Of human knowledge be the theme?
Or man become acquainted
With Him—the HOLY, JUST, and TRUE,
Ancient of Days,—yet ever new,
Whose image unto mortal view
Can by no words be painted?

Presumption fain would search Him out;
But finds that still increasing doubt
More darkly has enshrined Him:
Meanwhile the simple, meek in heart,
Acting an humbler, happier part,
With child-like, and unconscious art,
FEEL AFTER HIM, and FIND HIM!

THE MESSIAH EXALTED.

Psalm ii.

R. GRANT.

WHEREFORE do the heathen wage
War against the King of kings,
Whence the people's madd'ning rage
Fraught with vain imaginings?

Haughty chiefs and rulers proud,
Forth in banded fury run,
Braving, with defiance loud,
God, and his anointed Son!

"Let us break their bands in twain,
Let us cast their cords away;"
But the Highest, with disdain,
Sees and mocks their vain array.

"High in Zion I prepare,
(Thus he speaks,) a regal throne,
Thou, my Prince, my chosen heir,
Rise and claim it as thine own."

"Son of God, with God the same,
Enter Thine imperial dome;
Lo! the shaking heavens proclaim,
Mightiest Lord! thy kingdom come.

"Pomp or state dost thou demand?
In thy Father's glory shine;
Dost thou ask for high command?
Lo! the universe is thine."

Ye who spurn his righteous sway,
Yet, oh yet, he spares your breath;
Yet his hand, averse to slay,
Balances the bolt of death.

Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
Haste before his feet to fall;
Kiss the sceptre he extends;
And adore him Lord of all.

GOD IS KNOWN IN HER PALACES FOR A REFUGE.

Psalm xlviii. 3.

ANON.

WHY wakes that moan of deep distress
In Pharaoh's halls of state,
Pealing through ev'ry long recess
In accents desolate?—
The monarch views his lifeless heir,
And trembles;—Israel's God is there.

A sound of revelry by night
Is heard in Babel's towers,
Where impious freaks of wild delight
Disturb the list'ning hours;—
The jealousy of Judah's fear
Burns, and 'tis silence deep and drear.

Sublime, on Sion's holy ground,
A sacred fane appears;
And many a bulwark stretch'd around
Its massive front uprears;
There God is for a refuge known
And there, on all the earth, alone.

Commingling there with choral lays
Sabean perfumes rise;
The frequent victim there pourtrays
That future sacrifice,
Whose blood for human guilt should flow,
And let the trembling culprit go.

Salem exult! thy God displays
His adamantine shield;
Fearless thy 'habitant surveys
The widely tented field;
The spoiler marks thee with his eye,
Scowls in despair, and passes by.

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

Psalm ciii. 3, 4.

GRAHAME.

THESE eyes, that were half-closed in death,
Now dare the noontide blaze;
My voice, that scarce could speak my wants,
Now, hymns Jehovah's praise.

How pleasant to my feet unused,
To tread the daisied ground!
How sweet to my unwonted ear,
The streamlet's lulling sound!

How soft the first breath of the breeze
That on my temples play'd!
How sweet the woodland evening song,
Full floating down the glade!

But sweeter far the lark that soars
Thro' morning's blushing ray;
For there unseen, unheard, I join
His lonely, heav'nward lay.

And sweeter still that infant voice,
With all its artless charms;—
'Twas such as he that Jesus took,
And cherish'd in his arms.

O Lord my God! all these delights
I to thy mercy owe;
For thou hast raised me from the couch,
Of sickness, pain, and wo.

'Twas thou that from the whelming wave
My sinking soul redeem'd;
'Twas thou that o'er destruction's storm,
A calming radiance beam'd.

JERUSALEM.

Psalm cxxii. 3.

WIFFEN.

On two bold hills Jerusalem is seen,
Of size unequal, face to face opposed;
A wide and pleasant valley lies between,
Dividing hill from hill; three sides the coast
Lies craggy, difficult, and high, disposed
In steep acclivities, the fourth is cast
In gentlest undulations, and enclosed
By walls of height insuperable and vast,
That seem to scale the sky, and brave the Arctic blast.

Cisterns for rain, canals and living fountains
Make glad the thirsting city; but around,
Barren and bare, and herbless are the mountains,
And scarce a solitary flower is found
To blossom near; no sylvans sun-embrowned
Shut out the sultry noon; no valley shines
With lapse of lakes, nor falling waters sound;
One forest yet the blue horizon lines,
Black with the baleful shade of cypresses and pines.

CAPTIVE ISRAEL.

Psalm cxxxvii.

ANON.

When we our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung,
On willow trees that wither'd there.

Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us required,
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."

How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

O Salem! our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seal my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

THE CONQUEROR FROM EDOM AND BOZRAH.

Isaiah lxiii. 1—5.

H. ROGERS.

Oh, who is it comes from the field of the slain,
Arrayed in his garb of the dark crimson stain?
Who is it that passes thus wrathfully by,
With his raiment so deeply empurpled in dye?

"It is I, it is I, who have risen at length
In the day of my wrath, with the sword of my strength;
It is I, who have spoken, nor spoken in vain,
For I have returned from the field of the slain!"

And why, O thou Victor, and why thus imbue
Thy garments of snow with the deep crimson hue?
And why, Mighty Victor, thy raiment thus red,
As though thou hadst trodden where thousands had bled?

"I have trodden the wine-press of Edom alone;
Yet their armies are scattered—their banners are strown;
And still will I tread, o'er the hosts of their pride,
Till in crimson yet deeper my raiment is dyed.

There was not a helper in Israel that day,
No arm that could save from the hostile array,—
I looked—but alas! there was no one to save,
No hand that could snatch from the grasp of the grave!

But I have arisen—arisen at length,
In the day of my wrath, with the sword of my strength—
With the seal on my arm, and the stain on my vest,
And where I have fought shall my people be blest!"

RACHEL WEEPING.

Jer. xxxi. 15, 17.

KNOX.

A voice comes from Ramah, a voice of despair—
For death's gloomy angel is triumphing there:
The children of beauty his arrows have smote,
And Rachel is weeping for hers that are not.

Alas! for the parent whose hope and whose trust
Are wither'd and broken, and hid in the dust—
Where the blossom of summer all lovely appears;
But the dew-drops of evening are mingled with tears.

A voice comes from Ramah, a voice of dismay—
But the words of Jehovah can soothe it away:
They tell of a region where grief is forgot,—
And Rachel is solaced for those that are not.

JEHOVAH SHAMMAH.

Ezek. xlviii. 35.

W. DIAMOND.

Ou art our Father, Lord, our Lord,
And thou wilt every want fulfil
Of promised love, and Zion ward
Wilt lead the tribes in Judah still.

Though mute within thy walls we stand,
Nor harp, nor tabret's sound is there;
Nor bended knee, nor lifted hand,
Nor solemn vow, nor voice of prayer:

The contrite heart, the lowly mind,
The strength implored, the trembling plea,
The cherished joy of years resigned,
In grateful incense rise to thee.

Sometimes, perhaps, as 'reft and weak
Along her walks may Zion mourn;
Because they be but few that seek
Her day of feast, or solemn morn.

But thou shalt still inhabit there,
And there shall still thy glory shine;
And Sinai's fount thy name shall bear,
And Sion's hill shall still be thine.

Yet shalt thou teach her sons thy ways;
Her courts with prophets yet shall fill;
And on her gates shall still be Praise,
And on her walls Salvation still!

There shalt thou bid thine ensign stand,
And blow thy trumpet, that from far
Shall call the nations, land by land,
And they shall answer, "Here we are!"

And Cush and Hamath, as of old,
And Taprobane shall come to her,
With richest offerings, gems, and gold,
And balm, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Around her borders shalt thou lead
The streams that gladden where they flow;
And there Nebaioth's rams shall feed,
And there the flocks of Kedar go.

Within—thy love, thy peace shall rest;
The unmeasured Spirit all shall hear;
And every tongue shall call her blest,
And name her name—"The Lord is there!"

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

Dan. v.

BYRON.

The King was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd
Is light—and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Matt. xxv. 40.

MONTGOMERY.

A POOR wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd;—not a word he spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter-hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him 'midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd, if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The Stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

MARY ANOINTING THE FEET OF JESUS.

Matt. xxvi.

BARTON.

IT is a solemn chapter, and is graced
By one good action left upon record;
That woman's pious deed, whose seeming waste
By those around was thoughtlessly deplor'd:—
She who upon her Saviour's head outpour'd
The box of ointment! doing "all she could,"
Against the burial of her gracious Lord,
And winning that pure flame which virtue should,
From Him whose lips pronounc'd the work she wrought was good.

O! how that action, 'mid the chronicle
Of darkest crimes, with which the chapter teems,
Shines forth with lustre inexpressible,
Unearthly brightness shedding from its beams:
All uneclips'd its gentle glory seems
By the dense clouds that wrap our lower sphere;

We turn to it, from those more painful themes,
Iscariot's treachery, and Peter's fear,
The priest's hypocrisy, the soldier's cruel sneer.

From such we turn to it,—as to a thing
Gentle, compassionate, pure, holy, good!
And the heart's better feelings as they cling
Unto its memory, lead us as they should,
To genuine virtue's most congenial mood;
Not taught by speculative creeds, which draw
The mind's attention from its heavenly food;
We feel this truth impressed with holy awe,
That LOVE is in itself, fulfilment of God's law.

SAUL JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS.

Acts ix. 1—9.

ROSCOE.

WHOSE is that sword—that voice and eye of flame
[illegible]heart of unextinguishable ire?
Who bears the dungeon-keys, and bonds, and fire?
Along his dark and withering path he came—
Death in his looks, and terror in his name,
Tempting the might of heaven's Eternal Sire.
Lo! THE LIGHT shone! the sun's veiled beams expire—
A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!
Whose is yon form, stretched on the earth's cold bed,
With smitten soul and tears of agony
Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty head—
Rayless the orbs that flashed with victory.
Over the raging waves of human will
The Saviour's spirit walked—and all was still!

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

Rom. xi. 24, 26.

T. MOORE.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is on thy plains:
Thy dwellings all lie desolate;
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more!

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem!
Once she was all thine own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne.
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma;
Then pass'd her glory's day;
Like heath that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reigned as God.

"Go," saith the Lord, "ye conquerors!
Steep in their blood your swords;
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's:
Till Zion's mournful daughter,
O'er kindred bones shall tread;
And Hinnom's hall of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

"But soon shall other pictur'd scenes,
In brighter visions rise,
When Zion's sun shall seven-fold shine
O'er all her mourner's eyes;
And on her beauteous mountain stand
The messenger of peace:
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand!"
They shout and never cease!

GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT

1 *Tim.* vi. 6.

SOUTHWELL.

MY conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;

My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
That mean, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care for gold,
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine;
I know, I feed, and clothe a foe,
That pamper'd, would repine.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down:
When fortune smiles—I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in angry mood,
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss, to let her go.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

Rev. xiv. 8. xviii. 2—23.

GILES.

She is fall'n! she is fall'n! from the height of her glory!
And lowly in ruin she lies:—
No more shall her greatness be sounded in story—
No more shall her praises arise.

One moment beheld her in brightness and beauty
Erecting her head undefied;
'Tis past—and the storm, in the zeal of its duty,
Has blasted the bloom of her pride.

In the red flames of vengeance her temples are blazing,
The smoke of her torment ascends;
The scythe of destruction her glory is razing,
And widely her ruin extends.

Bewailing and wonder, distraction and weeping,
At once from her millions arise;
While the breath of Jehovah is suddenly sweeping
Their fav'rite, their joy, from their eyes.

But shout, O ye heav'ns! with rapture and gladness,
Your harps and your voices employ;
And light, in the flames of her ruin and sadness,
The torch that shall kindle your joy.

The flattering deceiver, the harlot of nations,
So shameless, so wanton before,
Like a millstone has sunk, by her own for nications:—
Her glory shall dazzle no more.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

Rev. xxi. 3.

CROLY.

King of the dead, how long shall sweep
Thy wrath? how long thy outcasts weep?—
Two thousand agonizing years
Has Israel steep'd her bread in tears:
The vial on her head been pour'd,—
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword!

'Tis done! Has breath'd thy trumpet blast,
The Tribes at length have wept their last!
On rolls the host! from land and wave
The earth sends up the unransomed slave:
There rides no glittering chivalry,
No banner purples in the sky;
The world within their hearts hath died;
Two thousand years have slain their pride!
The look of pale remorse is there,
The lip-involuntary prayer;

The form still mark'd with many a stain,—
Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;
The serf of Afric's fiery ground;
The slave by Indian suns embrown'd;
The weary drudges of the oar,
By the swart Arab's poison'd shore,
The gathering of earth's wildest tract,
On bursts the living cataract!
What strength of man can check its speed?
They come,—the Nation of the Freed;
Who leads their march? Beneath His wheel
Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!
Before their tread His trump is blown,
Who speaks in thunder and 'tis done!
King of the dead! O, not in vain,
Was thy long pilgrimage of pain;
O, not in vain arose thy prayer,
When press'd the thorn thy temples bare;
O, not in vain the voice that cried,
To spare thy madden'd homicide!
Even for this hour thy heart's blood stream'd,
They come! the Host of the Redeem'd!—

What flames upon the distant sky?
[redacted]ot the comet's sanguine dye,
[redacted]t the lightning's quivering spire,
[redacted] not the sun's ascending fire.

And now, as nearer speeds their march,
Expands the rainbow's mighty arch;
Though there has burst no thunder-cloud,
No flash of death the soil has plough'd,
And still ascends before their gaze,
Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze;
Still as the gorgeous clouds unfold,
Rise towers and domes immortal mould.
Scenes! that the Patriarch's vision'd eye
Beheld, and then rejoic'd to die;—
That like the altar's burning coal,
Touch'd the pale Prophet's harp with soul;—
That the thron'd Seraphs long to see,
Now given thou slave of slaves to thee!
Whose city this? What potentate
Sits there the King of Time and Fate?
Whom glory covers like a robe,
Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
Whom shapes of fire, and splendor guard?
There sits the Man whose face was marr'd,
To whom Archangels bow the knee,—
The Weeper of Gethsemane!
Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel;
For now thy wither'd heart can feel!
Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame,
There sits thy glory, and thy shame!

SENTIMENTAL AND PATHETIC.

THE PLEASURES OF SENSIBILITY.

H. MORE.

For tho' in souls where taste and sense abound,
Pain thro' a thousand avenues can wound,
Yet the same avenues are open still,
To casual blessings as to casual ill.
Nor is the trembling temper more awake,
To ev'ry wound which Misery can make,
Than is the finely fashion'd nerve alive
To ev'ry transport Pleasure has to give,
For tho' when home-felt joys the mind elate,
It mourns in secret for another's fate;
Yet when its own sad griefs invade the breast,
Abroad, in others blessings, see it blest!
E'en the soft sorrow of remember'd woe
A not unpleasing sadness may bestow.

Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain;
Their jests the tender anguish would profane:
Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,
Whose low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;
Who ne'er a pain but for themselves have known,
Nor ever felt a sorrow but their own;
Who call romantic every finer thought
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought,
Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind?
Where the large soul that takes in human kind?
Where the best passions of the mortal breast?
Where the warm blessing when another's blest?
Where the soft lenitives of others' pain,
The social sympathy, the sense humane?
The sigh of rapture, and the tear of joy,
Anguish that charms, and transports that destroy?
For tender Sorrow has her pleasures [illegible]
Pleasures which prosp'rous Dulness never knew.
She never knew, in all her coarser bliss,
The sacred rapture of a pain like this!
Nor think the cautious only are the just;
Who never was deceiv'd I would not trust.
Then take, ye happy vulgar! take your part
Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart,
Benevolence, which seldom stays to choose,
Lest pausing Prudence teach her to refuse;
Friendship which, once determin'd, never swerves,
Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves;
And soft-eyed Pity and Forgiveness bland,
And melting Charity with open hand;
And artless Love, believing and believ'd,
And gen'rous Confidence which ne'er deceiv'd;
And Mercy stretching out ere Want can speak,
To wipe the tear from pale Affliction's cheek
These ye have never known!—then take your part
Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.—

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

MONTGOMERY.

Sweet the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, a brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remembered bliss?
Did you not, with fervour frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
Anna left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave arrayed,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair?
Can you recollect the feeling?—
No! there was no feeling there!

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you alone.

—Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of wo are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear, dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising
Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending
Rose in ecstacy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and, by this token,
You have felt "The joy of grief."

SYMPATHY.

H. I. JOHNS.

There is a gem that lights the eye,
Sparkling like Summer's radiant noon;
When pleasure bids the moments fly;
Yet thinks the moments fly too soon.

There is a gem of lovelier hue,
Beaming with more celestial glow;
The silent, sympathetic tear,
That rises for another's wo.

ON A TEAR.

ROGERS.

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of sensibility.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude control
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

THE ROSE.

COWPER.

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by a delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile,
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps with a smile.

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

C. SYMMONS.

Scarce had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,
And Nature hailed thee infant queen of May;
Scarce saw thine opening bloom the sun's broad ray,
And to the air its tender fragrance threw;
When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew;
And by his cold, rude kiss thy charms decay:
Now droops thy head, now fades thy blushing hue,
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay:
So blooms a maid, her guardians—health and joy—
Her mind array'd in innocency's vest—
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast.
She fades—the parent, sister, friend, deplore
The charms and budding virtues now no more!

TO BLOSSOMS.

HERRICK.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.

THE SHRUBBERY.

COWPER.

Oh, happy shades—to me unblest!
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart, that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd, unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness every where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
While peace possessed these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley musing slow;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not like me to nourish wo!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

VISIT TO COWPER'S ARBOUR.

J. TAYLOR.

Are these the trees?—Is this the plant,
These roses, did they bloom for him!
Trod he these walks with thoughtful pace!
Pass'd he amid these borders trim?

Is this the bower?—a humble shed
Methinks it seems for such a guest!
Why rise not columns, dome-bespread,
By art's elaborate fingers dress'd?

Art waits on wealth, there let her roam
Her fabrics rear, her temples gild:
But Genius, when he seeks a home,
Must send for Nature's self to build.

This quiet garden's humble bound,
This homely roof, this rustic fane,
With playful tendrils twining round,
And woodbines peeping at the pane:—

That tranquil, tender sky of blue,
Where clouds of golden radiance skim,
Those ranging trees of varied hue—
These were the sights that solaced him.

We stept within—at once on each
A feeling steals so undefined;
In vain we seek to give it speech—
'Tis silent homage paid to Mind.

They tell us here he thought and wrote,
On this low seat—reclining thus;
Ye garden-breezes, as ye float,
Why bear ye no such thoughts to us?

Perhaps the balmy air was fraught
With breath of heaven;—or did he toil
In precious mines of sparkling thought
Conceal'd beneath the curious soil?

Did zephyrs bear on golden wings
Rich treasures from the honied dew?

Or are there here celestial springs
Of living waters, whence he drew?

And here he suffer'd!—this recess
Where even Nature fail'd to cheer,
Has witness'd oft his deep distress,
And precious drops have fallen here!

Here are no richly sculptur'd urns
The consecrated dust to cover;
But Nature smiles and weeps, by turns,
In memory of her fondest lover.

THE DEAD BIRD.

ANON.

'Tis her first grief!—The bird is dead.
How many a mournful word she said!
How many a tear was o'er it shed!

The anguish of the shock is past,
But Memory's thoughts those eyes o'ercast;
As, like the violet gemmed with dew,
Glitters through tears their lovely blue.

'Tis her first grief!—Motionless there
Is stretched the fondling of her care;
No longer may she hear his voice,
No longer in his sports rejoice;
And scarcely dare she lift her eyes,
To where her lifeless treasure lies.
But yesterday who could forsee
That such a change as this might be,
That she should call and he not hear,—
That bird who knew and loved her dear;
Who, when her finger touched the cage,
'Gainst it a mimic war would wage;
Who pecked the sweetmeat from her hand,
And on her ringlets took his stand!
As all these recollections rise,
Again does sorrow drown the eyes,
The little bosom swell with sighs;—
"Another bird!—No, never! never!
Empty shall be that cage for ever."

'Tis her first grief!—and it will fade
Or ere the next sun sinks in shade.
Ah! happy age, when smile and tear
Alternate in the eyes appear!
When sleep can every care remove,
And morn's light wake to hope and love.
But Childhood flies like spring-time's hour,
And deepening shadows o'er youth lour!
Even thou, fair girl, must one day know
Of life the painfulness and wo,
The sadness that sleep cannot cure,
Griefs that through nights and days endure;
Those natural pangs to mortals given,
To wean us from this earth, and lead our
thoughts to heaven.

THE HOUSEHOLD SPANIEL.

ANON.

Poor Oscar! how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou, who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;
How slowly thou stealest the sunbeams to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!

Thy hairs now are silvered, thou hearest my voice,
And thy slow-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;
But how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
So sleek and so gamesome, so swift and so bold!

At sunrise I waken'd to hear thy lov'd bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the song of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When bright was the blue sky and fresh was the air.

How then wouldst thou gambol and start from my feet,
To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig or the wild flower I threw from the land.

On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldst cower on the greensward and look in my face;
In wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them in ether, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;
Now dimm'd is thine eyeball, and gray is thy hair;
And I am a man, doom'd to thought and to care.

Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid, of Truth;
When Earth look'd an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and Life's path besprinkled with flowers.

Now summer is fading, soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate winter again;
And thou all unable the cold to withstand,
Shalt die when the snow-flakes fall white o'er the land.

Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
And in spring-time 'twill shed down its blossoms on thee;
So when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er
Thy faith and thy love shall be thought of no more.

Then all who caress'd thee, and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Like a shadow be quite from the memory cast.

Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down;
Old trees be removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gardener, when delving, shall marvel to see
White bones where once blossom'd the old cherry-tree.

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our weakness, some warning to show
How uncertain the sands are we build on below!

Our fathers have pass'd, and are laid in the mould;
Year passes on year, and the young become old:
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friends whom we loved pass away one by one!

THE WOUNDED FAWN.

MARVELL.

THE wanton troopers riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee: thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm: alas! nor could,
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this—nor will—
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so: Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing;
And nothing we may use in vain,
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands;
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart!
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dy'd in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at my own fingers nurst;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
It blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white, than—shall I say my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet!
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay:
For it was nimbler much than hinds;
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness:
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the bed of lilies, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself should rise,
Find it although before my eyes:
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed;
And then to me would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin-limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.

HUMAN LIFE.

ROGERS.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellen-hall the jests resound:
For now the candle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop the cradle, to admire
The Babe, the sleeping image of his Sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees,

Vesture of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and gazing, bless the scene;
While her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! not in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers, long, black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard, where only joy had been,
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life, so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

* * * * * * *

THE WINTRY NIGHT.

ANON.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
A farmer's rosy children sat;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore:—

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind:
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road or path can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting frost:
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have cross'd."

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs, and blue-pale face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big, round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children too began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

PESTILENCE.

LONDON IN THE PLAGUE OF 1665.

ANON.

'Twas midnight; and along each silent street
No noisy wassailer came reeling home;
Nor starry line of lamps, to guide the feet
Of the night-wanderer, lost amid the gloom,
Beamed radiantly; or needed now illume,
The palace where gay Revel danced of late—

Her presence-chamber once, but now her tomb,
While all around her palsied votaries sate,
Stunn'd by the leaden mace of the proud tyrant Fate.

'Twas midnight; and each door was closed; around
Stood iron-featured watchmen; in their hands
Were halberts, wherewithal upon the ground,
Some one oft struck, as at his silent stand
Appalled he linger'd; and the garrulous band
Of echo answer'd quick, and bade his heart
Be of good cheer; and every door thus mann'd
Was by a cross of blood-red set apart,
That none might enter there, nor any thence depart.

And now a voice is heard; and lo! a light
Gleams up the vista of yon narrow street;
And as it nears the gazer's straining sight,
Sharp yet indefinite sounds his ear first greet;
Then, more distinct the clank of horses' feet
Is heard; and the red torch's smoky blaze
Doth o'er full many a livid carcass fleet,
Which prone and nodding on the death-cart lays;
Yet nought that hideous load the driver stern affrays.

Hark! to his hollow tones:—"*Bring forth your dead!*"
And forth they bring their dead;—the father brings
His last sweet child, and on the pile 'tis laid
Next withered age: the brother coldly flings
His sister there—self-love hath snapped the strings
Of the fond heart: no kindly thoughts remain.—
Again the driver's hand the dead-bell rings
And the car rumbles onward; and again
The triple-tithe of Death, it gathers home amain.

Now morning dawns; and thro' the yellow fog
Yonder a pair go forth, betwixt a row
Of life-lorn houses;—one ye see doth dog
The footsteps of the other; and they go
For ever thus together; shrieks of wo
Sound to their ears sweet music.—Now the first
Is PLAGUE, as well her jaundice-eyes do shew,
And toad-like skin that scarce forbears to burst,
As aye on the dank air she spits her venom cursed.

Behind, her meagre bridegroom DEATH comes on;
Clutching his dart, he strides his pale, white horse;
His lank jaws chattering to her, who anon
Doth half turn back her head, and baulks her course
An instant to respond his accents hoarse:
And as some dying wretch outstretched they see,
Yawning and yelling they must e'en perforce
Jeer at him as they pass; and in high glee,
In strain like this pursue their ghastly colloquy.

"They've digged us now," quoth Death, "without the wall
A huge dry gulf; within whose gaping maw,
Careless of knell, or prayer, or wonted pall,
The living stow the dead—last night I saw
The barier tumble with the buried o'er
The dizzy brink: methinks, a goodlier sight
I scarce behold, when Earthquake, and red War,
Harness their savage limbs; and in their might,
The fear-pale nations scare with carnage and affright."

"Good mate!" so quoth the beldame, "many a shore
Hath yielded me repast, but none like this;
But late, I went to mark how full a store
Was gather'd to our garner; and ywis

There was a sight it grieved me ye should miss
To see; and thus it was:—A youthful pair
Lay in dead love, as if the bridal kiss
Sunk in a death-gasp! her long golden hair
Part mixed with his dark locks, part hid her shoulders fair."

Then out-laugh'd Death—"I do remember well,—
The feast was o'er, the bride-maids all retired;
Just then I pass'd, and heard a murmur swell,
As from two mutual tongues by love inspired;
I entered swift the chamber, and admired
(As ye may guess) such prey: their lips then clang
Into a kiss:—I struck, and both expired;
Morn came, and they (when next the alarum rung)
To grace our bridal-day, were on the death-cart flung."

Along the mightiest city of the earth
Thus pass'd they, vaunting of their doleful deeds;
A ghastly pair, fraught-full of hideous mirth,
Their feast to savour. Rank grass, and dire weeds,
Henbane, and nightshade, and the violent seeds
Of hellebore, took life upon each pathway,
And many a sight was seen which far exceeds
Man's thought; and all around, in drear array
Death in triumphant mood his trophies did display.

Now in the horrid mask of night conceal'd,
Prowl'd grizzly Hatred, seeking for her prey,
Like the hyæna; and the morn revealed,
Scattered along each solitary way,
The murder'd dead and dying, whom to slay,
Revenge had kept long vigil; and man seem'd
Heartless and heathenish with this display:
Life's heart misgave her, and with doubtings teem'd,
If she the immortal were, she once so fondly deem'd.

Each day from earth to their celestial home
Innumerable multitudes up-flew
Of guardian angels; and the beamy dome,
Where dwells the cloud-shrined Godhead, to pursue
High inquest on the fate to mortals due;
Teem'd to its distant infinite with those,
Whose guardian angels must display to view
The annals of their life; and pæans rose
In heaven, or hell, as each was doom'd to bliss or woes!

EARTHQUAKE.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SICILY.

COWPER.

Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scattered, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him?—With what signs
Of gratulation and delight her King?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing paradise where'er he treads?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.

The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touched them. From th' extremest point
Of elevation down into th' abyss
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies rise,
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the fix'd and routed earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down his prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted; and, with all its soil
Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice,
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possessed an inland scene. Where now the throng,
That pressed the beach, and, hasty to depart,
Looked to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep—
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,
Where beauty oft and lettered worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy, in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day, that sets them free.

WAR.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's scull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.

But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Bleuheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc'd to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene,—
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?—
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
But, 'twas a famous victory.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet, such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill; But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes* waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

* The wood of Soignies.

SHIPWRECK.

THE LOST SHIP.

MALCOLM.

Han mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore—the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er;
But, from that hour of parting pain,
Oh! she was never heard of more!

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And oh! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quench'd in ocean cold?
For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doomed to flee,

Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all!—Her destiny
Is dark:—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan;
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secret well;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken heart,
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And fancy's endless dreams depart!
It may not be:—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know she sail'd away,
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more.

THE WRECK.

BYRON.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown,
Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And hopeless eyes which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate; twelve days had fear
Been their familiar: and now death was there.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell;
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

* * * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done,
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart;
With the deep, deadly thought, that they must part,

And o'er him bent his sire, and never rais'd
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glaz'd,
Brighten'd and for a moment seemed to roam;
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away

'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

THE CAST-AWAY.

COWPER.

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When one who little thought to die,
Washed headlong from on board;
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went;
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent:
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

For long beneath the 'whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted;—nor his friends had failed,
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford:
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow;
But he, (they knew) nor ship, nor shore
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware, that flight in such a sea
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die,
Deserted, and his friends so nigh!

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help—or cried, Adieu!

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more;
For then by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave—and then he sank!

No poet wept him: but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear;
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead!

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he!

SLAVERY.

MILTON.

O EXECRABLE SON, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurpt, from God not given,
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation;—but man over men
He made not Lord, such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.

THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY DEPLORED.

COWPER.

My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble! and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire: that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

THE NEGRO'S DEPARTURE FROM AFRICA.

SHENSTONE.

On the wild heath in mournful guise he stood
Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
He dropt a tear unseen into the flood,
He stole one secret moment to repine.—

"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
And more than sea-born monsters plough the main?

"Here the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail;
Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;

Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail;
Can we not here secure from envy dwell?

"When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
What fate preserved me for this Christian race?
O race more polish'd, more severe, than they.—

"Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
And favour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
And ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound."

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

COWPER.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though theirs they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one, who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges,
Agents of his will to use.

Hark! he answers—Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—no.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries we have tasted,
Crossing in your barks, the main!
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All sustained by patience taught us,
Only by a broken heart:

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours!

THE SLAVE TRADE.

ANON.

France, and Spain, and Portugal,
Weep ye, weep ye, each and all!
Still ye trade in blood and pain,
When the earth has curs'd the chain.

Long has righteous vengeance slumber'd;
Yet has every sigh been number'd:
Not a Negro's dying prayer
Has been scatter'd on the air;

Not a fetter's clank, a groan,
But has ris'n before the THRONE!
Wrath shall be no more delay'd;
Blood for blood shall be repaid.
Ye shall hear the heavens unroll,
Where a more than mortal scroll,
Character'd without, within,
SHAME, and AGONY, and SIN,
By the accusing spirit shown,
Tells how deep ye are undone.

Every jewel in your crest,
Golden realms of East and West,
Shall at once be reft away,
Till your might is gore and clay;
And in one last funeral flame
Sink dominion, hope, and name.
Hear the more than Prophet-call,
France, and Spain, and Portugal!

EPIGRAM.

COWPER.

To purify their wine some people bleed
A lamb into the barrel, and succeed;
No nostrum, planters say, is half so good
To make fine sugar, as a *negro's* blood.
Now *lambs* and *negroes* both are harmless things,
And thence perhaps this wondrous virtue springs.
'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—
Good cause why planters never try their own.

THE NEGRO CONVERT.

ANON.

I HEARD that Negro, on his lowly bed,
Thus forc'd to bid to earthly hopes adieu:
I heard him pray for mercy on the head
Of him, whose bitter wrath his brother slew!
Lonely he lay, but still the sufferer knew,
That more than this his heavenly master bore,
When on the cross, expos'd to public view,
His dying breath forgiveness did implore,
For those whose hellish hate was glutted with his gore!

Slave-masters! such is pure Religion's power!
These are the morals Christ's disciples preach!
Let interest alone, then, rule the hour,
And still this gospel will your servants reach!
Shame! that it should be needful to beseech
A British subject, in these polish'd days,
To let a godly man draw near, and teach
His heathen household, Britain's God to praise,
And train their souls to walk in Wisdom's pleasant ways!

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN SMITH,

At Demerara, February 6th, 1824.

MONTGOMERY.

COME down in thy profoundest gloom,
Without one vagrant firefly's light,
Beneath thine ebon arch entomb
Earth, from the gaze of heaven, O night!
A deed of darkness must be done,
Put out the moon, hold back the sun.

Are these the criminals, that flee
Like deeper shadows through the shade?
A flickering lamp, from tree to tree
Betrays their path along the glade,
Led by a Negro;—now they stand,
Two trembling women, hand in hand.

A grave, an open grave appears,
O'er this in agony they bend,
Wet the fresh turf with bitter tears,
Sighs following sighs their bosoms rend;
These are not murderers;—these have known
Grief more bereaving than their own.

Oft through the gloom their streaming eyes
Look forth for what they fear to meet:
It comes;—they catch a glimpse;—it flies:
Quick glancing lights, slow-trampling feet,
Amidst the cane-crops, seen, heard, gone,
Return, and in dead march move on.

A stern procession!—gleaming arms,
And spectral countenances dart,
By the red torch-flame, wild alarms,
And withering pangs thro' either heart;
A corpse amidst the group is borne,
A prisoner's corpse who died last morn.

Not by the slave-lord's justice slain,
That doomed him to a traitor's death;
While royal mercy sped in vain,
O'er land and sea to spare his breath;
But the frail life that warm'd this clay,
Man could not give, nor take away.

His vengeance and his grace, alike,
Were impotent to save or kill;
—He may not lift his sword, or strike,
Nor turn its edge aside, at will:
Here, by one sovereign act and deed,
God cancell'd all that man decreed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
That corpse is to the grave consigned;
The scene departs; this buried trust,
The Judge of quick and dead shall find,
When things that Time and Death have seal'd,
Shall be in flaming fire reveal'd.

The fire shall try thee, then like gold,
Prisoner of hope! await the test,
And O, when truth alone is told,
Be thy clear innocence confest!
The fire shall try thy foes;—may they
Find mercy in that dreadful day.—

THE AVENGER OF THE SLAVE.

HOLLAND.

"Who shall avenge the slave?" I stood and cried,
"The earth, the earth!" the echoing sea replied.
I turned me to the ocean, but each wave
Declined to be the avenger of the slave.
"Who shall avenge the slave?" my species cry—
"The winds, the floods, the lightning of the sky;"
I turn'd to these,—from them one echo ran—
"The right avenger of the slave, is man"—
Man was my fellow; in his sight I stood,
Wept, and besought him by the voice of blood:
Sternly he look'd as proud on earth he trod,
Then said, "The avenger of the slave is God!"
I looked in prayer towards heaven—awhile 'twas still,
And then methought God's voice replied—"I will."

THE MORNING DREAM.

COWPER.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamed what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seemed as I lay;
I dreamed that on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sailed,
While the billows high-lifted the boat,
And the fresh blowing breeze never failed.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impressed me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cried—
"I go to make freemen of slaves."

Then raising her voice to a strain
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appeared.
Some clouds which had over us hung,
Fled, chased by her melody clear,
And methought while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultured island we came,
Where a demon, her enemy, stood—
Oppression his terrible name.
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land
That goddess-like woman he viewed,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbrued.
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expired,
Heard shouts, that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which served my weak thought for a guide—
That Britannia, renowned o'er the waves
For the hatred, she ever has shown,
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

MONTGOMERY.

High on her rock, in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate;
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept;
The mother thought upon her sons, and wept:
—She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main;
In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While Victory bound the laurel on his head;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name:
—She thought of Pitt, heart-broken, on his bier;
And "O my Country!" echoed in her ear:
—She thought of Fox;—she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air;
"Spare injured Africa! the Negro spare!"
She started from her trance!—and, round the shore,
Beheld her supplicating sons once more,
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,—
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravished from the slave:
Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame;
Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd;
To helpless, hopeless, Africa she turn'd;
She saw her sister in the Mourner's face,
And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace.
"All hail!" exclaim'd the Empress of the sea,
"Thy chains are broken, Africa be free!"
"All hail!" replied the Mourner, "She who broke
My bonds, shall never wear a stranger's yoke."

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE.

BYRON.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,

And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

THE COMPLAINT.

M. K. WHITE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed air and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf to die,
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

CONDER.

But art thou thus indeed alone,
Quite unbefriended—all unknown?
And hast thou then His love forgot,
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

Who laid his Son within the grave,
Thy soul from endless death to save;
Who gave his Spirit to console,
And make thy wounded bosom whole?

Is not His voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with Him the star so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade or die,
Unnotic'd by His watchful eye?

Each flutt'ring hope, each anxious fear,
Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,
To thine Almighty Friend is known,
And say'st thou, thou art all alone?

BLINDNESS.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

MILTON.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

LINES BY A LADY BORN BLIND.

ANON.

If this delicious, grateful flower,
Which blows but for a little hour,
Should to the sight so lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its colour show,
For that's the softest joy I know;
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to soothe, and then,—to die!

My Father, when our fortune smiled,
With jewels deck'd his eyeless child;
Their glittering worth, the world might see,
But, ah! they had no charms for me;
A trickling tear bedew'd my arm—
I felt it, and my heart was warm;
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

THE BLIND ASYLUM.

SMYTH.

Stranger, pause!—for thee the day
Smiling, pours its cheerful ray,
Spreads the lawn. and rears the bower,
Lights the stream, and paints the flower.

Stranger, pause!—with softened mind
Learn the sorrows of the blind:
Earth and seas, and varying skies
Visit not their cheerless eyes.

Not for them the bliss to trace
The chisel's animating grace:
Nor on the glowing canvass find
The poet's soul, the sage's mind.

Not for them the heart is seen
Speaking through the expressive mien;
Not for them are pictured there
Friendship, pity, love sincere.

Helpless as they slowly stray,
Childhood points their cheerless way;
Or the wand exploring guides
Faltering steps, where Fear presides.

Yet for them has Genius kind
Humble pleasure here assigned;
Here with unexpected ray
Reached the soul that felt no day.

Lonely blindness here can meet
Kindred woes, and converse sweet;
Torpid once, can learn to smile
Gladly o'er its useful toil.

He who deign'd for man to die,
Oped on day the darkened eye;
Humbly copy—thou canst feel!
Give thine alms—thou canst not heal!

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY.

COWPER.

Look where he comes—in this embowered alcove
Stand close concealed, and see a statue move:
Lips busy, and eyes fixt, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below,
Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as its symptoms can alone express.
That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest or join the song,
Could give advice, could censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
Renounced alike its office and its sport,
Its brisker and its graver strains fell short;
Both fall'd beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer-brook are past away.
This is a sight for pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierced with the woes that she laments in vain.
This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least:
Job felt it, when he groaned beneath the rod
And the barbed arrows of a frowning God;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
Blest, rather curst, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close hammered steel,
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds, that deem derided pain a treat,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit, that puppet-prompters might inspire,
Their sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke
On pangs enforced with God's severest stroke.
But with a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing:
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise;
He, that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little, all he can,
T' assuage the throbbings of the festered part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which if he please
God in a moment executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.
Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which art preceptress nature weds,
Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by:
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss his chastening hand;
To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple evening, and resplendent moon,
The stars, that sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:

Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside a shadow or a sound:
Then heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth!
Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despised and overlooked no more,
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

PETRARCH.

FATHER of heaven! full many a wasted day,
And weary, wakeful night, this heart hath worn
In one bright vision, waning now away,
And leaving it all desolate, forlorn.
O with thy gracious light, direct my feet
To a more peaceful way,—a nobler love!
Guide thou a wanderer to that bless'd retreat,
The clouds and cares of this dark world above.
For Thou, my Lord, hast seen year after year
Roll on in sadness, since this heart of mine
Bow'd to that yoke alike on all severe;
Now, weak and faint, I ask thy hand divine
To fix each rebel thought, and vagrant tear,
Saviour of all! upon that cross of thine!

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

ANON.

I NEVER hear that plaintive sigh,
Borne on the trembling zephyrs' wings,
But fancy paints some spirit nigh,
Who breathes in rapture o'er thy strings;
Some minstrel sylph or fairy power,
Whose music charms in lonely hour.

Æolian harp! the magic swell,
That lingers midst thy sounding wire,
On whose wild notes I love to dwell,
Could aught but angel voice inspire?
Could mortal voice so sweetly sing,
Or raise the soul on fancy's wing?

Ah! no—No mortal voice e'er sung
A strain so soft, a breath so light;
No chord such witching numbers rung,
But what was tuned by airy sprite;
Some seraph wanderer of the sky,
Who sighs the note of melody.

In vesper hour no requiem swell,
Borne on the breezes of the night,
On which the pious crowd would dwell,
To waft the soul to realms of light,
E'er threw around such magic power,
Or breath'd more sweet in lonely hour.

That song is o'er; the breeze of night
Shall sweep in silence o'er the strings;
And, ah! that breath, so soft, so light,
Shall mourn no more on zephyrs' wings;
Thy trembling chords no more shall sigh,
No fairy minstrel hover nigh.

Farewell, sweet harp; for damp decay
Upon thy mouldering chords shall dwell,
And thou shalt breathe no future lay,
And thou shalt raise no future swell;
The breeze flits by, the music's o'er,
The fairy sounds can charm no more.

MADNESS.

THE IDIOT.

ANON.

IT is a fearful thing to see
The vacant smile of idiocy;
That staring eye of soulless ray,
Which wanders wildly every way;
Those lips which mutter ghastly mirth:
Oh! 'tis the saddest sight on earth.
I'd sooner see within that eye
The wild-fire of insanity;

er see within that frame,
rophy, that none can tame.
i a frame would move me less,
it same form of helplessness.
of flesh without a mind,
ery of human kind;
pe of man without one spring
that, however wandering;
statue, it can weep,
igh, and breathe, and move, and
p.
mere mechanism—the call
al instinct—this is all
ee this mass of moulded clay
to humanity.
not a gleaming, not a spark
n there; all, all is dark.
awful thing to see,
ant face of idiocy!

THE MANIAC.

COWPER.

often wanders one, whom better days
ter clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers: fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know!
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smiled again! and now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the live-long day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The live-long night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Tho' pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Tho' pinched with cold, asks never.—Kate is crazed!

SEPARATION.

FAREWELL.

BARTON.

rink not from that word "Farewell!"
vere Friendship's final knell;
fears may prove but vain:
igeful is Life's fleeting day,
er we sever—Hope may say
art, to meet again!

e *last* parting Earth can know,
not unutterable wo,
uls that heavenward soar;
nble Faith, with stedfast eye,
o a brighter world on high,
hearts, that here at parting sigh,
meet—to part no more!

ANON.

When forced to part from those we love,
If sure to meet to-morrow,
We still a pang of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.

But who can paint the briny tears
We shed when thus we sever,
If forced to part for months, for years,
To part—perhaps *for ever!*

ANSWER.

DUDLEY.

But if our thoughts are fix'd aright,
A cheering hope is given,

Though *here* our prospects end in night,
We meet again in heaven.

Yes, if our souls are raised above,
'Tis sweet when thus we sever,
Since parting in a Saviour's love,
We part *to meet for ever!*

THE MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

ANON.

LAND where the bones of our Fathers are sleeping!
Land where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping!
Land where the light of Jehovah is shining;
We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.

Land of our Fathers! in grief we forsake thee;
Land of our Friends! may Jehovah protect thee;
Land of the Church! may the light shine around thee,
Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow confound thee.

God is thy God; thou shalt walk in His brightness!
Gird thee with joy! let thy robes be of whiteness!
God is thy God! let thy hills shout for gladness!
But ah! we must leave thee—we leave thee in sadness.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean;
Dark are our hearts; but the fire of devotion
Kindles within;—and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of Salvation.

Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows!
Land of our rest! when a few more to-morrows
Pass o'er our heads, we shall seek our cold pillows,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.

Jesus, we pray for thy Spirit to lead us,
Jesus, we pray for thy power to succeed us;
Then when thy grace from our toils shall release us,
Thy love in the mansions of glory shall bless us.

LORD RUSSELL, ON PARTING FROM HIS LADY.

OH MY LOV'D RACHEL! name for ever dear,
Nor writ, nor spoke, nor thought without a tear!
Whose heav'nly virtues and transcendent charms,
Have bless'd through many a year my peaceful arms;
Parting with thee, into my cup has thrown,
Life's harshest dregs, else nought had forced a groan:
But all is o'er—these eyes have gazed their last,
And now the *bitterness of death* is past.

FRIENDS SEPARATED.

MONTGOMERY.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

SICKNESS.

TO A SICK INFANT.

L. HUNT.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My patient little boy;
And balmy rest about thee,
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy side-long pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had severe ones,
I will not think of now,
And calmly, 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press,
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand in hand companion, so,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed,—
His voice—his face, is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such wo,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping;
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping,
Seem whispering us a smile;—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here.

ON A BRANCH OF MEZEREON

Which flowered at Woodstock, December, 1809.

MRS. TIGHE.

O DOURS of spring my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure:
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain,
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Beloved friends adieu!
The bitterness of death were past
Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,
That soul which seems on you to hang,
Through each convulsive strife,—
Even now with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp,
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark
Thus mortally opprest?
Look up my soul through prospects dark,
And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust:—
Ah vain attempt! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who soothe the pangs of death,
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer;
And ye whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear.

Whose kindness though far, far removed,
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
My last, sad claim receive;
Oh do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults,
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

ANON.

HE came, the sweet angel my Father assign'd
To watch o'er my path to the sky,
I knew not if yet from that path I'd declin'd,
Or if only temptation was nigh.
He touch'd me:—how it shrunk from his touch,
But my spirit with ecstasy glow'd;
It long'd to be free, for its prospects were such
As no pains of the body could cloud.

My Father! I deem'd thou hadst call'd me to dwell
In the rest thou hast for me above;
But I find myself still in the flesh.—It is well
If I go—if I stay, it is love.
Love ordered the plan, and in love such as thine
How shall I not calmly confide!
Which spared not to save me a ransom divine,
The Lamb who on Calvary died.

O welcome the sufferings whenever they come,
That bring with them comforts like these;
Let me always be filled with such foretastes of home,
And I sigh not for health and for ease.
That angel's soft touch thus again would I feel,
Though my heart-string with agony quiver;
The pressure is mercy, it wounds but to heal;
It will end in enjoyment for ever.

Ah! when shall I shake off these trammels of flesh,
And reach that eternal abode,

Where the joys I so value shall blossom afresh,
Revived by the smiles of my God:
Shall I think the embrace that dissolves them too cold?
Shall I think the short journey too drear?
When the arms of a Saviour my spirit enfold,
And the gates of the city appear.

No: welcome the summons that bids me depart,
And welcome that moment to me,
When the clog from my spirit, Death strikes with his dart,
And bids it for ever be free.
Lord Jesus! I then in thy glory shall share
And for ever be blest with thy sight;
When all will be tranquil, and all will be fair,
And all will be endless delight.

DOMESTIC BEREAVEMENTS.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

MRS. HEMANS.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plains,
When a young mother, with her First-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful was hers,
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,
The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, thro' the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung even as ivy clings; the deep-spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—"Alas!" she cried,

"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,

And silver chords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side;
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away?
While, through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill!

"Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full-water urn!
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake!

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy Mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my Child? will HE not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Will HE not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be HIS child.

"Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brook,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my First-born! droop not, nor bewail me,
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

THE FIRST GRIEF.

HEMANS.

"OH! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was giv'n;—
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left the birds and flowers
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?—
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

DALE.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its wo;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony,—
This is a mother's grief.

Thro' dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close,—
This is a mother's grief.

To see in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think—my child is *there*;
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

On the Death of her Infant Daughter.

MONTGOMERY.

I LOVED thee, Daughter of my heart;
My Child, I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part,
—How sweetly! how severely!—
Nor life, nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever.

Thy days, my little one, were few;
An Angel's morning visit,
That came and vanish'd with the dew;
'Twas here, 'tis gone, where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clue for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth in gladness,
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now;
Then dash'd with infant-sadness;
Till, brightening by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision:—

Where are they now?—those smiles, those tears,
Thy Mother's darling treasure?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,
Life, at the well-spring drinking;
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking,
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them;
And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perish'd on thy early bier;
No,—changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious;
Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,
And long from heaven detain'd thee.

Sarah! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only Mother,

Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then,—thou in heaven and I on earth,—
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall re-unite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

PHILIPS.

I DID but see him, and he disappeared,
I did but pluck the rose-bud, and it fell,
A sorrow unforeseen, and scarcely fear'd,
For ill can mortals their afflictions spell.

And now, sweet babe, what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee?
Tears are my muse, and sorrow all my art,
So piercing groans must be thy elegy.

Thus while no eye is witness of my moan,
I grieve thy loss (ah, boy, too dear to live!)
And let the unconcerned world alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreshment give.

An offering too for thy sad tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early hearse,
Receive their gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy mother's verse.

THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

ANON.

WEEP not, my mother, weep not, I am blest;
But must leave heaven, if I return to *thee;*
For I am where the weary are at rest,
The wicked cease from troubling.—*Come to me.*

THE DYING INFANT TO HIS MOTHER.

CECIL.

"CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother drown'd in wo;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances—let me go.

"See yon orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away!

"Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boist'rous flood;
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

"Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest:
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

"Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning toward their home;
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

"There, my mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care or wo,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.

"As thro' this calm, this holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

"Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart!
(Though no language yet possessing,)
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

"Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again his voice I hear;
Rise! may every grace attend thee;
Rise! and seek to meet me there."

ON VIEWING THE DEAD BODY OF A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

CARRINGTON.

THERE is a smile upon that cheek—
Those lips would seem almost to speak;

Calm is that look, that brow is fair,
The flaxen ringlet wantons there!
And well those features sweet we trace,
Which hover on that angel face;
He seems enwrapt in slumber deep—
Ah, Edwin! 'tis thy long, last sleep!

The chill of death is on that cheek—
Those lips shall never silence break;
No soul is in that cherub smile,
Illusive charm, and lovely guile!
The eye has shot its final spark,
The liquid, lustrous orb—is dark!
And swift must every feature fly
From the soft face of infancy!
And now—the kiss of agony,
"Whose touch thrills with mortality,"
The Parents give—but who shall tell
The anguish of that fond farewell!
Yet, from the grave's mysterious night
That form again shall spring to light!
E'en now in yon eternal rest,
The unearthly mansion of the blest,
The uncloth'd Spirit joins the hymn
Swelling from burning seraphim:
And were our passport to the skies
As his—then speed each hour that flies,
And Earth, let each successive Sun
"Swift rise—swift set—be bright, and done."

TO A DYING INFANT.

C. BOWLES.

SLEEP, little baby! Sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee little tender nursling!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast—

Peace! Peace! The little bosom
Labours with shortening breath:—
Peace! Peace! That tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh!
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,
Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils, darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer-air,
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there,
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit, haste, depart!—
And is this death!—Dread Thing?
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An Angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother!
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart;—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth,—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why,)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And, then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight;—

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee
His tricks, his mimicry,—
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track,—

Thou'lt say—"My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go!
And yet, for thee, I know,
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified!

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And, oh! Beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lulled thee on my breast?

"Now, like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heav'n my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One.

"And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

THE PHOPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

J. BATTEN.

'Twas morn—the dewy morn,
The rosy East told of the coming day,
And many a flow'ret 'neath its ray
Was into beauty born,
While the frail dew-drops hidden dwell,
On the low violet's leaf—or wild flower's
dropping bell.

There was a gentle sound,
An infant's lisping voice upon the wind;
Set on whose brow, th' impress of mind
Was seen, and knowledge found
A pale, a lovely child—a gem,
Bright as the loveliest flowers of Flora's
diadem.

"Tell me, my father, why
The dew-drops hasten from each pale wild
flow'r?
Is the sun wrath, that in an hour
Those pearly dew-drops die?
Look! some have liv'd from twilight's
close,
Inhaling sweets from all—the lily and the
rose.

"Tell me, my father, why
Those fated dew-drops pass—while these
beneath
The moon-beams liv'd, and by the wreath
Of stars in yon bright sky,
Like diamonds on the flowers have shone,
While Even lit their rays as Night was hastening on?"

"My child," the father said,
While a soft passing shower to Earth was given,
And round them shone the arch of heav'n,
"Thy dew-drops are not dead;
For nothing withers from our world
But in yon Heav'n exists with brighter bloom unfurl'd.

"Seest thou yon beaming bow?
There live the pearly dew-drops mourn'd by thee,
Re-set, and shining gloriously—
Jewels in Eden now:
And nothing know we bright or fair
But like those drops will pass—and live in radiance there.

"All fades we love below;
The blossomings of hope, of life, will die;
Dew-drops, and flowers, and infancy,
Alike a withering know:
Yet when they from our world are riven,
Their sweets like incense rise, to live again in Heaven."

Prophetic words! that child,
In its soul's brightness, while yet morn—has passed—
Ere Earth a sorrow round it cast,
Or serpent's trail defil'd;
And like the dew-drops of its love,
Exists in glory now—a radiant one above!

THE ORPHANS.

ANON.

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile,
In moralizing o'er the dead
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave shewed,
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I viewed,
O'er those who once had wealth possessed.

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed inclined to take;
And yet they looked so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread, which many a one would cheer?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased;
"Lady, we've not enough to eat;
Oh! if we had, we would not waste:—

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate'er I say;
Though sure I am, the bread's her own,
As she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed," the wan, starved Mary said,
"Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more:
For yesterday I got some bread;
He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech,
I silent sat upon the grave,
And pressed the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of wo,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering brother nearer drew,
And 'gan his simple tale impart.

"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play—
We lived beside yon great ash tree.

"But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed I cannot tell;

She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said, that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more
That God our Father then would be.

"She kissed us both—and then she died!—
And we no more a mother have;
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together on poor mother's grave.

"But when my father came not here,
I thought, if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met;
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reach'd the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread;
We thought, that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished, we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said, father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parent here we have,
We'll go and search for God around:
Lady, pray, can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found!

He lives in heaven, mother said,
And Goody says, that mother's there;
"So, if she thinks we want his aid,
I think, perhaps she'll send him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come both, and live with me;
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be:—

"And God shall be your Father still;
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

REAL MOURNERS.

CRABBE.

Yes! there are real mourners—I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed:
Neatly she drest, nor vainly seem'd to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sank to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth.
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene;
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace:
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sailed—"This once and then the day:"
Yet prudence tarried; but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings in hi cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would be speak;
For now he felt the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain:
Hope was awakened as for home he sailed,
And quickly sank, and never more prevailed.

He called his friends, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die.
"Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes! I must die—Blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone!
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair—
One last, fond look! and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more—I will not paint
The lovers' meeting—She beheld him faint:
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding said,
"Yes! I must die!" and hope for ever fled!
Still long she nursed him—tender thoughts mean time
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer:
Apart she sighed; alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so, "Perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard.
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recal,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest:"
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love—and all was past!

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty, and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again; and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Forbear, sweet maid! nor be by fancy led,
To hold mysterious converse with the dead;
For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirit's pain
In this sad conflict will disturb thy brain;
All have their tasks and trials! Thine are hard,
But short the time, and glorious the reward;
Thy patient spirit to thy duties give,
Regard the dead! but to the living, live!

LYCIDAS.

MILTON.

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oosy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song:
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

MRS. HEMANS.

Prince William, son of King Henry the First, was drowned at sea. His father was never afterwards seen to smile.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He liv'd—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain!
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never smil'd again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair,
He never smil'd again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd
Amidst the knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Seemed blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smil'd again!

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place,
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had wash'd with tears
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smil'd again!

FADING FLOWERS.

C. WESLEY.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains!
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains!

TO A DECEASED HUSBAND.

BARBAULD.

PURE spirit! O where art thou now
O whisper to my soul!
O let some soothing thought of thee,
This bitter grief control.

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
Thy sufferings now are o'er;
The sea is calm the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wrecked thy peace,
Shall tear that gentle breast;
Nor Summer's rage, nor Winter's cold,
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,
My sorrows are to come;
Awhile I weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secret of the skies?

O, in some dream of vision'd bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of thy God,
Thou rest'st from human wo!

Thence may thy pure devotion's flame
On me, on me descend;
To me thy strong aspiring hopes,
Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

Let these my lonely path illume,
And teach my weakened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

Farewell! With honour, peace, and love
Be thy dear memory blest!
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,
When I too am at rest.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

IMITATION OF GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

ANON.

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired;
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine, sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer;
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters day by day;
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly pass'd
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low mouldering aisles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb.

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise,
In sweet communion rose before the throne.

Here, from those honoured lips, which sacred fire
From heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith and check affliction's tear.

When life flowed by, and like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,

Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Then gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign;
With quiet tears, the simple rites are said;
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

CANNING.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease;
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and Pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on Heaven thy unreverted eye!
Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple, as unwean'd infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away!)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom,—
Pour forth a Father's sorrows on thy tomb!

ON THE DEATH OF H. K. WHITE.

BYRON.

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there!
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own Genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

AN ELEGY.

C. A. ELTON.

A shadow on my spirit fell,
When my hush'd footstep from thee pass'd;
And sad to me thy mild farewell,
To me, who found it was thy last;
And when I saw thee next, a veil
Was drawn upon thy features pale.

They strewed thee, in thy narrow bed,
With roses from thy own loved bowers:
In melting anguish memory fled
Back to thy valued rural hours;
And saw thee gentle gliding round,
Where all to thee was Eden ground.

The God, whose presence met thee there,
Was with thee in thy slow decays;
He answered to thy dying prayer,
Whose life had been a hymn of praise:
Thy God was nigh—thy Shepherd God,
With comfort of his staff and rod.

I lay thee where the loved are laid:
Rest—till their change and thine shall come;
Still voices whisper through the shade;
A light is glimmering round the tomb;

The temple rends! the sleep is ended—
The dead are gone! the pure ascended!

ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His dearest earthly treasure to these springs,
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,
Shall court these salutary springs in vain:
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb despair the short'ning breath:—
If chance should bring him to this humble line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest'd,
Fram'd ev'ry tie that binds the heart to prove,
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
But yet rememb'ring that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the rod,—
And not to earth resign'd her, but to God!

AN EPITAPH ON FOUR INFANTS.

ROBINSON.

Bold Infidelity, turn pale, and die!
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie:
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinn'd because they're here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear:
Reason, ah! how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page: the knot's untied:
They died,—for Adam sinn'd;—they live,—for Jesus died.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

COLERIDGE.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

ANON.

So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

C. WESLEY.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose body lent;
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.

When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below,
Had been as short as thine.

AN EPITAPH.

COWPER.

Blame not the monumental stone we raise,
'Tis to the Saviour's, not the creature's praise:
Sin was the whole that she could call her own,
Her goodness all deriv'd from *Him* alone;
To *Sin* her conflicts, pains, and griefs she owed,
Her conqu'ring faith and patience *He* bestow'd:
Reader! mayst thou obtain like precious faith,
To smile in anguish, and rejoice in death!

ANON.

A soul prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons come, the saint obeys:
Swift was his flight, and short the road,
He clos'd his eyes and saw his God.
The flesh rests here till Jesus come:
To claim his treasure from the tomb.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

TIME.

YOUNG.

TIME in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him when pass'd by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the wind?
And all mankind, in contrafliction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

WHAT IS TIME?

MARSDEN.

I ASK'D an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curv'd, and white with hoary hairs;
"Time is the *warp* of life," he said, "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I ask'd the ancient venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sow'd the *seeds* we reap in this abode!"

I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl had broke;"
I ask'd him, What is time? "Time," he replied,
"I've lost it, Ah the *treasure!*" and he died!

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answer'd, "Time is but a *meteor's* glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I ask'd the seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify, or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise.)
"'Tis folly's *blank*, and wisdom's highest *prize!*"

I ask'd a spirit lost, but, O the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cried, "A *particle!* a *speck!* a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to Glory, or the path to Hell."

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Thine is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! *to-morrow* never yet,
On any human being, rose or set!"

I ask'd old father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;

His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I ask'd the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"By heav'ns, great King, I swear the mystery's o'er!
Time *was*," he cried,—"but Time shall be no more!"

IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

YOUNG.

On all-important *time* from every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've lost a day*"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of *Rome?* say rather, lord of *human race:*
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so *reason* speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess!
Time the supreme;—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* adored.

INFLUENCE OF TIME.

SHAKSPEARE.

Time's glory is to calm contending Kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time on aged things
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with his hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers!

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel.

RUINS OF PALMYRA.

MALCOLM.

Sad city of the silent place!
Queen of the dreary wilderness,
No voice of life, no passing sound
Disturbs thy dreadful calm around;
Save the wild desert-dweller's roar,
Which tells the reign of man is o'er,
Or winds that thro' thy portal sigh
Upon their night-course flitting by!

The eternal ruins frowning stand,
Like giant-spectres of the land;
Or o'er the dead like mourners hang,
Bent down by speechless sorrow's pang;
What time, and space, and loneliness,
All, o'er the sadden'd spirit press,
Around in leaden slumbers lie
The dread wastes of infinity,
Where not a gentle hill doth swell,
Where not a hermit shrub doth dwell;
And where the song of wandering flood
Ne'er voiced the fearful solitude.

How sweetly sad our pensive tears
Flow o'er each broken arch that rears
Its grey head through the mists of years!
And where are now the dreams of Fame,
The promise of a deathless name?
Alas! the deep delusion's gone!
And all, except the mouldering stone,
The wreath that deck'd the victor's hair,
Hath, like his glory, withered there:
And Time's immortal garlands twine
O'er desolation's mournful shrine,
Like youth's embrace around decline.

O'er Beauty's dark and desert bed
Ages of dreamless sleep have fled,
And in the domes where once she smiled,
The whispering weeds are waving wild;

The prince's court is the jackall's lair,
He peeps through Time's cold windows there:
Broken the harp, and all unstrung,
Perish'd the strains the minstrel sung.
The moss of ages is their pall,
And dull oblivion hides them all!

Yet there, though now no mortal eye
Looks forth upon the earth and sky,
The evening star steals out as mild,
Above the lone, and mighty wild,
As when young lovers hailed its light,
Far in the dark-blue fields of night;
And dews as brightly gem the ground,
As when a garden smiled around.

Go read thy fate, thou thing of clay,
In wrecks of ages rolled away;
Read it in this dread book of doom,
A city crumbled to a tomb!
Where the lorn remnants of the past,
Shed deeper sadness o'er the waste,
Where Melancholy breathes her spell,
And chroniclers of ruin dwell.

THE FATE OF EMPIRES.

ANON.

The wolf is in thy kingly hall,
The lion in thy garden howls,
And wilder, bloodier than they all,
The Arab robber round thee prowls:
High vengeance smote thee from thy throne;
Thou'rt dust and ashes, Babylon!

Where are thy pomps, Persepolis?
The traveller trembles on his way,
To hear thy serpents' sullen hiss,
Thou mighty daughter of decay!
Thou thing of wonder and of scorn,
Thy night has come without a morn.

Where are thy glories, Carthage? Dead!
Death lords it o'er thy pallid shore:
What stirs thy sands? The robber's tread!
What stirs thy waves? The robber's oar:
The arm that smote the crest of Rome,
Here wastes in the eternal tomb!

City of Constantine,—Earth's queen!
Where are thy banner and thy bow?
Sits in thy gates the Saracen?
Oh fallen! the lowest of the low!
Has not the earth one generous sword,
To save thee from the Tartar horde?

My country! shalt thou have thy hour,
When rolls the wheel of destiny?
No! holiness shall be thy tower;
The free, the slave, shall plead for thee,
Thou friend and fortress of them all,
No, England! thou shalt never fall.

THE WAKENING.

MRS. HEMANS.

"While Day arises, that sweet hour of prime."

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds thro' the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! well may *their* hearts rejoice,
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
Far 'midst old mountains, and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Tho' fearful or joyous, tho' sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all!
ONE, tho' to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?

MORNING AND EVENING.

BARTON.

How beautiful is morn!
When day-light, newly born,
From the bright portals of the East is breaking;
While songs of joy resound
From countless warblers round,
To light and life from silent slumber waking.

The parting clouds unfold
Their edges ting'd with gold;
Bright is the summit of the lofty mountain;
The glist'ning tops of trees,
Touch'd by the rustling breeze,
Are bright and tuneful as the Muses' fountain.

As upward mounts the sun,
The vallies, one by one,
Ope their recesses to the living splendor;
The mighty ocean's breast
Heaves upward to be blest,
And bids its waves reflected light surrender.

Each humble flower lifts up
Its dewy bell or cup,
Smiling through tears that know no tinge of sadness;
The insect tribes come out,
And, fluttering all about,
Fill the fresh air with gentle sounds of gladness.

Oh! who can witness this,
Nor feel the throb of bliss
With which creation's every pulse seems beating?
Or who, 'mid such a store
Of rapture flowing o'er,
The tribute of the heart forbear repeating?

Yet have I known an hour
Of more subduing power
Than this of beauty glowing—music gushing;—
An hour whose quiet calm,
Diffus'd an holier balm,
Whose watch-word, "Peace, be still!" the inmost heart was hushing.

It is the close of day,
When evening's hues array
The western sky in all their radiant lustre;
When round the setting sun,
His goal of glory won,
Resplendent clouds in silent beauty muster.

'Tis when day's parting light,
Dazzling no more the sight,
Its chastened glory to the eye is granting,
That "thoughts too deep for tears,"
Unearthly hopes and fears,
And voiceless feelings in the heart are panting.

While thus the western sky
Delights the gazing eye,
With thrilling beauty, touching, and endearing;—
What still of earth is fair,
Borrows its beauty there,
Though every borrow'd charm is disappearing.

Ere yet these charms grow dim,
Creation's vesper hymn,
Grateful and lovely, is from earth ascending;
'Till with that song of praise,
The hearts of those who gaze
With solemn feelings of delight are blending.

Then from those porta's bright,
A farewell gleam of light
Breaks with unearthly glory on the vision;

And through the folding doors,
The eye of thought explores
Seraphic forms, and phantasies elysian.

These pass like thought away!
Yet may their hallow'd sway
Rest on the heart,—as dew-drops round adorning
The drooping, silent flowers
Feed them through night's dark hours,
And keep them fresh and living till the morning.

Thus should the sunset hour,
With soul-absorbing power,
Nurse by its glories the immortal spirit;
And plume its wings for flight
To realms of cloudless light,
Regions its God hath form'd it to inherit.

Fair, bright, and sweet is MORN!
When daylight, newly born,
In all its beauty is to sense appealing;
Yet EVE to me is fraught
With more *unearthly thought*,
And purer touches of *immortal feeling!*

EVENING.

ANON.

A CRIMSON glow adorns the western sky;
The setting sun looks broad at his decline
The star of Evening twinkling, smiles on high,
And sings, "*The hand that made me is divine.*"

The silent moon begins her journey bright;
Across the ether blue, serenely glides;
And smiling o'er the gloomy face of night,
Sublime in placid majesty she rides.

Religion thus, across this world of care,
Calmly majestic throws her peaceful beam,
Bids earth's dull scenes a heavenly aspect wear,
And all creation with fresh beauty teem.

NIGHT.

MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day-light are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind,
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of Despair,
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends;—such death be mine.

THE STAR-LIGHT NIGHT.

LORD HOLLAND.

I GAZE upon yon orbs of light,
The countless stars that gem the sky;
Each in its sphere serenely bright,
Wheeling its course,—how silently!
While in the mantle of the night,
Earth and its cares and troubles lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur! can it be
That souls, whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow place,
This prison of mortality?

What madness from the path of right
For ever leads our steps astray,
That, reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight—
A good that vanisheth away?

Man slumbers heedless on, nor feels,
"To dull forgetfulness a prey."
The rolling of the rapid wheels
That call the restless hours away;
While every passing moment steals
His lessening span of life away.

Awake, ye mortals, raise your eyes
To yon eternal starry spheres.—
Look on these glories of the skies!
Then answer, how this world appears,
With all its pomps and vanities,
With all its hopes, and all its fears.

What, but a speck of earth at last,
Amidst the illimitable sky,
A point that sparkles in the vast
Effulgence of yon galaxy;
In whose mysterious round the past,
The present, and the future lie.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining
Through the unbounded void of space,
A hand unseen their course assigning;
All moving with unequal pace,
Yet in harmonious concord joining.—

Who that has seen these splendors roll,
And gaz'd on this majestic scene,
But sigh'd to 'scape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawns between?

There in their starry halls of rest,
Sweet Peace and Joy their homes have made;
There in the mansions of the blest,
Diviner Love his throne hath laid,
With ever-during glory graced,
And bliss that cannot fly nor fade.

O boundless beauty! let thy ray
Shine out unutterably bright;
Thou placid, pure, eternal day,
That never darken'st into night;
Thou spring, whose ever-green array
Knows not the wasting winter blight.—

O fields of never-dying green,
Bright with innumerable flowers!
O crystal rills that glide between!
O shady vales, and sunny bowers!
Hath mortal eye these glories seen,
Yet clung to such a world as ours?

TO SLEEP.

ANON.

THOUGH pictur'd in thy form I see
The likeness of the dead,
Yet, gentle sleep, oh deign to be
The partner of my bed.

For in the calm thy slumbers give,
How doubly blest am I?
Thus, without life, how sweet to live—
Thus, without death, to die?

SABBATH.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

MILTON.

AND now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heav'n's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet staid, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordained,
Author and End of all things; and, from work
Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six-days' act they sing:
"Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! What thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee! Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater, than created to destroy."

So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With hallelujahs: thus was Sabbath kept.

THE SABBATH.

HERBERT.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay!
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow:
The workie days are the back part;
The burthen of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man hath straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could but choose to look on still;
Since there is no place so lone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which Heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
Of God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife

Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his,
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove,
With the same shake which, at his passion,
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week day's trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth,
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

BARTON.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this;
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull night.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours,
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust:
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine;
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briers and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth; pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story;
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

SABBATH MORNING.

GRAHAME.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour; hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.

To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower through the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.
With dove like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

SABBATH EVENING.

EDMESTON.

ANOTHER day has pass'd along,
And we are nearer to the tomb;
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

These moments of departing day,
When thought is calm, and labours cease,
Are surely solemn times to pray,
To ask for pardon and for peace.

Thou God of mercy, swift to hear,
More swift than man to tell his need;
Be THOU to us this evening near,
And to thy fount our spirits lead.

Teach us to pray—and, having taught,
Grant us the blessings that we crave;
Without thy teaching—prayer is nought,
But with it—powerful to save!

SWEET is the light of SABBATH EVE
And soft the sunbeam lingering there
Those sacred hours this low earth lea
Wafted on wings of praise and pra

This time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines, and smiles on all bel
The plain, the stream, the wood, the
All fair with evening's setting glow

SEASON OF REST! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in
And while these sacred moments roll
FAITH sees a smiling heaven above

How short the time, how soon the su
Sets; and dark night resumes her
And soon the hours of rest are done,
Then morrow brings the world agai

Yet will our journey not be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless SABBATH of our God.

THE light of SABBATH EVE
Is fading fast away;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?

Is it a Sabbath spent
Fruitless, and vain, and void?
Or have these moments, lent,
Been sacredly employ'd?

How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again!

Then, in that hopeless place,
The tortur'd soul will say—
I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away!

God of these Sabbath hours,
Oh! may we never dare
To waste in thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer!

THE MILLENNIAL SABBATH.

MONTGOMERY.

Muse! take the harp of prophecy: behold!
The glories of a brighter age unfold
* * * * *
Father of Mercies! speed the promised hour;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean-waters roll!
Hope waits the morning of celestial light;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun;
Millennial years are hastening to the Sun;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends,
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;
Vengeance for ever sheaths the afflicting sword;
Death is destroy'd, and paradise restored:
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All.

EDMESTON.

It seems as if the summer sky
  Assumed a purer blue;
It seems as if the flow'ret's dye
  Put on a brighter hue;
It seems as if rough ocean's wave
Could now the bark but gently lave;
A loveliness so soft, so fair,
Pervades the earth, the sea, the air;
Peace dwells below, and all above
Bespeaks the heavenly reign of love.

Emmanuel!—thy sceptre bends
  O'er every land beneath the sun;
Where'er the track of man extends,
  Have thy sweet victories been won!
Thy cross has shone the cresset light
To wandering men, in storms of night,
And shew'd them, anxious and distrest,
The haven of eternal rest.

Commerce! not now, as once of old,
Art thou the tool of vice for gold.
The tears of wo, and blood of slaves,
Not now, as once, pollute the waves;
Food for soft Vice, and Pleasure's store,
Lade the polluted boards no more;
But every good that nature yields,
Rich fruits from gardens, food from fields,
The treasures, suns and showers dispense
Through all pervading providence;
Fruits of the mind, and many a store
Of human and of sacred lore;
The Arts and Sciences combine,
Saviour! to make the empire thine.
Painting portrays some lively thought;
The airy group hath Sculpture wrought;
Song bids to him her lays aspire,
And Music gives them warmer fire;
Fancy and Reason, Strength and Art,
Each bears her own, her several part.
The curse of War is past and o'er,
The blade shall bathe in blood no more

Within the cot, within the tower,
  Wherever we may roam;
In city, field, or summer-bower,
  How sweet is every home!
Love and Religion mingling there,
Make all alike around it fair.
Sweet is the beaming smile of light,
  That Love darts through the eye;
Her glance may well make warm and bright
  The sternest winter-sky.
Love bids perpetual summer shine,
And bids perpetual roses twine,
  Though storms be howling by:
But when to Love, so warm, is given
To look past Earth's short bound to Heaven,
To see its sweets re-bloom anew
In fields more green, and skies more blue;
Love, burning with Religion's flame,
Each hope, each fear, each joy the same
Souls, both as one, commingled there,
The same bright hope, the same sweet prayer,
The cross, their common bond—the seal,
That faith, which each profess and feel:
Oh! this is love, surpassing far,
What all mere earthly passions are:
More pure, more lovely, and more warm
Than lit by fairest earthly form.

Such is the love that shines around,
In palace, hall, or cot;
The looks that beam, the words that sound,
The joy that decks the spot,
The hymn floats softly through the vale,
The scent of flowers is in the gale,
Combining joy and summer-sun,
Perfume and music, all in one.
The infant group are now at play,
Bright as that sun and summer's day,
While the fond mother smiles to see
The ring dance round so merrily.
Beam on! beam on! ye sacred hours,
With joyance ever new;
No storm descends, no tempest lowers,
No sorrow saddens you:
The sun that makes your happy day,
Bids e'en the inmost soul be gay.

If Heav'n has ever shone below,
Its dawning now appears;
We seem to catch the morning-glow,
From those celestial spheres:
We seem to catch a blush of light
From the golden walls and portals bright:
A sweet reflection from the ray,
Which no sun beams,
Nor fair moon gleams,
But GOD HIMSELF sheds all the day.

This is the time so long foreseen,
When ages rolled their years between;
Thy reign, O PRINCE OF PEACE!
ENVY, and STRIFE, and WRATH have fled,
The POWERS of SIN seem bound and dead,
And PAIN and sorrow cease!
This was the empire thou didst buy,
When on the cross, ascending high,
DEATH yielded THEE the victory!
O may it be an endless reign,
Nor earth know other rule again!

DEATH.

VANITY OF LIFE.

ANON.

WHAT is life?—a rapid stream,
Rolling onward to the ocean.
What is life?—a troubled dream,
Full of incident and motion.

What is life?—the arrow's flight,
That mocks the keenest gazer's eye.
What is life?—a gleam of light,
Darting through a stormy sky.

What is life?—a varied tale,
Deeply moving, quickly told.
What is life?—a vision pale,
Vanishing while we behold.

What is life?—a smoke, a vapour,
Swiftly mingling with the air.
What is life?—a dying taper,
The spark that glows to disappear.
What is life?—a flower that blows,
Nipped by the frost, and quickly dead.
What is life?—the full-blown rose,
That's scorch'd at noon and withered.

Such is life,—a breath, a span,
A moment, quickly gone from thee.
What is death?—Oh! mortal man!
Thy entrance on eternity.

DEATH A UNIVERSAL CONQUEROR.

SHIRLEY.

THE glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at length must yield,
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom from the dust.

SUDDEN DEATH.

(A real occurrence.)

EDMESTON.

WHICH is the happiest death to die?
"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet should be
The victory I should gain!

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps which ring above;
And sing it, as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death—
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere;
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise;
And gather, from the death they view,
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they should be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I:
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame, with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart, where love's soft bands are breaking—
So would I die!

"All bliss without a pang to cloud it!
All joy, without a pain to shroud it!
Not slain, but caught up as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!
So would I die!
Oh how bright
Were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon my sight!
Even so,
I long to go,
These parting hours, how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstacy:
The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,
Around his mouth a sweet smile played;—
They look'd—he was dead;
His spirit had fled:
Painless and swift as his own desire,
The soul undress'd,
From her mortal vest,
Had stepp'd in her car of heavenly fire;
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!

THE REVERIE.

CONDER.

O! THAT in unfetter'd union,
Spirit could with spirit blend!
O! that in unseen communion,
Thought could hold the distant friend!
Who the secret can unravel,
Of the body's mystic guest?
Who knows how the soul may travel,
While unconsciously we rest?

While in pleasing thraldom lying,
Seal'd in slumbers deep, it seems,
Far abroad it may be flying—
What is sleep? and what are dreams?
Earth, how narrow thy dominions,
And how slow the body's pace!
O! to range on eagle's pinions
Through illimitable space!

What is thought? in wild succession
Whence proceeds the motley train?
What first stamps the vague impression
On the ever-active brain?
What is thought—and whither tending
Does the subtile phantom flee?
Does it, like a moonbeam ending,
Shine, and melt to vacancy?

Has a strange, mysterious feeling,
Something shapeless, undefin'd,
O'er thy lonely musings stealing,
Ne'er impress'd thy pensive mind;
As if he, whose strong resemblance,
Fancy in that moment drew,
By coincident remembrance,
Knew your thoughts—and thought of you?

When, at mercy's footstool bending,
Thou has felt a secret glow:
Faith and hope to heaven ascending,
Love still lingering below;
Say, has ne'er the thought impress'd thee,
That thy friend might feel thy pray'r?
Or the wish at least possess'd thee,
He could then thy feeling share?

Who can tell? that fervent blessing,
Angels, did you hear it rise?
Do you thus, your love expressing,
Watch o'er human sympathies?
Do ye some mysterious token
To the kindred bosom bear?
And to what the heart has spoken,
Wake a chord responsive there?

Laws, perhaps, unknown, but certain,
Kindred spirits may control;
But what hand can lift the curtain,
And reveal the awful soul?
Dimly through life's vapours seeing,
Who but longs for light to break?
O this feverish dream of being!
When, my friend, shall we awake?

Yes, the hour, the hour is hasting,
Spirit *shall* with spirit blend;
Fast mortality is wasting,
Then the secret all shall end.
Let then, thought hold sweet communion,
Let us breathe the mutual pray'r,
Till in heaven's eternal union;—
O my friend! to meet thee there.

SECOND PART.

Oh! the hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd like a cloud:
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All th' invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With innum'rous hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite.

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of earthly love retain?
Or, absorb'd in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twin'd?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind?

No: the past she still remembers;
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew;
For the widow'd, lonely spirit,
Mourns till she be cloth'd afresh;
Longs *perfection* to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest;
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an *angel's* care?
O, thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there!
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod!

Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their Sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence:
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies;
Hades'* gates are burst asunder,
See the new-cloth'd myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy vain endeavour,
Here must reason prostrate fall:
Oh! the ineffable *For Ever*,
And the *Eternal All in All!*

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BARBAULD.

SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer-cloud away:
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave! where is thy victory now?
And where, insidious death, thy sting?

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

KNOWLES.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to ambition? Ah! no;
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey

To beauty? Ah! no; she forgets
The charms that she wielded before:
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long-winding sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to affection and love?
Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above—
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;

* The invisible world.

Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfill'd;
And the third to the Lamb of the great Sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the skies.

THE DEAD.

CARRINGTON.

In Wales, in Switzerland, and in some parts of France, flowers are planted by the hand of affection on the graves of departed relatives. It is a touching and beautiful custom, and, in the first-mentioned country, even the peasant may often be seen bending over the hallowed turf; and as he inserts into the sod some new plant or flower, he performs it with a feeling and a delicacy which do honour to his unsophisticated heart.

Fair flowers in sweet succession should arise,
Through the long, blooming year, above the grave;
Spring breezes will breathe gentlier o'er that turf,
And Summer glance with mildest, meekest beam
To cherish Piety's dear offerings. There
Rich sounds of Autumn ever shall be heard—
Mysterious, solemn music, waked by winds
To hymn the closing year! And, when the touch
Of sullen Winter blights the last, last gem
That bloomed around the tomb—O there should be
The polished and enduring Laurel—there
The green and glittering Ivy, and all plants—
All hues and forms delicious that adorn
The brumal reign, and often waken hopes
Refreshing. Let eternal verdure clothe
The silent fields where rest the honoured dead,
While mute Affliction comes, and lingers round
With slow, soft step, and pensive pause, and sigh
And tear, all holy.

FUNERAL RITES.

AMERICAN.

O bury not the dead by day,
When the bright sun is in the sky,
But let the evening's mantle gray
Upon the mouldering ashes lie,
And spread around its solemn tone,
Before ye give the earth its own.

The gaudy glare of noon-day light
Befits not well the hour of gloom,
When friend o'er friend performs the rite
That parts them till the day of doom—

Oh, no!—let twilight shadows come,
When heaven is still and nature dumb.

Then, when the sephyrs in the leaves
Scarce breathe, amid their many round,
And every sigh that air receives
Is heard along her still profound—
Then at night's dusky hour of birth,
Yield the lamented dead to earth.

Yield him to earth—and let the dew
Weep o'er him its ambrosial tears,
And let the stars come forth and view
The close of human hopes and fears—
Their course goes on—he ne'er again
Shall tread the walks of living men.

Far in the west the ruddy glow
Of sunset clouds is lingering yet,
And with its brightness seems to show
The relics of a "golden set"—
But soon the fading grandeur flies,
And sadden'd night assumes the skies.

It is a holy hour of quiet,
By which the soften'd heart is woo'd
To thoughts that in the time of riot
Are rarely welcom'd to intrude—
To thoughts which evening's balmy kiss
Will often bring—nor bring amiss.

No sound awakes through all the sky,
Save the small voice of summer-bird,
That chants his little note on high,
So distant that it scarce is heard,
And yet comes floating softly by,
As 'twere a parted spirit's sigh.

A little cloud of snowy whiteness
Is sailing through the fields of air,
And seems with all its fleecy lightness,
Like a bright angel wandering there—
That little cloud so calmly stealing,
Brings to the heart a sadden'd feeling.

A spell of silence breathes around,
Or if a single voice is shed,
It is a soft and stilly sound—
Oh! what an hour to quit the dead!
Choose not the day—take twilight's tone,
And let the earth receive her own.

THE BURIAL OF A GOOD MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

This place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares away!
Silence and darkness reign around,
But lo! the break of day:
What bright and sudden dawn appears
To shine upon this scene of years!

'Tis not the morning light
That wakes the lark to sing:
'Tis not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing:
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and time,
Met for a moment here;
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere—
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view
'Midst flaming hosts above:
Whose rank stood silent while he drew
Near to the throne of love:
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with extatic awe,
Entranc'd our spirits fell,
And saw, yet wist not what they saw:
And heard—no tongue can tell:
What sounds the ear of rapture caught!
What glory fill'd the eye of thought!

Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mounting fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire:
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

Behold this bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay:
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No: life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality!

Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs reeal the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs
Till love return'd this alter'd mien,
And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead—in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross:
And from the grave their dust shall rise
In his own image to the skies!

THE FAULTS OF THE DEAD LIE IN THEIR GRAVE.

SOTHEBY.

Hard is his heart who never at the tomb
Of one belov'd, o'er the sepulchral urn
Has mus'd on days that shall no more return,
And cull'd around from the funereal gloom,
Shades of past joy; while tears that lenient flow,
Seem to obliterate the sense of wo.
Lo! on the mirror bright of former days,
Whereon we love to gaze,
Repicturing the scene of happiness,
No forms unkind intrude;
O'er each hard feature rude,
Gather the shadows of forgetfulness;
While all that minister'd delight,
Floats like a blissful dream before the sight.
'Tis as a pleasant land by moonlight seen,
Where each harsh form that met the day,
In darkness dies away;
Smooth gleams and tender shadows steal between,
While the pale silvery orb glides peaceful o'er the scene.

THE LAST MAN.

CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expir'd in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread:
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, "We're twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go—
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned King of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
Th' eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heav'nly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

JUDGMENT.

SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

MESER.

The world is grown old, and her pleasures are past;
The world is grown old, and her form may not last;
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear!
For sorrows abound, and Judgment is near!

The sun in the Heaven is languid and pale;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and Judgment is near!

The King on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer;
For the world is grown old, and Judgment is near!

The world is grown old! but should we complain
Who have tried her, and know that her promise is vain?
Our heart is in Heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when Judgment is near!

CHRIST WELCOMED.

DALE.

O THOU, on earth beloved, adored,
My friend, my father, and my Lord!
I see thee now without a veil.—
Help! or my dazzled sight will fail.
O bear me to that burning throne,
I scarce can brook to gaze upon,
And give my kindling soul to prove
The raptures of ecstatic love;
And learn unutterable lays,
And hymn Thee in eternal praise!
Shrink like a scroll, thou frighted sky!
Earth—tremble into vacancy!
List to the pealing trumpet's swell,
Ye hideous depths of death and hell,—
Burst your strong chain, your gates unclose,
And break the long—the last repose.
Blest train of martyr'd saints, arise!
Look upward to your native skies!
Arise! and claim your rich reward,
And share the triumphs of your Lord.
Behold the promised golden throne,—
The conquering palm,—the unfading crown!
And more than all,—that beaming eye,
Whose glance is love and ecstasy!
But lo! what sudden splendors beaming,
O'er heaven's illumin'd arch are streaming,
What hues of varied beauty blending,
What fair celestial towers descending!—
O Salem, city of our God!
The saints'—the martyrs' blest abode,—
I see the gates of pearl unfold,
I see thy streets of burnish'd gold:
I see thy towers in crystal shine!
Meet temple for a King Divine.
Hail perfect, pure in virgin pride,
The mighty Lamb's resplendent bride!
Within thy hallowed courts are found,
No lurking cares to vex or wound;
No dim eye sheds the hopeless tear,
No bosom throbs with doubt or fear;
And hush'd is Shame's tumultuous thrill,
And Passion's warring storm is still.
No bright sun beams by day—by night,
No pale moon sheds her feebler light,—
But from the throne of living fire,
Where sits reveal'd th' eternal Sire,
Where seraphs raise their loudest strain,
To hail the Lamb that once was slain,—
Tho' FAITH and HOPE have pass'd away,
Love sheds a pure unchanging ray;
What faintly shone on earth before,
Now beams and burns for evermore.

THE JUDGMENT.

MILMAN.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the Heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! by millions are pour'd,
The hosts of the Angels to wait on their Lord,
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

The Judgment! the Judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met!

All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word,

Oh Mercy! Oh Mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven.

THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT.

MONTGOMERY.

The days and years of Time are fled,
Sun, moon, and stars have shone their last,
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
Then vanish'd at the archangel's blast:
All secret things have been reveal'd,
Judgment is pass'd, the sentence seal'd,
And man to all eternity
What he is *now* henceforth must be.

From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one escaped that muster-roll;
Each, as if he alone were there,
Stood up, and won or lost his soul;
These from the Judge's presence go
Down into everlasting wo;
Vengeance hath barr'd the gates of Hell,
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

But lo! far off the righteous pass
To glory from the King's right hand;
In silence, on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While he who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor-crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath his feet.

Then every eye in Him shall see,
(While thrones and powers before him fall,)
The fulness of the Deity,
Where God himself is all in all:
O how eternity shall ring
While the first note the ransom'd sing!
While in that strain all voices blend,
Which once begun shall never end.

In that unutterable song,
Shall I employ immortal breath?
Or with the wicked borne along,
Forever die, "the second death?"
Jesus my life, my light, Thou art;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart:
Lord, I believe,—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave.

HEAVEN.

HERE AND THERE.

H. MORE.

HERE, bliss is short, imperfect, insecure;
But total, absolute, and perfect THERE.
HERE, time's a moment, short our happiest state;
THERE, infinite duration is our date.
HERE, Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best;
THERE, Satan's power extends not to the blest.
In a weak simple body, HERE I dwell;
But THERE I drop this frail and sickly shell.

HERE, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear;
But love and pardon shall be perfect THERE.
HERE, my best duties are defiled with sin;
THERE, all is ease without, and peace within.
HERE, feeble faith supplies my only light;
THERE, faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.
HERE, love of self my fairest works destroys;
THERE, love of God shall perfect all my joys.
HERE, things as in a glass, are darkly shown;
THERE, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below;
THERE, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.
HERE, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind;
But spirits THERE, a calm fruition find.
HERE, disappointments my best schemes destroy;
THERE, those that sowed in tears shall reap in joy.
HERE, vanity is stamped on all below;
Perfection THERE, on every good shall grow.
HERE, my fond heart is fastened on some friend,
Whose kindness may, whose life must have an end;
But THERE, no failure can I ever prove,—
God cannot disappoint, for God is love.
HERE, Christ for sinners suffered, groaned, and bled;
But THERE, he reigns the great triumphant Head.
HERE, mocked and scourged, he wore a crown of thorns;
A crown of glory THERE, his brow adorns.
HERE, error clouds the will, and dims the sight;
THERE, all is knowledge, purity, and light.
HERE, so imperfect is this mortal state,
If blest myself, I mourn some other's fate—
At every human wo I HERE repine;
The joy of every saint shall THERE be mine.
HERE, if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart;
But THERE, that broken reed and I shall part.
HERE, on no promised good can I depend;
But THERE, the Rock of Ages is my friend.
HERE, if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire;
But THERE, whatever good the soul employ,
The thought, that 'tis eternal, crowns the joy!

CELESTIAL GLORY.

ANON.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such beauteous gems are thrown,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God around thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought;—
Hung, like some royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What glory round the shrine must dwell

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,

Flinging o'er earth his golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze;
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What then the day where thou dost shine!

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy brightness gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light!

GRINFIELD.

If Nature smiles e'en here below,
Where sin hath tarnish'd all with wo,
So heavenly sweet and fair;
With warbling birds and breathing flowers,
Hills, woods, and waters,—past the powers
Of mortals to declare:
O think! the scenery of that world,
(Eternity's dim curtain furl'd)
How beauteous, how sublime!
What gardens *there*, what bowers and vales,
What living streams, melodious gales,
To glad th' immortal clime!

If looks, with such a glorious glance,
Yon sun from yonder blue expanse,
There's rapture in the sight;
If night's thick host so solemn gleam,
And the sweet moon o'er all doth stream
So exquisite a light:
What light, what glory, must be there,
What heavens, beyond our poor compare,
O'er-canopy th' abode,
Where neither day they know, nor night;
For there the Lamb is all their light,
And all their glory, God!

If here so fair the forms we scan,
Of various life, and most of man,
So eloquent the eye;
Such grandeur, sprightliness, or grace,
Where Death hath seal'd the loveliest face
Whose smile e'er waked a sigh:
How sweet, how glorious, to behold
Those bodies of celestial mould,
Without a speck, a taint!
Their eyes all sanctity and love,
Their wings all seraph-like,—above
The reach of thought to paint!

If darkly through a glass to see,
And know in part, thus infantly,
Such interests here convey;
If such a varied charm we find
In Newton's or in Milton's mind,
Grave thought, or fancy gay:
Oh, there in soul to ripen! oh
To see all face to face, and know
E'en as ourselves are known;
Spirit with spirit, mind with mind,
Uncloy'd, unclouded, unconfin'd;
Truth's universe our own!

If here the interchange of hearts
Such an all-healing balm imparts,
And love each sorrow cheers;
Where many a human fault alloys,
And partings break our social joys,
And smiles are mix'd with tears:
Then, oh, where no farewells intrude,
No selfish, no unkindly mood,
Their harmony to impair;
Where all is loveliness and love;
What pure, what deep content they prove,
What sweet communion there!

If where, around our holiest things,
Sin, viper-like, still creeps and clings,
And faintness comes, and fear;
Yet faith can such a peace afford;
Hope, such a joy, to brighten, Lord,
Thy distant dwellings here:
Then think, where sin hath no control,
Where faintness ne'er weighs down the soul,
Where fear of change is o'er;
Where faith, where hope, need no employ,—
In God's own presence, think what joy,
Full and for evermore!

If here the toils, the thoughts, to note,
A Luther bore, a Leighton wrote,
Such calm delight we find;
The Church's history to peruse,
And, chief, on words of Jesus muse,
On Paul's or David's mind:
There, with those spirits to converse,
And hear them each with praise rehearse
Whate'er on earth they prov'd;

To see that Saviour as he is,
Yea, to be like him,—crown of bliss,—
Whom here, unseen, we lov'd!

If in our soul so sweet to trace
The impressions of supernal grace,
Imperfectly discern'd;
With eye so dim, through mist so dense,
To spell the lines of Providence
In mystic mazes twin'd:
Then, oh! to witness, all unveil'd,
How wisdom, truth, and love ne'er fail'd!
How beauteous, when avow'd,
In grace, in providence, they work'd!
What beams of glory ever lurk'd
Behind the darkest cloud!

If blest, in silence and apart,
Heavenward we pour out all the heart,
Its every joy or care;
If blest, on festival divine,
Th' assembled brotherhood we join
In vocal praise or prayer:
What, with the innumerable throng
Of angels and redeem'd, the song
Of endless praise to pour;
And all the miracles we trace
In nature, providence, or grace,
Enraptur'd still t' adore!

If, therefore, 'midst so much alloy,
There's so much beauty, so much joy,
In matter or in mind;
If, 'midst a world of sin-born wo,—
These troubled waters here below,—
Such sweetness oft we find;
What joy, what beauty must be there,
In soul, in sense,—beyond whate'er
Beauty or joy we call;
Where in his glory shines the King,
Where flows of bliss th' unsullied spring,
Source, centre, end of all!

These heavens, this earth, so fair to-day,
Must, with a hideous crash, give way;
The fatal hour is sign'd;
Must shrivel like a flaming scroll;
And, where they fill'd the wondrous whole,
"Leave not a wreck behind!"
But never, through essential day,
The new creation shall decay;
That world of love and truth
Is God-like all; it cannot die;
Impregn'd with immortality,
And ever-vernal youth.

Then, mortal, why on infant toys,
On shadowy cares, on meteor joys,
Should all thy soul be spent?
Why, blest and chasten'd, woo'd and aw'd,
In these his works, forget thy God,
Thy home in this thy tent?
No, learn to look with faith serene
At things eternal, though unseen,
Eternal, undefil'd!
Like children, once, we thought, we spake;
But, grown to manhood, we forsake
The trifles of the child.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

ANON.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heav'n.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of ev'n;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heav'n!

There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heav'n!

There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n:
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heav'n.

HEAVEN.

BOWRING.

THERE is a land where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness—where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of love, that roll
By God's high throne!—myriads of glorious ones
Bring their accepted offering: oh! how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
To inhale one breath of Paradise divine—
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God!

THE BETTER LAND.

HEMANS.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
"Not there, not there, my child."

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!

THE LAND OF THE BLESSED.

DURANT.

Wo, and wailing shall be o'er, then;
Weeping shall be heard no more, then;
Let us quickly, sweetly soar, then,
To the land of the blessed:
Not an eye shall shed a tear, there;
None shall feel a grief or fear, there;
Every face a smile shall wear, there,
In the land of the blessed.

They, whose wounded, bleeding heart, here,
Learn'd how hard it was to part, here,
Hoped, amid the sharpest smart, here,
For the land of the blessed:
Softest zephyrs o'er them blow, there;
Streams of life immortal flow, there;
Those they lost they'll love and know, there,
In the land of the blessed.

Finest radiance smiling round them,
Still increasing joy hath found them,
Ever since death's angel crown'd them
For the land of the blessed:
Wo and wailing shall be o'er, then;
Weeping shall be known no more, then;
Let us quickly, sweetly soar, then,
To the land of the blessed.

ETERNAL LIFE.

GRINFIELD.

THERE God unfolds his presence, clouded here,
And shines eternal day. All, all is there
Bright effluence of the uncreated mind;
Infinite beauty, all! A vernal life,
A fire ethereal, unperceived itself,
Felt in its glorious energy, pervades

And thrills through every part the taintless whole:
The air, the soil, the rivers, fruits, and flowers,
Instinct with immortality, and touch'd
With amaranthine freshness, by the hand
That form'd them, and the beatific smile
That ever beams around them. Every heart
Catches that smile; each eye reflects it; all,
In body and in spirit, sameless myriads,
Fill'd with empyreal vigour, fill'd with God,
And radiant in the Glory of the Lamb!

JOY OF HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

E. C. KENT.

THERE is—there is a joy, though time should bring
Each fleeting moment change upon his wing;
The fair, the fond, the cherish'd should depart,
Hope's visions soothe, or torture wring the heart:
O! 'mid this world of sorrowing and mirth,
There is a joy—it is not of the earth!
There is a joy—it is not in the breeze,
The fields, the flowers, the woodland harmonies,
The bright'ning beam of Summer's gladden'd day,
Or burst of splendor ere it fades away—
How beautifully fades! Then comes the night,
And heaven is filled with million gems of light.

There is a joy—it is not in the star
Trembling in beauty o'er the hills afar!
There is a joy—it is not in the beam
The moon has pour'd o'er mountain, tower, and stream!
There is a joy—and 'tis not in thy song,
Bard of the night! though echo mocks thee long;
(Who hears and loves thee not?) nor in the hush—
The stilliness of night; nor in the blush—
The loveliness of morn! For storm or calm,
Sorrow or mirth, there is a joy, a balm:
And where, oh! where are they? I turn to thee,
Thou book of life, hope, love and liberty!

Gazing on thee, night's radiance waxeth dim,
Ev'n sadness mingles with the warbled hymn;
And yet whose strain was happier than the throng
Of the wild wood?—but, hark! the seraph-song
Swells on my ear, in blended harp and voice,
As on that night it bade the swains rejoice.
Lo! from its page another world appears,
Undimm'd by griefs and unbedew'd with tears;
A blissful world of harmony and peace;
For there all troubling and all care shall cease;
There the rapt soul enjoy its day of rest—
One long, long day with endless glory blest!

O! for that clime my pinions let me plume—
Fade fast, thou world of sorrowing and gloom!
Ye lovely, lonely watchers of the night!
Soon far beyond ye may I wing my flight,
And find, exchang'd for all earth's bitter woes,
A home of joy, of refuge and repose.
——This is the joy, young Isadore! believe,
More than the minstrel in his verse can weave;—
More than the poet, as his rapture'd eye
Dwells on the earth, the ocean, or the sky,
Can ever feel—joy for the deepest gloom,
Strewing with flowers our pathway to the tomb!

VISION OF INFANTS IN HEAVEN.

MONTGOMERY.

I saw them in white raiment crown'd with flowers,
On the fair banks of that resplendent river,
Whose streams make glad the city of our God—
Waters of life as clear as crystal, welling
Forth from the throne itself, and visiting
Fields of a Paradise that ne'er was lost,
Where yet the tree of life immortal grows,
And bears its monthly fruits, twelve kinds of fruit
Each in its season, food of Saints and Angels,
Whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Beneath the shadow of its blessed boughs
I marked those rescued Infants, in their schools
By spirits of just men made perfect, taught
The glorious lessons of Almighty Love,
Which brought them thither by the readiest path,
From the world's wilderness of dire temptations,
Securing thus their everlasting weal.

Yea in the rapture of that hour, tho' songs
Of Cherubim to golden lyres and trumpets,
And the redeemed upon the sea of glass
With voices like the sound of many waters,
Came in mine ear, whose secret cells were opened
To entertain celestial harmonies;—
The small sweet accents of those little children
Pouring out all the gladness of their souls
In love, joy, gratitude, and praise to Him;—
Him who had lov'd and wash'd them in his blood,
These were to me the most transporting strains
Amidst the hallelujahs of all Heaven.

Tho' lost awhile in that amazing chorus
Around the throne—at happy intervals
The shrill hosannas of the infant quire
Singing in that Eternal Temple, brought
Tears to mine eye, which seraphs had been glad
To weep, could they have felt the sympathy
That melted all my soul, when I beheld
How condescending Deity thus deigned
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings here
To perfect his high praise. The harp of Heaven
Had lack'd its least, but not its meanest string
Had children not been taught to play upon it,
And sing from feelings all their own, what men
Nor angels can conceive of creatures, born
Under the curse, yet from the curse redeem'd,
And placed at once beyond the power to fall.
— Safety which men nor angels ever knew,
Till ranks of these, and all of those had fallen.

BLISS OF HEAVEN INEFFABLE.

T. MOORE.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the Universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heav'n is worth them all.

ETERNITY.

TO ETERNITY.

BARBAULD.

The year has seen
Its round of seasons, has fulfilled its course,
Absolved its destined period, and is borne,
Silent and swift, to that devouring gulf,
Their womb and grave, where seasons, months, and years,
Revolving periods of uncounted time,
All merge, and are forgotten.—Thou alone,
In thy deep bosom burying all the past,
Still art; and still from thine exhaustless store
New periods spring, Eternity.—Thy name
Or glad, or fearful, we pronounce, as thoughts
Wandering in darkness shape thee. Thou strange being,
Which art and must be, yet which contradict'st
All sense, all reasoning,—thou who never wast
Less than thyself, and who still art thyself
Entire, though the deep draught which Time has taken
Equals thy present store.—No line can reach
To thy unfathomed depths. The reasoning sage
Who can dissect a sunbeam, count the stars,
And measure worlds, is here a child,
And, humbled, drops his calculating pen.
On, and still onward flows the ceaseless tide,
And wrecks of empires and of worlds are borne
Like atoms on its bosom.—Still *thou art*
And He who does inhabit thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

H. MORE.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs:
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save, or serve, but all can please:
Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence:
Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heav'n decrees,
To all the gift, of minist'ring to ease:
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flatt'ry, and all praise above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault;
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought;
On these Heaven bade the sweets of life depend;
And crush'd ill-fortune when she gave a friend.
A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the breast he loves,
Soothes not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmixed with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight:
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comforts, and destroy our peace.

POWER AND GENTLENESS;

OR THE

CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

BARTON.

Noble the mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness;—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Ting'd by the sun-beams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;—

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around;—Oh tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be cloth'd in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing, silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives;—itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The Village Church-yard;—its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody
For worth, and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small School-house, in the sunshine, bright:
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charm of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allow'd to plead?

What are the trophies gain'd
By power alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath unstain'd,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturb'd:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curb'd!

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

MISS J. TAYLOR.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleam'd from grated cells,
When wild Astrology's distorted eye
Shunn'd the fair field of true philosophy,
And wand'ring thro' the depths of mental night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light:—
When curious Alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things that Science laughs at now,
Losing the useful purpose she consults,
In vain chimeras and unknown results:—
In those grey times there lived a reverend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.
A monk he was, immured in cloister'd walls,
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls.
'Twas a profound seclusion that he chose;
The noisy world disturb'd not that repose:
The flow of murmuring waters, day by day,
And whistling winds, that forced their tardy way
Thro' reverend trees, of ages' growth, that made,
Around the holy pile a deep monastic shade;
The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer,—
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

* * * * * * *

'Twas here when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain:
But whether by magic or alchymy's powers
We know not, indeed 'tis no business of ours:
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected; but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and grey;
But success is secure unless energy fails;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales.*

What were they?—you ask: you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;

Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense:
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball, on the roof of the cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Doreas* had made—for a weight;
And tho' clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms houses, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest;—
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

Again, he performed an experiment rare:
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed;
When he found, with surprise that the whole of his brother
Weigh'd less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

By further experiments, (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one plough.

A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallised tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense;—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh,—'twas the "pearl of great price."

At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate;
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof;
Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sail'd up aloft—a balloon in the sky:
While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's scales:*
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put:

Let these be made even, with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam:
Then bring those good actions which pride over-rates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

THE BALLOON

MISS AIKIN.

The airy ship at anchor rides;
Proudly she heaves her painted sides,
Impatient of delay;
And now her silken form expands,
She springs aloft, she bursts her bands,
She floats upon her way.

How swift! for now I see her sail
High mounted on the viewless gale,
And speeding up the sky;
And now a speck in ether lost—
A moment seen, a moment lost—
She cheats my dazzled eye.

Bright wonder! thee no flapping wing,
No labouring oar, no bounding spring,
Urged on thy fleet career;
By native buoyancy impelled,
Thy easy flight was smoothly held
Along the silent sphere.

No curling mist at close of light,
No meteor on the breast of night,
No cloud at breezy dawn;
No leaf adown the summer-tide
More effortless is seen to glide,
Or shadow o'er the lawn.

Yet thee, e'en thee, the destined hour,
Shall summon from thy airy tour,
Rapid in prone descent;
Methinks I see thee downward borne,
With flaccid sides that droop forlorn,
The breath ethereal spent.

Thus daring fancy's plume sublime—
Thus love's bright wings are clipp'd by time,
Thus hope, her soul elate,
Exhales amid this grosser air—
Thus lightest hearts are bowed by care,
And genius yields to fate.

THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

DE LA MOTTE.

It happen'd on a cloudy morn,
A self-conceited clock, in scorn
A dial thus bespoke;
My learned friend, if in thy power,
Tell me exactly what's the hour;
I am upon the stroke.

The modest dial thus reply'd,
That point I cannot now decide,
The sun is in the shade;
My information drawn from him,
I wait till his enlightening beam
Shall be again display'd.

Wait for him then, return'd the clock,
I am not that dependent block
His counsel to implore;
One winding serves me for a week,
And, hearken! how the truth I speak,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, just four.

While thus the boaster was deriding
And magisterially deciding,
A sun-beam clear and strong,
Shew'd on the line, three quarters more;
And that the clock in striking four,
Had told his story wrong.

On this the dial calmly said,
(More prompt t' advise than to upbraid,)
Friend, go, be regulated;
Thou answer'st without hesitation,
But he who trusts thy calculation
Will frequently be cheated.

Observe my practice, shun pretence,
Not confidence, but evidence,
An answer meet supplies;
Blush not to say, "I cannot tell,"
Not speaking much, but speaking well,
Denotes the truly wise.

THE BAZAAR.

MRS. MORE.

TIME was, each lady thought no harm
By ornaments she *wore* to charm;
Self-love bade Industry make haste,
And Vanity was fed by Taste.
Oh then, the day's not distant far,
Up starts the bountiful Bazaar!
Here Charity assumes new grace,
By wearing Decoration's face.
Long may the liberal scheme abide,
For Taste is Virtue so applied.

WEST END FAIR.

BARBAULD.

DAME Charity one day was tired
With nursing of her children three,—
So might you be
If you had nursed and nursed so long
A little squalling throng;—
So she, like any earthly lady,
Resolved for once she'd have a play-day.

"I cannot always go about
To hospitals and prisons trudging,
Or fag from morn to night
Teaching to spell and write
A barefoot rout
Swept from the streets by poor Lancaster,
My sub-master.

"That Howard 'ran me out of breath,
And Thornton and a hundred more
Will be my death:
The air is sweet, the month is gay,
And I," said she, "must have a holiday."

So said, she doffed her robes of brown
In which she commonly is seen,—
Like French Beguine,—
And sent for ornaments to town:
And Taste in Flavia's form stood by,
Pencilled her eyebrows, curled her hair,
Disposed each ornament with care,
And hung her round with trinkets rare,—
She scarcely, looking in the glass,
Knew her own face.

So forth she sallied blithe and gay,
And met dame Fashion by the way;
And many a kind and friendly greeting
Passed on their meeting:
Nor let the fact your wonder move,
Abroad, and on a gala-day,
Fashion and she are hand and glove.

So on they walked together,
Bright was the weather;
Dame Charity was frank and warm;
But being rather apt to tire,
She leant on Fashion's arm.

And now away for West End fair,
Where whiskey, chariot, coach, and chair,
Are all in requisition.
In neat attire the Graces
Behind the counters take their places,
And humbly do petition
To dress the booths with flowers and sweets,
As fine as any May-day,
Where Charity with Fashion meets,
And keeps her play-day.

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

MRS. PIOZZI.

DUTY and Pleasure, long at strife,
Crossed in the common walks of life;—
"Pray don't disturb me, get you gone"
Cries Duty, with a serious tone:
Then with a smile; "keep off, my dear,
Nor force me thus to be severe."

"Dear Sir," cries Pleasure, "you're so grave!
You make yourself a perfect slave:
I can't think why we disagree;
You may turn Methodist for me:
But if you'll neither laugh nor play,
At least don't stop me on my way;
Yet sure one moment you might steal,
To see the lovely Miss O'Neill:
One hour to relaxation give;
Oh! lend an hour from life—to live!
And here's a bird, and there's a flower;—
Dear Duty, walk a little slower."

"My morning's task is not half done,"
Cries Duty with an inward groan;

" False colours on each object spread,
I know not whence, or where, I'm led!
Your boasted pleasures mount the wind,
And leave their venomed stings behind.
Where are you flown?" Voices around
Cry, " Pleasure long hath left this ground;
Old Age advances; haste away!
Nor lose the light of parting day.
See Sickness follows; Sorrow threats;—
Waste no more time in vain regrets:—
O Duty! one more effort given
May reach, perhaps, the gates of heaven,
Where, only, each with each delighted,
Pleasure and Duty live united!"

THE TWO WEAVERS.

MRS. MORE.

As at their work two weaver's sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat;
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

" What with my brats, and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, " I'm almost tired of life;
So hard we work, so poor we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

" How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heav'n is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him, and none to me?

" In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the Pulpit preaches,
This world,—indeed I've thought so long,
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

" Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John, " Our ignorance is the cause,
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

" See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder!"

Quoth Dick, " my work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout;
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, " thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

" As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

" No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

" But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is Divine.

" What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise, what here we spurned,
For there the carpet will be turned."

" Thou'rt right," " quoth Dick, " no more
I'll grumble,
That this world is so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

THE BRAMBLE.

BISHOP.

WHILE wits through fiction's regions ramble;—
While bards for fame or profit scramble;—

gasus can trot or amble;—
t may come,—I'll sing the BRAM-

now?" methinks I hear you say;
what, is rhyme run mad to-day?"
mine's but a sudden gambol;
hung hampered on a bramble.

! no more of this wild stuff:
frolic is enough;
, Rhyme, at future need,
soberer style proceed.

ects of nice disquisition,
modes of definition:
thing two sides has got;
?—and what is it not?
ods, for exactness' sake,
our Bramble mean to take;
our leave, will first discuss
e good parts; as thus:—

mble will not, like the rose,
your fingers, tempt your nose;
it wounds, the fault's your own—
and *that* lets you alone.

it your myrtles for a time up:
ine wants a wall to climb up:
ble, in its humble station,
her heeds, nor situation:
is too wet, too dry for't;
too low, no hedge too high for't.

raise, and that with reason too,
ysuckle's scent and hue:
n storms, or sure decay,
ith its bloom its charms away.
y Bramble's coarser flower
its post, come blast, come shower!
time crops it, time subdues
s,—for it has none to lose.

f your skill, and care, and cost,
ler shrubs are often lost;
bles, where they once get footing,
to age continue shooting:
tention, no forecasting!
green—but ever-lasting.

hrubs intestine hatred cherish,
ed too near each other, perish:
Bramble indulges no such whim;
All neighbours are alike to him:
No stump so scrubby, but he'll grace it:
No crab so sour but he'll embrace it.

Such and so various negative merits
The Bramble from its birth inherits:
Take we its positive virtues next;
For so at first we split the text.

The more resentment tugs and kicks,
The closer still the Bramble sticks;
Yet gently handled, quits his hold,
Like heroes of true BRITISH mould.
Nothing so touchy, when they are teased;
No touchiness so soon appeased.

Full in your view and next your hand,
The Bramble's homely berries stand;
Eat as you list—none call you glutton!
Forbear—it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
The essence of true hospitality!
When frank simplicity and sense
Make no parade, take no offence;
Such as it is, set forth the best,
And let the welcome add the rest.

The Bramble's shoot, though fortune lay
Point blank obstructions in its way,
For no obstructions will give out;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about;
Like valour, that can suffer, die,
Do any thing, but yield or fly.

While Brambles hints like these can start,
Am I to blame to take their part?
No! let who will, affect to scorn 'em,
My muse shall glory to adorn 'em:
For as Rhyme did in my preamble,
So Reason now cries,—"Bravo, Bramble!"

THE MOON AND THE COMET.

MRS. OPIE.

THIS fact is clear; both man and woman
Prize not what's good, but what's uncommon;
And most delighted still they are,
Not with the excellent, but rare.

I could of this give proofs most stable;
But, for example, take a fable.

'Twas night, but still a mimic day
Shone softly from the milky way:
For now the bright unclouded moon
Was "riding in her highest noon;"
Who, as she slowly sail'd along,
Beheld a most unusual throng,
With eyes up-rais'd devoutly gazing,
And heard, "Behold! see there! amazing!"—
"What can this mean?" dame Cynthia said:
"Perhaps," and high she drew her head,
"It is, that I on earth to night
Shine with unwonted beauty bright,
And therefore mortals in amaze
Come crowding forth on me to gaze."—
And then (for heav'nly beauties love,
Like earthly ones, applause to move,)
She stoop'd, within a lake below
To see how look'd her sparkling brow;
And, as her crescent she adjusted,
She thought, if mirrors might be trusted,
That night, so wondrous was her beauty!
To gaze on her was mortals' duty.
But, oh! sad fall to female pride,
She soon with wond'ring looks descried
'Twas not on her that eyes were turn'd;
For her no curious ardour burn'd;
At her no telescopes were aim'd,
Nor wonder at her charms proclaim'd
Some other idol now, she found,
Had fickle man in fetters bound;
And Cynthia was compell'd to own,
Unseen her matchless beauty shone.
"But what," she cried "thus rivals me?
I all the stars and planets see:
Orion has his belt in order;
Of Saturn's ring bright shines the border;
Mars sports his coat of reddest hue;
And Charles has put his horses to:*
But still, these sights so oft are seen,
There's nothing new in them I ween;
And after all, I know, the cry
Is, they are nought when I am by.
'Tis strange; and I shall surely pout
Until I find my rival out,"—
This said, she looked on ev'ry side
With eager looks of wounded pride,
And round with all the spite inspected
Of conscious beauty quite neglected:
When, lo! she saw with wond'ring breast,
Just twinkling in the northern west,
And dimly seen, since seen from far,
A rayless, misty, long-tail'd star;
While homage from her charms was ravish'd
To be on this poor Comet lavish'd.

* The Constellation of the Great Bear, called sometimes Charles's wain.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

And thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—
In Thebe's streets three thousand years ago!
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak, for thou long enough hast acted Dummy!
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune!
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the Moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass:
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled?
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develope, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green!—
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But, prithee, tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits, thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered!

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;—
The Roman Empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian Conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,

And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name, and station, age, and race?

Statue of flesh!—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

IMPROMPTU.

On Three Schoolfellows, who had cut their names, about 50 years before, in the bark of an Oak, a Lime, and an Ash.

POLWHELE.

What suns have shone, what storms have raved,
Since that delicious prime,
When on these trees our names we graved,
As if to mock at Time!

Full oft did *Pocock*, *Painter*, *Joy*,
Along this valley dash,
Then pausing, each salute, fond boy!
His oak, his lime, his ash.

How frolic on his favorite tree
Did Pocock, Joy, and Painter,
Carve letters doomed, tho' deep, to be
Faint every year, and fainter.

I hail Nick. *Pocock's* gnarled oak,
To find his name; but—lo!
As through its glimmering moss I poke,
with—*Poh! Poh!* on Time may I retort!
That ash will serve me better:
Thy name young *Joy!*—In cruel sport
Hath time erased each letter!

And shall I now the lime-tree search
For *Painter* all in vain?
Eurêka*!—Yet old time so arch,
Hath left me only—Pain!

NOW AND THEN.

JANE TAYLOR.

In distant days of wild romance,
Of magic, mist, and fable,
When stones could argue, trees advance,
And brutes to talk were able,
When shrubs and plants were said to preach,
And manage all the parts of speech.

'Twas then, no doubt, if 'twas at all,
(But doubts we must not mention,)
That Then, and Now, two adverbs small,
Engaged in sharp contention;

But how they made each other hear
Tradition doth not make appear.

Then was a sprite of subtle frame,
With rainbow tints invested,
On clouds of dazzling light she came,
And stars her forehead crested;
Her sparkling eye of azure hue
Seem'd borrow'd from the distant blue.

Now rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture;
She seldom either grief, or mirth,
Express'd by word or gesture:
Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,
And look'd industrious, calm, and good.

Then sang a wild fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on;
Still stretching as she sailed along,
Towards the fair horizon;
Where clouds of radiance, fring'd with gold,
O'er hills of em'rald beauty roll'd.

Now rarely rais'd her sober eye,
To view that golden distance;
Nor let one idle minute fly,
In hope of *Then's* assistance;
But still with busy hands she stood,
Intent on doing present good.

She ate the sweet and homely fare
That passing moments brought her,
While *Then* expecting dainties rare,
Despised such bread and water,
And waited for the fruits and flowers,
Of future, still receding hours.

Now venturing once to ask her why,
She answered with invective,
And pointed as she made reply,
Towards that long perspective
Of years to come in distance blue
Wherein she meant to eat, and do.

Alas, says she, how hard you toil
With undiverted sadness:
Behold yon land of wine and oil,
Those sunny hills of gladness—
Those [illegible] ow,—
Ar

That fairy land that looks so real,
Recedes as you pursue it;
Thus while you wait for times ideal,
I take my work, and do it:
Intent to form when time is gone
A pleasant PAST to look upon.

Ah well said *Then*, I envy not,
Your dull fatiguing labours,
Aspiring to a brighter lot
With thousands of my neighbours—
Soon as I reach that golden hill—
But that says *Now* you never will.

And e'en suppose you should, said she,
(Tho' mortal ne'er attained it,)
Your nature you must change with me,
The moment you had gained it;—
Since hope fulfill'd you must allow;
Turns *Now* to *Then*, and *Then* to *Now*.

THE MARBLE.

BARBAULD.

THE world's something bigger,
But just of this figure
And speckled with mountains and seas;
Your heroes are overgrown schoolboys
Who scuffle for empires and toys,
And kick the poor ball as they please.
Now Cæsar, now Pompey, gives law;
And Pharsalia's plain,
Though heaped with the slain,
Was only a game at *taw*.

THE DRUM.

SCOTT.

I HATE that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms,
And when ambition's voice commands,

I hate that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans:
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

THE WORM.

GISBORNE.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
O! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

LINES ON A SKULL.

ANON.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full;—
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
~~Once shot the bright and lovely~~ eye;
But start not at the empty cell;
If on the cross it loved to dwell,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But with contrition's tear-drop teemed,
That eye shall shine for ever bright,
When suns and stars have lost their light.

Here in this silent cavern hung,
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If of redeeming love it spoke,
Confessing Jesus' easy yoke,
If with persuasive mildness bold,
Condemning sin, of grace it told;
That tuneful tongue in realms above,
Shall sing Messiah's reign of love.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
Those hands shall strike the lyre of praise,
And high the palm of triumph raise.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of life had trod,
If from the bower of joy they fled,
To soothe affliction's humble bed;
If spurning all the world bestowed,
They sought the strait and narrow road,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

BIGOTRY.

J. TAYLOR.

IN times like ours, 'twere wise if people would
Well scrutinize their zeal for doing good.
A few plain questions might suffice, to prove
What flows from party—what from Christian love.
—Our prayers are heard—some Mussulman, at last,
Forsakes his prophet—some Hindoo his caste;
Accepts a Saviour, and avows the choice:—
How glad we are, how much our hearts rejoice!

The news is told and echo'd, till the tale
Howe'er reviving, almost waxes stale.
—A second convert Gospel grace allures—
O, but this time he was not *ours* but *yours*;
It came to pass we know not when or how;
—Well, are we *quite* as glad and thankful now?
Or can we scarce the rising wish suppress,
That *we* were honour'd with the whole success?

There is an eye that marks the ways of men,
With strict, impartial, analyzing ken:
Our motley creeds, our crude opinions, lie,
All, all unveil'd to that omniscient eye.
He sees the softest shades by error thrown;
Marks where His truth is left to shine alone;
Decides with most exact, unerring skill,
Wherein we differ from His word and will.
No specious names nor reas'nings, to His view,
The false can varnish, or deform the true;
Nor vain excuses e'er avail to plead,
The *right* of theory for the *wrong* of deed.
Before that unembarrass'd, just survey,
What heaps of refuse must be swept away!
How must its search from every creed remove,
All but the golden grains of truth and love:
Yet, with compassion for our feeble powers,
For oh! His thoughts and ways are not as ours!

WORLDLY AND DIVINE WISDOM CONTRASTED.

POLLOK.

Wisdom is humble, says the voice of God.
'Tis proud, the world replies. Wisdom, says God,
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, says
The world, is quick and deadly of resentment,
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
And hastes, by death, to wipe its honour clean.
Wisdom, says God, loves enemies, entreats,
Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replies
The world, hates enemies, will not ask peace,
Conditions spurns, and triumphs in their fall.
Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on heaven,
Says God. It trusts and leans upon itself,
The world replies. Wisdom retires, says God,
And counts it bravery to bear reproach,
And shame, and lowly poverty, upright;
And weeps with all who have just cause to weep.
Wisdom, replies the world, struts forth to gaze,
Treads the broad stage of life with clamorous foot,
Attracts all praises, counts it bravery
Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death;
And never weeps, but for its own disgrace.
Wisdom, says God, is highest when it stoops
Lowest before the Holy Throne; throws down
Its crown, abased; forgets itself, admires,
And breathes adoring praise. There wisdom stoops,
Indeed, the world replies, there stoops, because
It must, but stoops with dignity; and thinks
And meditates the while of inward worth.

MUTUAL INFLUENCE OF ERROR AND VICE.

COWPER.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain;
And these reciprocally those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint:
Each, sire and dam, of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

ANON.

Said Justice, "Man I'd fain know what you weigh;
If weight, I spare you, if too light, I slay,"
Man leap'd the scale; it mounted: "On my word,"
Said Justice, "less than nothing, where's my sword?"

Virtue was there, and her small weight would try,
The scale unsunk, still kick'd the beam on high.
MERCY, the whitest dove that ever flew,
From Calvary fetched a twig of crimson hue;
Aloft it sent the scale on t'other side,
Man smiled, and Justice owned "I'M SATISFIED."

A PERSIAN FABLE.

ANON.

A LITTLE particle of rain
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain:—
"My brief existence now is ended,
Outcast, alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die."

It chanced to fall into the sea,—
And there an open shell received it:—
And, after years, how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem.

A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

KNOWLES.

FORGIVE thy foes;—nor that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant Sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom;
And o'er the axe at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume!

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

COWPER.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

THE SOUL INVALUABLE.

YOUNG.

KNOW'ST thou the value of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze!
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole:—one soul outweighs them all;
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor!

DR. DODDRIDGE'S EPIGRAM ON HIS FAMILY MOTTO—"*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

"LIVE, while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live, while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

THE END.

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